Saturday Review

December 11, 1965 25¢

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MARTHA GRAHAM'S RETROSPECTIVE SEASON By John Martin

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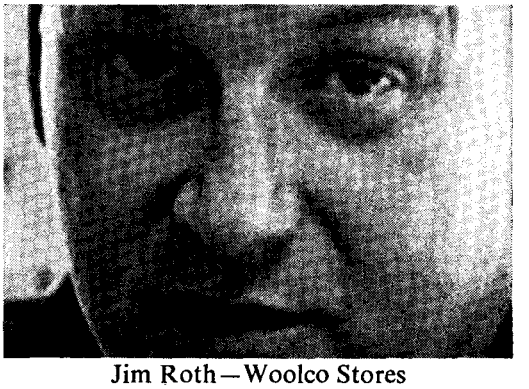
Russ Jacobson—London Fog



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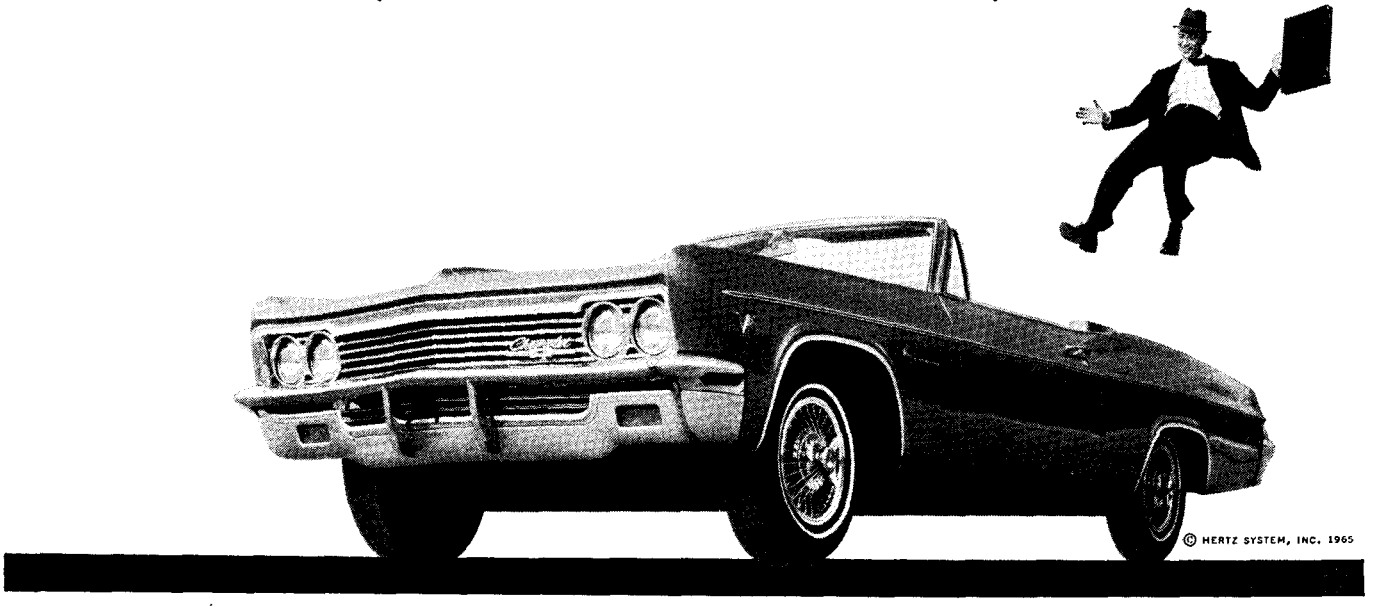

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When I think about gifts at this time of year I think about books, not surprisingly, and here are some of the books I have been thinking about:

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SAUCEPANS AND THE SINGLE GIRL, *by Jinx Kragen and Judy Perry*, a cookbook loaded with useful signposts for a quick journey over the surest path to a man's heart. $3.95 at your bookstore.

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L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

All books mentioned here may be obtained at your own bookstore or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.

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Cover photo by Cecil Stoughton

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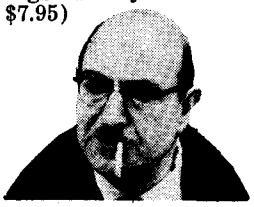

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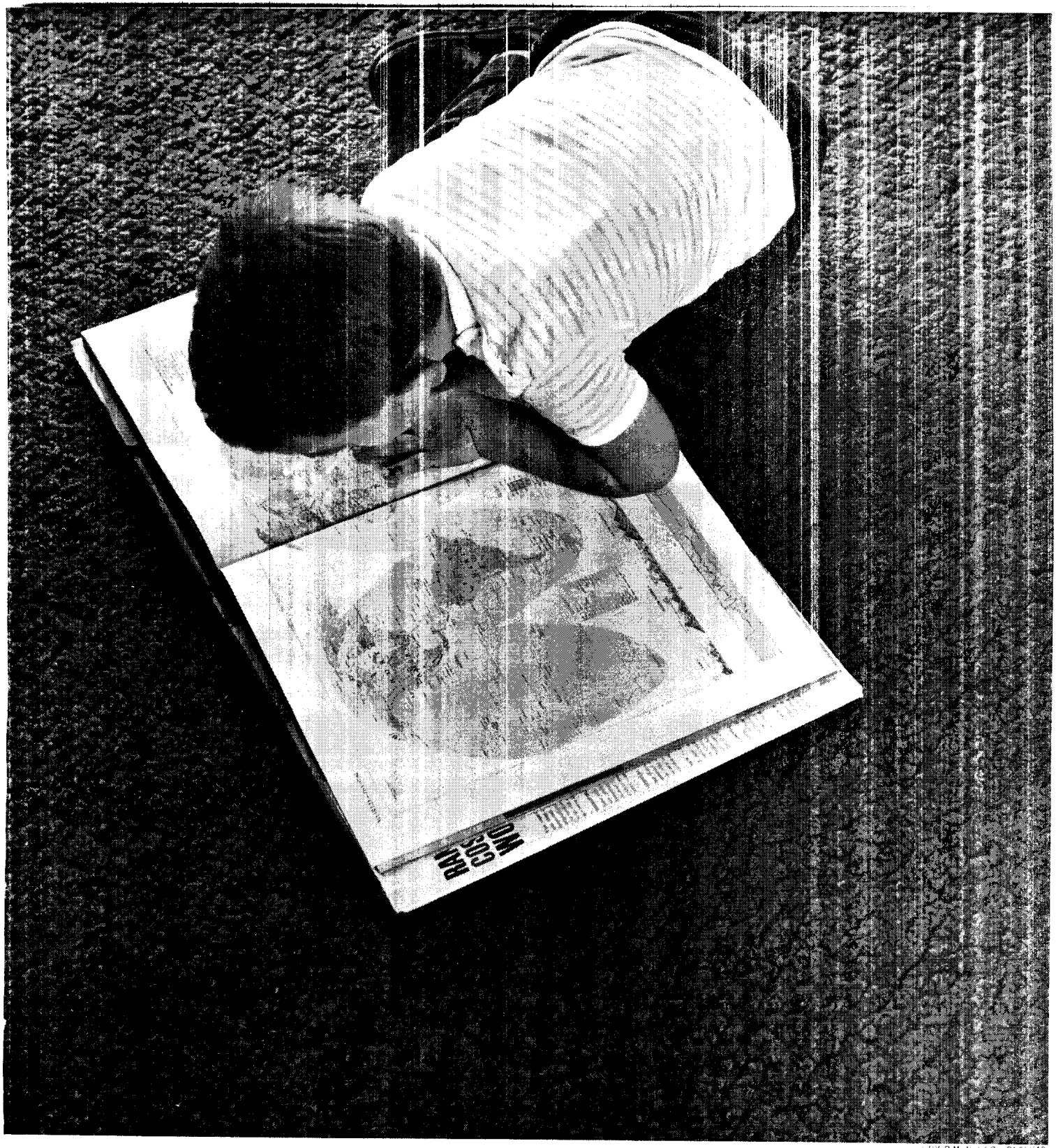

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Hues and Cries

Edited by Martin Levin

Off-Color Story

I fear that I shall never see
A tree that's green.
Green's brown to me.
Green's brown, brown's red,
Red's likely to be brown.
Maroon?
I'd much prefer to drown
In ocean-purple waters
Than have to choose that hue
From my tie rack.
Pick a blue?
I can't.

I know that I shall never see
A tie (or sky) that's blue.
Blue's gray to me.
Blue's gray, gray's tan,
Tan surely will prove buff.
Pastels?
We daren't touch the stuff,
We color-blind to whom
It's clear, as black is white,
A violet's pink.
Dessert tonight?
I shan't.

I know that I will fail to see,
The sherbet's lemon.
Yellow's orange to me.

—J. M. FLAGLER.

Gorgeous Creatures

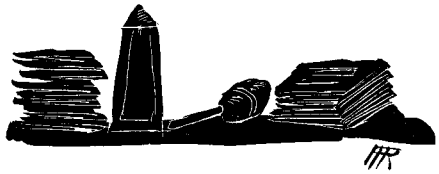
I WAS back in Santa Fe recently, after the passage of fifteen years, and the thing that I missed most of all was the presence on the scene of Beebee Dunne.

When I met him around 1948 he already seemed to be three years older than venial sin. He was supposed to be a writer but nobody seemed to remember anything he had written, save for a sort of daffy book about dieting. He wore a seersucker suit, tennis shoes, and a dirty old hat that was as big as a manhole cover and almost as heavy. At my request he came to my hotel. I was sitting in the lobby and I heard him tell the girl at the desk, "Another of those damn Eastern writers. We ought to pass a law against them."

He was more cantankerous than the late Harold Ickes with a hangover, but somehow I liked him. He abused me all the time I was with him, but finally I got him going on anecdotes about Santa Fe, and eventually he grew interested in what I was doing and came to La Fonda Hotel almost every day. We would sit in the lobby and he would tell me stories about New Mexico and Santa Fe and Taos.

The main reason, however, that I remember Beebee Dunne, was a special characteristic of his conversation. Every female person who came within our view caused Beebee to exclaim, "Look at that gorgeous creature!" So his monologue would go like this:

"Now, if you want to know about Santa Fe architecture look at that gorgeous creature well go look at great heavens where was I look at that gorgeous creature now if you want to eat chili that will take the enamel off your teeth go up the street two blocks my god look at that gorgeous creature and turn left and there is a small restaurant



that serves chili the way it ought to be served and they also *look* at that gorgeous creature and they also serve very fine enchiladas and you ought to go up and visit the church where Willa Cather sakes alive look at that gorgeous creature."

It has been a long time, but it has stuck with me. I doubt if my wife likes it but in hotel lobbies and on the streets and while watching television I frequently cry out, "Look at that gorgeous creature." Beebee Dunne said it of every female—even an Indian squaw who looked to be old as he was.

I said it the other night of Phyllis Diller.

—H. ALLEN SMITH.

The Decline of Big Brother

I SAW a kid the other day happily playing with a missile launcher and his little brother came along and started hollering that *he* wanted to play with it. And do you know what the big kid did? *He handed it right over.* I could see at once what had happened: the older brother was the victim of talk about Equality. In my day he would have hung onto the thing with a brief, reasonable explanation such as "'Cause I'm bigger'n you are, so pipe down."

For a fleeting instant I saw on that little kid's face a look that can only be called *disappointment.* Of course, the poor little tyke didn't know what was troubling him, but way down deep inside, he wanted his big brother to show

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Are your busy students becoming mealtime drop-outs?

ALL TOO OFTEN, teen-age breakfast skippers grab candy bar lunches and bolt down only a quick bite of dinner in an effort to cram even more activities into an already busy day. Don't let your children's crowded schedules rob them of the vitality they get from regular, well-balanced meals.

The teen years are especially important. They are years of accelerated growth and activity when most nutritional needs are greatly increased. Your children look to the example you set for a healthful diet. Encourage their good eating habits. And remember, well-planned meals, balanced with plenty of milk and other dairy foods, are important vitality boosters for adults as well as for young children and teen-agers.

It's up to you!

In most families, what, as well as how, children eat is determined largely by the food habits and the supervision of the parents. Teen-age girls in the United States, a country noted for its great abundance of healthful foods, often damage their own health and deprive themselves of a full measure of the pep and vitality they want because they have not learned to eat right.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

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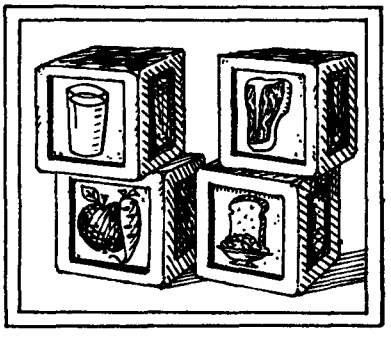
activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

a little authority. Probably the child had been raised permissively. He couldn't get any Authority from his parents, whose blood had long since been thinned out with years of scientific child-rearing. His big brother was his last hope, and he was failing him. I could have wept for them both.

The kid threw down the missile launcher about ten seconds after he got his mitts on it. Of course. The fun in these arguments is in winning after a struggle, and not fairly, either, but with duplicity, intrigue, and high dramatics.

My brothers had Authority and they exercised it because, as they seldom bothered to point out, they were a) older, b) bigger, and c) could lick me with one hand tied behind them. These things were true. I could see that Destiny had played its cards into their hands and I respected their position. (I had no choice, but that's not the point.) They helped to develop my character and taught me how to break out of a clinch by using my knees.

One of my brothers and I would be wrestling in the back yard and, naturally, I would lose. I would claim unfair treatment and announce that I was going to go in the house and tell Mama. "Okay," he'd say, "and while you're in there, find out what time it is." I'd come out of the house wiping my grimy face and say, "Mama says you got to cut that out, and it's 3:37." Sometimes, on my threat to appeal, he would say, "As long as you're going in the kitchen get me a slice of coffeecake with jelly on it and a glass of milk." It never occurred to me not to carry out the order. He was *bigger*, for heaven's sake. It was years before I began to suspect I was only a pawn.

It's a big, confusing world for a little kid and he has to have somebody he can rely on. You can rely on your mother for a while but there comes a time when manly conflicts arise that are out of her province. Your father is too busy to go and assassinate the kid down the block who called you names and made you eat dirt. At such a time you want a Big Brother who is worthy of the name. You forget all the times he abused your innocence. In your mind he is seven and a half feet tall and breathes fire through both nostrils.

When I was a boy, big brothers, and not comic books or television, were the reigning founts of knowledge. They knew by God-given instinct how to repair broken spokes, inflate ruptured tires with Neverleak, rewind baseballs, and find squirrels to shoot at with BB guns. They were available for anything except letting you tag along when they didn't want you. Groveling submission was a small price to pay for having all that power at your beck and call.

—Robert S. Aldrich.

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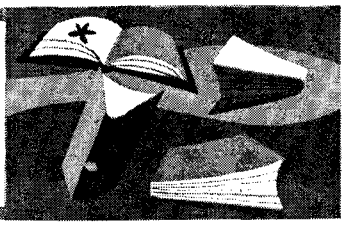


A few months ago I had occasion to visit the office of the manager of a midtown New York hotel. He was very excited about a small portable recording machine he had just bought. The tape could be snapped in and out very easily and there were attachments such as a foot-pedal switch for his part-time secretary, a long cord for the microphone, and so on.

"This is wonderful!" the manager exclaimed. "Now I can just dictate when I want to and I don't have to wait until the girl is ready. I can write letters that I could never write before."

Apparently that's what happened. When I returned to his tiny office recently I noticed that the furniture had been moved to make room for an additional four-drawer file cabinet. I offer this as an example of the direction in which modern electronics is taking us.

The marvelous new copying machines have also, it seems, created problems as well as solved them. The managing editor of a multimillion-circulation magazine told me that since such a machine was installed in his offices, every manuscript is rushed to it and duplicated, triplicated, quadruplicated, *ad infinitum*. Copies of stories are sitting on the desks of staffers who in the old days ordinarily never saw them until they appeared in print.

One time not long ago, I was told, so many copies of a manuscript were made at the magazine that there weren't enough editors to send them to. One

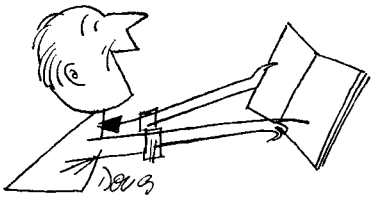
was thereupon dispatched to the author. She promptly returned it, saying that she already had a carbon copy of her own. A small editorial meeting was held, and it was decided just to file the extra copy. A few weeks later, when a copy of the story was needed in a hurry, no one could remember where it was filed, but it didn't matter—the original manuscript was rushed down to the duplicating machine and a fresh batch of new copies was ready in a jiffy.

There was no doubt even one for the author, too.

I have just read an article in a national magazine by a well-known medical doctor in which she tells how you and I, as mere laymen, can deliver a baby in the event that one is arriving and there is no doctor available. It all sounds very simple, which is the way mother nature intended it, no doubt, but there are two admonitions and one omission that make me wonder just how reliable the author's advice really is.

Don't cut the cord, she insists. In a couple of days it will dry up and drop off, a much more antiseptic way of disposing of it. Oh yeah? We who know something about psychiatry will always make sure that cord is cut.

Don't spank the baby is another rule. Really, really! Everybody knows you



hold the baby upside down and whack it.

But this is the real payoff: the story is about 2,500 words long and there is not a single word about boiling water!

It comes down to whether you want to trust the dozens of Hollywood motion picture births you've taken part in, or believe the word of one little old doctor.

The really snob end of angling is fishing in streams for trout and salmon, using a fly. The men who engage in this exercise are true sportsmen; after the battle is over, in which they have used a tackle so delicate that the fish has the advantage, they put the fish back in the water. That takes will power. There are 3,000 titles in English on fly fishing and yet a new one is always liked by *aficionados*. The last is *The Well-Tempered Angler* (Knopf), by Arnold Gingrich, publisher of *Esquire*. Gingrich started out as a boy, just like the rest of us, digging worms. He became sidetracked into fly fishing—"Fishing of the Absurd," as he calls it—in the 1930s after a few experiences deep-sea fishing with Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway was interested in the size of the fish, nothing else. If he lost one, he would have a tantrum right there in the boat, cursing the tackle manufacturers instead of congratulating the fish. If there were no fish to be seen,

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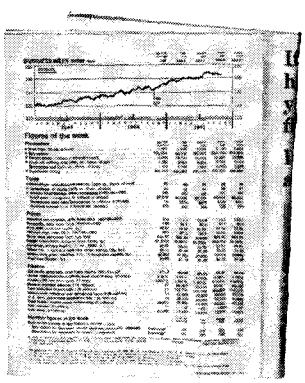

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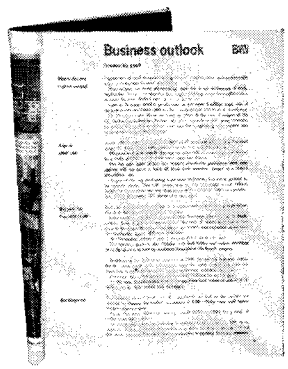

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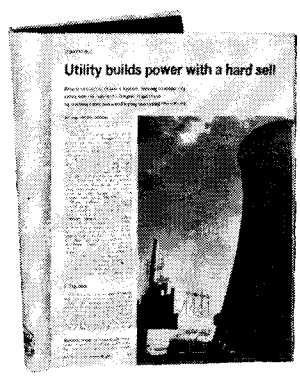

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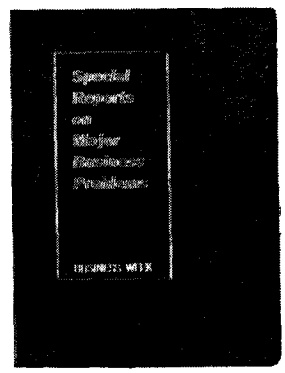

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"Each mind hath its own method."
Emerson

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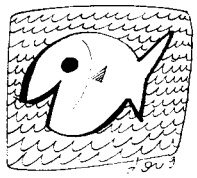
he'd throw whisky bottles overboard and take potshots at them with a pistol (the whisky bottles had to be emptied first). In fact, sometimes he would use the gun to bang away at a fish as it was being reeled in.

From Gingrich's description, I got the impression that fishing with Hemingway was altogether a frenetic experience and I don't blame him for his conclusion: "What I got out of it was an abiding dislike for all boat fishing and bait fishing." So Gingrich turned to fly fishing, an elite and gentlemanly sport that Hemingway could never fathom. (Which explains why he never wrote *The Old Man and the Trout Stream.*)



Sharps and Flats: Why talk about World War III when the last one isn't even over? From Warsaw comes the report that in 1965 forty-five Polish children have been killed and 718 injured by explosives left from World War II.

► Why is an announcement always a "Special Announcement"? And why is an order form always a "Handy Order Form"? Why do "No Admittance" signs say "Positively No Admittance"?

► In *How to Read Faster and Remember More*, Morris N. and Chesley V. Young give an interesting reason for speeding up your reading. You've got to read fast these days to take in all those highways signs and billboards when you're whizzing along at seventy miles an hour.

► Nelson Algren says, "Never gamble with a man named Doc and never eat at a place called Mom's."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1652)

Rev. Canon Bernard C. Newman:
PAX
(From the Vicar's Parish Letter, Trinity Church, N.Y., 1964)

I shall attend to my little errands
of love
Early this year,
That the brief days before Christmas may be
Unhampered and clear
Of the fever of hurry . . .
That I have known in the past . . .
I shall be calm, unvexed* in my
Soul, and ready at last
For The Mass of Christ.

* Word inserted to get the X.

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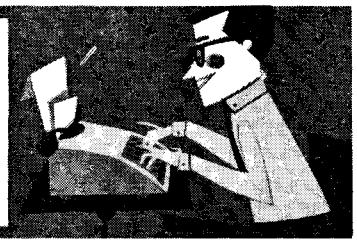

Between You and I

THE LADY (Eleanor B. Pierce of Tampa, Florida) writes: "Why is it that most TV script writers seem so tremendously skilled at catching the vernacular of ignorant or uneducated characters but they commit such crashers when handling dialogue spoken by the supposedly intelligent, highly educated actors? Recently I watched *Run for Your Life* and I purred along with it, perfectly content, until the character of Paul Bryan said 'him and me' for 'he and I' and a few moments later he said 'like' for 'as.'"

The standard network answer would be that when a man's running for his life he's more apt to think about how fast he's running than how grammatically he's running. But the lady demands that the networks have someone in attendance to police the scripts so that "the dialogue of the educated character would stay in character as reliably as the dialogue spoken by gangsters, hillbillies, cowboys, and similar other well-defined types."

The lady has a valid point, but she is on a fatuous crusade. If she took that up with a network VP, not only would she be suspect of being some kind of a nut but the interview would wind up in a crescendo of obloquy in which the harassed VP would tell her in no uncertain terms that "If the choice is between the two, good grammar or good ratings, the most important is the ratings." Comparatively speaking, that is.

Crusading for correct grammar is a hopeless business. You either got good grammar or you ain't. Back in 1940 I organized the CTTOBF. Citizens Committee, dedicated to "Change the Title of *Best Foot Forward*." I spoke to the man in charge of the lights in the marquee of that musical about changing it to *Better Foot Forward*, explaining that unless someone in the cast of that show had three feet or more the comparative "better" is correct. Twenty-five years later, whenever I meet that man he says: "Hiya, professor."

For many years now I've enjoyed a diabolical secret by writing into TV scripts the phrase "between you and me." It is my pleasure to announce that hardly a performer has ever read it on the air any way but "between you and I." This despite the fact that the cue card reads "between you and me." I've toyed with it secretly by changing it to "between us" and it comes out "between you and I." It seems daintier that way—like holding out the pinkie when drinking a cup of tea.

There may come a day when, Bergen Evans permitting, "between you and I" will be accepted. But purists remain always pure. As for example, the editor who called me to task for a title I had written over a column. The subject was writing a book in which I related that over the years I had received advance checks for books which I had thought about writing some day. "Thinking money," the publishers call it. And they are willing to wait years for the finished book, occasionally encouraging the writer to completion.

I fantasized that a writer could get rich on just "thinking money," never setting pen to paper. I went into flights of fancy about how I could take all these advance checks and escape to some haven where the buffaloes roam and

never is heard an encouraging word. I titled the piece "How to Not Write a Book." It was changed to "How Not to Write a Book."

I remonstrated there was a hairline's difference in concept between the two titles—one, how not to write a book you intend to write; the other how never to write a book you never intend to write. The editor was adamant. No infinitive could be needlessly split in these hallowed pages.

The lady ends her letter with this reflection: "The only Ian Fleming novel I ever read began with James Bond's gazing out over the Gulf of Mexico while he waited for his plane at Miami International Airport. I can believe five, if not six, impossible things before breakfast but one glance at any map of the U.S. would have told Fleming he was asking too much of even Bond's eyesight."

Oh, I don't know. In reverse, Cubans at an airport in Havana can see nothing but Miami. —GOODMAN ACE.

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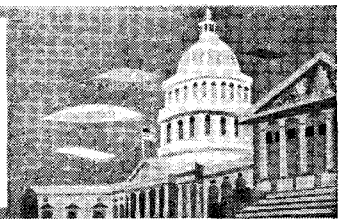
State of Affairs



A Role for Britain

LONDON.

AFTER FORTY YEARS of strategic retreat from its imperial past, Britain is now facing those painful "final adjustments." The last lap is always the most difficult. And the problem is what surgery to apply, and where, that will leave the patient stronger, healtheir, and still a champ in the world arena. It means there are formidable decisions ahead for the Labor Government. For several months now the so-called Defense Review has been under discussion. The innocent title is misleading —it will deal with some of the basic and most far-reaching changes that need to be made to enable Britain to live within its means.

The fundamental question being asked in London these days is whether it still pays Britain to aspire to some sort of global role, whether this aspiration is still worth the cost, and whether it is not one of the root causes of her recurring financial troubles. Many people looking at France, Holland, and Germany wonder aloud whether, if Britain shed all her overseas obligations as these now middle powers have done, she might not also have the kind of prosperity that is theirs.

There is a growing body of opinion today convinced that the sterling area is more of an extravagance than a true asset, that it is out of line with Britain's power position in the world. And with every recurring sterling crisis the conviction is strengthened that Britain is behaving like a weightlifter who has dropped from the heavy to the medium class but is still trying to bear the old weights, and as a consequence suffers from recurring muscle strain.

It is true that the sterling area helps to sustain Britain's international trading position, that the member deposits are reinvested to good use and profit, that it keeps business in the City humming, and that it conveys an aura of prestige and world influence. But the drawbacks seem to begin to weigh heavier on the scales than the advantages. The foreign exchange that City transactions earn from the globality amounts to only about 3 per cent of the normal exports of merchandise. But each time confidence breaks down the whole structure of the pound totters and this necessarily imposes caution on economic management, which in turn restrains economic growth. The problem always is, of course, that if something is to be discarded what should it be replaced with? And until some new international monetary system has been agreed upon, the dismantling of the sterling area would only create chaos. That is one reason why the United States has been such a strong defender of the pound.

But one of the most frustrating problems is to find "a role," as Mr. Dean Acheson called it, for Britain. She is not alone, in fact, in trying to find a new role and that further complicates the matter. To say that Britain belongs in Europe is no policy today because General de Gaulle has bolted that door and is keeping it that way. The rest of Europe, Germany particularly, doesn't really know what it does want. General de Gaulle has not only delayed Britain's basic readjustment, he is also reversing what had become a mounting trend in Europe toward unification. The stalemate over the integration of Europe meanwhile is draining much of the emotional commitment to it that existed in Britain.

SPEAKING to people on the Continent I have a feeling now that they, too, are losing the inner commitments to a new Europe that they had developed. Much, therefore, will depend on the extent to which the United States will take the initiative in leading Europe out of its current confusion.

Mr. Wilson's attempt to establish some sort of link with Europe through the Atlantic Nuclear Force proposal has lost its momentum, though efforts are in train to revive something along those lines. Similarly, his hopes that the Commonwealth could bolster Britain's power position were, not surprisingly, in vain. Geography and self-interest have proved to be more powerful than what is left of Britain's strength around the world and of the old sentimental feelings of attachment. Mr. Wilson therefore grasped the only alternative left to him: he moved closer to the United States. It was almost more an inevitability than a policy, for Britain's financial straits had deprived him of the ability to follow a more independent policy. There are those today who believe that he is leaning on the United States to gain enough strength to carry out his reform policies at home, and there are others who believe that he may be using this strength and increased bargaining power at some propitious time in the future to negotiate Britain's entry into Europe.

Mr. Wilson is not a man of vision or a long-term thinker. He is a practical politician. And however different he may be from President Johnson, the two have one thing in common: they don't like to plan far ahead; they like to wait and bide their time and keep their options open until thought and action coincide. What sort of Europe there will be by the time it is willing to embrace Britain is not easy to foresee. But General de Gaulle has put an end to an integrated Europe. Thus in principle its revised constellation would politically —though not yet economically—suit the Labor Government's inclinations. No one today, however, is pushing for advantage to be taken of the new situation created by the general. It would only upset those who still root for Britain's entry into Europe and who still hope that de Gaulle's policy will someday pass with him. It could happen that if de Gaulle insists on something close to the dissolution of NATO, France will exclude herself from it rather than force its dismantling and that in the wake of these changes Britain may come to replace France in Europe. It will then be for the Europeans to reinvite Britain and for the Labor Government to make its intentions in Europe clearer and more convincing.

The Conservatives in opposition favor Britain's entry into Europe, but it is not a real policy because under the circumstances it is impractical and unrealistic. Yet there are in the party powerful advocates for using Britain's nuclear deterrent to open the locked door into Europe. This kind of thinking hangs on the basic belief that Britain belongs in

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Europe and that Western Europe is more viable than Britain could ever be on its own. But could Britain take enough tricks by playing this trump card, and to what extent, for that matter, is it a trump card? The tricks would have to come in the form of a common tariff, a free-trade policy, and an alignment of agricultural policies. This would represent a policy.

However, with the exception of Paris, diplomatic dispatches from the various Common Market capitals to both London and Washington report that there is a growing sentiment for inviting Britain to replace France, and gradually therefore the Labor Government may be forced to give the prospects of Britain's entry into Europe serious consideration. Mr. Wilson's Cabinet has been divided for some time on whether British policy should place its emphasis on Europe or on a continued role east of Suez. And this division continues.

It is one reason why the current Defense Review is creating so much controversy within the government. But what has created an almost insoluble problem is the decision to put a ceiling of £2,000,000,000 on defense expenditure. Normally the defense budget is arrived at by adding up the costs of the various military commitments, but having made the decision, the commitments must be adjusted to a budgetary ceiling. And, if nothing else, one conclusion has been reached: that within this financial straitjacket some of Britain's current commitments must be reduced.

In Europe, where Britain is part of a multilateral system and where its future relationship with Germany is of vital importance, it does not have much elbow room to pursue an independent policy. In southeast Asia the situation is different in principle. There, Britain has a more independent choice in cutting its strategic clothes to its financial cloth—except that here it does have to take into account insistent American pleadings that it preserve an active military role in an area that, traditionally, it has been policing. It had become unfashionable to refer to a "special relationship" between the United States and Britain; however the term is now being revived again in Washington, particularly with respect to Anglo-American interests in Asia.

Public pressure in Britain increasingly favors a gradual but not too gradual cutting down of Britain's commitments east of Suez; so far, though, the predominant view in Mr. Wilson's cabinet is against this—and not entirely because at a time when the United States has taken the lead in saving the pound, it cannot disregard American overtures about Asia.

The Labor Government, to the sur-

(*Continued on page* 48)

Stumped for a really original Christmas gift?

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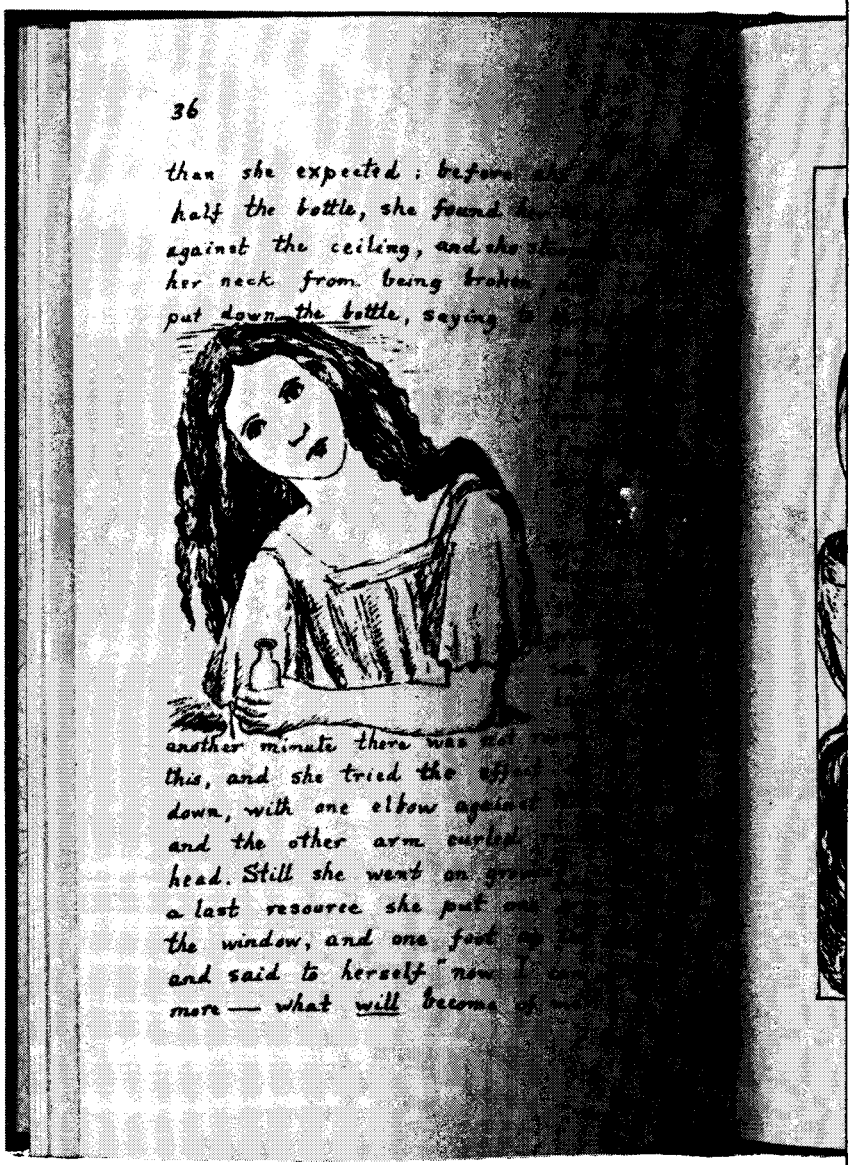

That's a pretty good deal, considering the original manuscript which is on display in the British Museum is worth $50,000.

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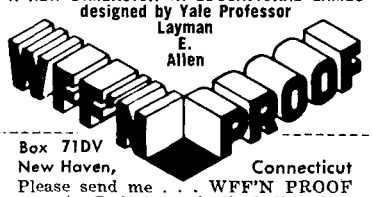

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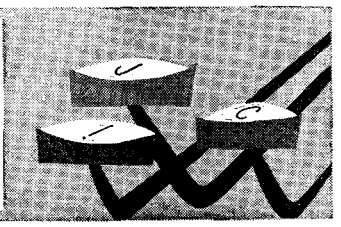

Homily: When it began life in its first Greek combination of roots, *homilia* meant simply "a moral discourse or sermon delivered to a substantial gathering of people." As any man's introspection will tell him, it is not possible to sermonize at congregations for any length of time without becoming tiresome about it, and so our word "homily" has come to mean any sort of tedious sermonizing. The idea of sermonizing to a crowd does remain buried in the roots of the word, but in another sense the crowd may be no more than one busy child. Homilies, for example, are what parents talk to their children, laboring through hopeful tedium to point the way. And never more so than when the parent in question finds himself addressing a local public school.

He is there in the first place because the schools go on having what they call "assemblies" and because *someone* has to be roped in to say *something*. He is there in the second place because he cannot talk his way out of every invitation to be banal in the public service. And he is there in the third place as a sort of extended parent, hopefully trying to persuade not one child and not his own, but a whole assembly hall full of other people's children to. . . . And there his reasons break down. What does one hopefully persuade the young to do?

The student charged with making the introduction (which is always a mangled misreading of the *Who's Who* entry with the book titles always garbled) concludes by saying that the day's speaker will now bring his message. And what message, if any, is there that he has found he could accept beyond—and in through the selective mechanisms of—a reasonable doubt?

I am grateful to Dr. Reuben L. Kahn for one such. If it is a homily, it is so in the first Greek sense, without the accrual of tedium. And it has the added merit of arising from a man's reflections on his own great career.

Dr. Kahn, professor emeritus at the University of Michigan, where he still continues his researches, is a distinguished serologist, now at work for the Atomic Energy Commission on the effects of radiation upon the body's immunizing mechanisms. He is perhaps most widely known for the Kahn test for syphilis, which has universally replaced the earlier Wasserman test, offering a faster, less cumbersome, and more positive method of diagnosis. He is perhaps least widely known as my good friend, that being a matter of my luck rather than his. Now a spry and still searching seventy-eight, Dr. Kahn has published an article titled "The Inspiration of Research" in the *Michigan Quarterly Review*, and it is from his article that I excerpted the one homily I could offer the young with no need to confess deceit to my own subsequent self-inquiry.

Here, with my thanks for it, is Dr. Kahn's preachment as he looks back over his own far from finished career:

> Many students believe that brilliance is absolutely necessary for research. Students have frequently told me that they were not brilliant enough to turn to research, but I think that they most likely lacked not the brilliance but the interest and the dedication. I, for one, was far from a brilliant student at college. There were a number of far more brilliant students than I who accomplished relatively little in their careers.
>
> I am one of those who believes that brilliance in a given field can in a large measure be acquired. It is well known that in our daily work we hardly ever exhaust our mental powers, just as we rarely achieve the highest physical development of which we are capable. Physiologists are well aware of the inherent capacity of the organs of the body to increase greatly their functional ability. If a lung or a kidney is removed, the remaining one will perform the work formerly done by the two. Body cells possess an inherent capacity for far greater functional activity than they are called upon to perform in daily life. The same applies to brain cells. No university student can foretell how brilliant he might become in his chosen field unless he gives himself a thorough trial, and the only way he can give himself such a trial is by solid effort.

Dr. Kahn is both a brilliant and a wise man, but let me suspect (continues the visiting homilist, gripping his lectern) that he yields too much to modesty. I value his homily, and I hope the young of all ages may be instructed by it. But my uneasy parenthood leaves me uncertain. Dr. Kahn makes a fascinating physiological case for the argument that particular kinds of brilliance can, in large part, be acquired. My first thought is to wonder if they are not acquired by those who have an initial charge of brilliance and who then work at it. Certainly there are brilliant starters who let

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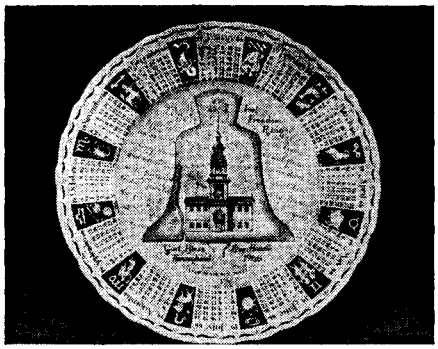

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There must be some limit to that progression, to be sure. And, just as surely, Dr. Kahn is not implying that a mentally deficient person can become brilliant through hard work. But may it not be that mental deficiency is precisely the inability to work hard?

I am sure that is the case with writers. The difference between a working writer and a would-be writer is basically in the fact that the working writer works. He works not only when he is feeling well but when he is off his feed, and the quantity of his work is measured to some extent by what is published, but even more by the far larger part that goes into the wastebasket. And he works because he has found what he wants to work at.

At the risk of twisting Dr. Kahn's homily out of his mouth in order to make my own—and I hope I am not guilty of having done so—I want to argue for brilliance as the appetite for work not as drudgery but as joy, as what Robert Frost called "the pleasure of taking pains."

I am emboldened to read that sense into Dr. Kahn's argument because his own life and presence breathes forth nothing more certainly than the joy of his absorption into his work. Let that example be my final homily to the school system.

All the boys and at least some of the girls seem to be thinking in terms of making a living, and I want to use Dr. Kahn to remind them that it is better to find the work that will make a life rather than a living, and then to work at it with an absorption that is both devoted and joyous.

Forgive me, Reuben, if on the surface of things I seem to have used your homily only to put forth my own. I dare do so only because I am certain that we are agreed in depth. And thank you for arming me for my encounter with the terrifying young. I should have been much more at ease with your kind of youth. Let me hope for a chance to share more of it soon. —JOHN CIARDI.

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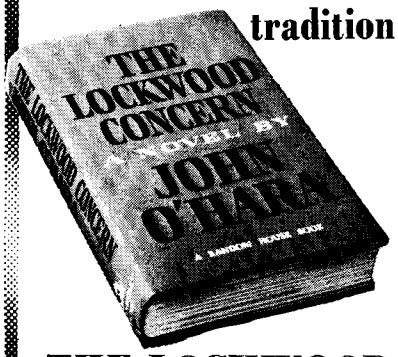

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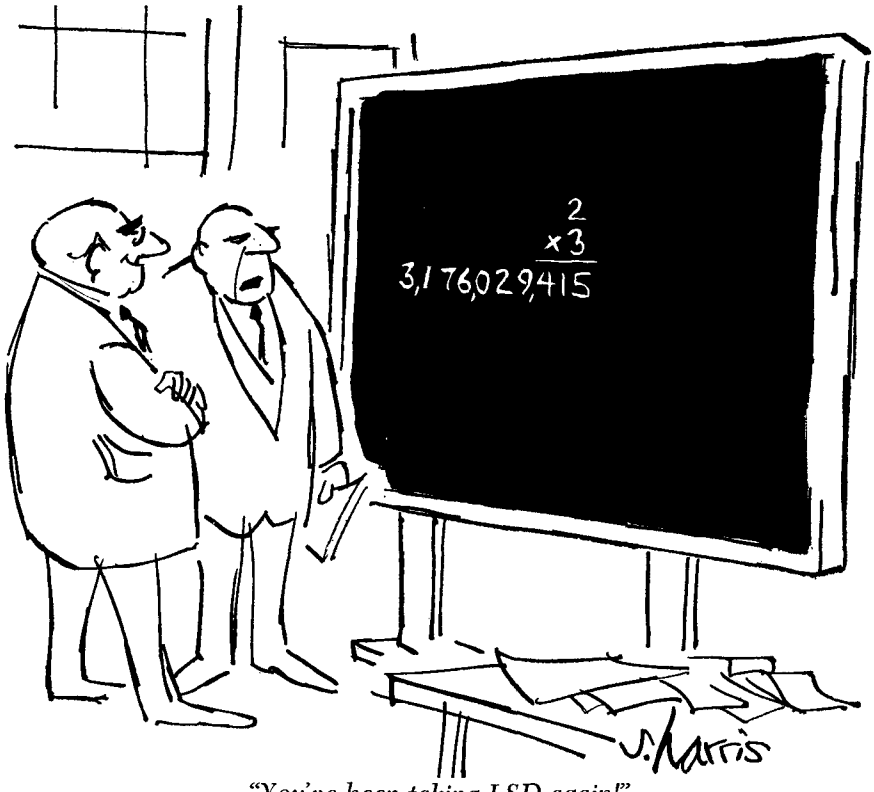

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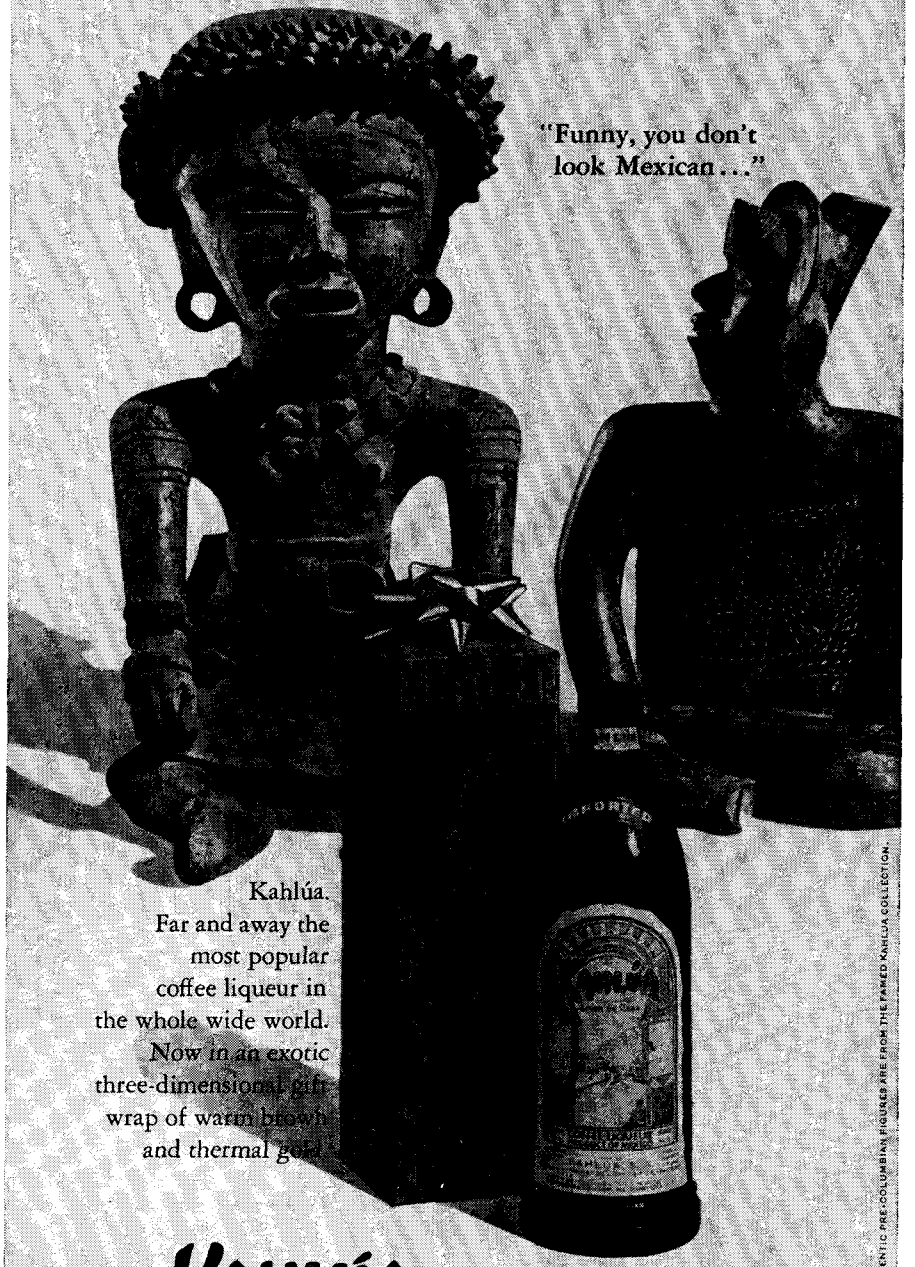

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Saturday Review
December 11, 1965

A Kind Word for Conformity

American life in the 1960s may look like sameness on the surface, but underneath it is the promise of a new kind of freedom

By MARSHALL W. FISHWICK

ONCE UPON A TIME every man was a tiger. Pluck and luck prevailed. Darwin was in his heaven, all was right with the world.

Then came the day of the zebra, with his gray-flannel stripes, his togetherness, his tendency to run scared. Twenty years after World War II old warriors ask: has the land of the free become a zooful of zebras? They find today's pink-cheeked, meritocratic college grads spineless. College youth, they insist, should toot horns, snuggle blondes under raccoon coats, do or die for Old Siwash. Don't follow the bearded herd to protest rallies and sit-ins, they urge; conformity to the left is even more corroding than conformity to the right. Be yourself even when it hurts.

Nonsense, a new generation replies. "How else," writes Rowland Berthoff, "could an individualistic people be expected to evolve an indigenous cultural tradition out of social confusion but by consulting, observing, and censuring each other?" The result may turn out to be good or bad, but we must live with and by consensus. So says the White House, and so must we. Why teach lessons of rugged individualism that don't correspond to contemporary facts? Today's frontier is nothing like Davy Crockett's; the sooner we understand that, the better.

Everyone stresses that we are in a period of bewildering change. The collapse of Western imperialism, the rise of the colored peoples, the polarization of power make much traditional thinking irrelevant. Never has so much changed so quickly for so many. The phenomenon is qualitative as well as quantitative. Not only the supply of information but the unity of knowledge and the nature of reality are involved. The extraordinary thing is the changing scope and scale of change itself. Our world alters as we walk on it. Should clichés about conformity change, too? Can a person working "for the team" be as effective as the unattached rebel?

I think he can. We are not called upon in 1966 to abandon individuality but to define a new kind—a task deserving a high place in our list of New Year's resolutions.

Conformity is linked organically to many other factors: urbanization, automation, advertising, and mass media, for example. To put *all* the resulting problems into one basket labeled "conformity" will get us nowhere. The society in which we all operate (for better or for worse) is indeed frantic, status-hungry, brutal, compartmentalized, and specialized. But to be fair we should list its gains as well as its losses; new power and potential; wider choice of friends and jobs; status based on achievement rather than inheritance; the right to privacy; greater mobility and choice than any people have ever known. "If," Sir Henry Main writes, "the movement of modern society has been from status to contract, then it has been, in that light, a movement from a fixed place in the world to possible freedom."

In the larger view, note how the soul-eroding dulness of rural life has been lessened; how labor has attained new dignity and power; how the Negro American has changed from stereotype to individual. All this has brought with it disorder and upheaval, indicating not that the individual is crushed but that in our society he is uncrushable. "I would guess," Eric Sevareid wrote recently, "that the most acute worriers about conformity are the young, the big-city-reared, and the untraveled. Anyone who has ever lived in a more primitive society knows what real conformity and mass-mindedness is." We should not confuse the *people* with the structure or ritual of its civilization. As Jacques Maritain has said, Americans manage to keep their souls separate from the structure.

The technological commitment has become the "objective spirit" of Western civilization, as well as a goal for the whole world. Today's revolutions are more concerned with technique than with ideology. As a metaphor for world revolution the computer has no rival. Some persist in calling it a malevolent monster; others maintain that we must adjust to the rhythms of a new kind of drummer. Once we have weathered the automation hysteria, we must learn to live with it as a new instrument of grace and power.

The term "democracy" is already being expanded to have not only political but technological overtones, to be seen as the unending mechanical drive to give all men those things that make the decent (if not at this moment the "good") life possible. The most recent statistics show that such a drive, in our nation, is continuing and succeeding. During the third quarter of 1965, the gross national product jumped to $9 billion, exceeding by more than 20 per cent the projections of the Council of Economic Advisers. Total unemployment has dropped from 6 per cent to 4 per cent in the past five years; a million people newly entering the job market annually have been absorbed.

Nevertheless, segments of the intellectual community have been, and continue to be, skeptical of GNP and gadgets. The ghost of William Morris still stalks the land. Morris's book *News*

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from Nowhere (1890) depicts a mob smashing machines and returning to fourteenth-century handicrafts. This very month, as our children smash their Christmas toys, the idea of an about-face will no doubt have genuine appeal. How natural to long for the "good old days."

A leading contemporary Christian theologian, Paul Tillich, led the attack on machine culture, which he said may be less brutal but "more effective than totalitarian suppression." But demonizing the machine will avail us nothing. To reject today's technology, one should logically reject yesterday's, too. Would those who despise the 1966 Chromobile reject the wheel? Or those who decry creature comforts refuse to let the doctor set the broken arm of their child? Do the enemies of garish neon lights want us to turn off our electricity? True enough, our forefathers got along well without our gadgets and surrealist junkyards. The Declaration of Independence got written during a muggy summer without air conditioning. This we remember. But the pain, disease, slavery, and stupidity we prefer to forget.

Still, it is not our memory so much as our comprehension that causes the real problem. The conditions and characters that made our youthful "democracy of haste" possible are no more. The day when Buffalo Bill could chase Indians on the plains and Teddy Roosevelt could chase Spaniards in Cuba are worlds away. As a nation we are no longer heel-clicking and young, but cautious and middle-aged. Must we act as if our "youth" is perpetual? After all, it has been over 400 years since those swashbuckling Elizabethans struck out for the brave new world; 358 years since the Jamestown colony was planted; almost two centuries since the shape of our nation emerged. Americans live under the oldest extant written constitution still in force; the controlling party in Washington is the oldest continuous one in the Western world.

Could it be that America's trouble is not so much blind conformity as a refusal to abide by what we see in the mirror? The United States has grown up, reached maturity, and, like the ex-athlete of middle age, is bewildered and resentful. Impulsive adolescent acts are likely to produce nothing more than stalemate—or worse. We still have Paul Bunyan's strength, but hacking out a workable policy in the tangled jungle of world affairs is quite different from cutting down virgin timber in Wisconsin or Minnesota. With Babe the Blue Ox to pull him through, youthful Paul could afford to take risks. None of his enemies had thermonuclear weapons.

Ther are some indications that today's Paul Bunyan has not been moving west, but east—and has made his home in the Pentagon.

It is easy to see why the old tiger tactics and mythology have maintained such a grip on American life. An unmatched system of productivity, victory in two world wars, freedom from devastation during those wars, technical ingenuity, and vigorous leadership have allowed America to keep nineteenth-century beliefs intact long after Europe (which originated them) abandoned them. Now history is catching up with us, too. Even though the Marines have landed, the situation is *not* well in hand. Our generation must meet the world on the world's terms. We must rethink and remythologize.

The building blocks of mythology are archetypes—inherited ideas (or modes of thought) derived from long experience. Present in the unconscious thought of the individual, they control ways of perceiving reality. Western man is himself a sort of archetype: mobile, optimistic, materialistic, nonesthetic, amoral. His trademark is energy, his goal is power. We confront him in literature as Faust, Ahab, or Frank Cowperwood; in pop culture as Mat Dillon, Steve Canyon, Ringo, or Agent 007. As comic-strip writers and TV producers know, the outer style changes but the inner questions remain. The what and why of man are the mysteries, even as the who and how alter and accelerate. Updating and refurbishing our archetypes is critical. They may do more to protect and justify us than all our atomic weapons.

Consider America's archetypal Eden, "the frontier." Ever since Frederick Jackson Turner announced in his famous 1893 paper that it was "closed," historians have repeated his pronouncements as if they were Holy Writ. No one would dismiss Turner's thesis. But why are we so loathe to amend and extend it? The frontier spirit did not die once it reached the Pacific. After some hesitation and confusion, it turned around and headed back toward the Atlantic. Increasingly the crowded city, not the open wilderness, cries out for heroism and originality. America's frontier is no longer along the Colorado and the Columbia, but the Potomac and the Delaware.

In today's world the Southern planter and the Western sodbuster are romantic figures to contemplate (especially when the planter wears a rebel uniform and the sodbuster a cowboy sombrero). The most important fact about them is not that they existed, but that they did not prevail. It was the less glamorous but dynamic Yankee, bolstered by ever-improving technology, who accumulated the wealth and power. Lament it if you will, but admit it. Then note that not only

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the fate of America, but of much of the world, depends on our ability to build and live in tight-knit, interdependent urban clusters. If cities are (as Frank Lloyd Wright insisted) "man traps," we must learn how to live and find freedom in them. Power has accumulated not only in New York and Washington, but in Moscow, Peking, Calcutta, Tokyo, Warsaw, and Havana. To the extent that America pioneered in technological and architectural phases of urban life, we helped establish a sort of archetypal democratic city-civilization. But, you say, our cities aren't civilized. Precisely; that is why the new frontier bleeds nightly in Harlem, North Philadelphia, and South Chicago.

Man against the beast—not only the beast within him, but the beast riding in the back of the police car, trained and ready to leap (if necessary) to kill. Will today's police dog become as critical as the sheriff's horse a century ago in maintaining human decency? Or will zebras learn to respect one another's stripes, be they black or white? Can we rebuild and retool in technopolis?

This thought need not dismay us, any more than retooling for a new automotive age need terrify Detroit technicians. No one is asking or expecting us to give up our archetypes, our "way of life." When car manufacturers move engines to the rear, the cars still go forward. We may abandon the killer tactics of the tiger, and still survive and prosper in the complex new jungle.

Aldous Huxley is dead, but his nightmarish caricature of a *Brave New World* goes marching on; a brainwashed community obsessed with sex, sports, and soma. In it mobs controlled by happiness engineering sing their little ditties:

> Orgy-porgy, Ford and fun
> Kiss the girls and make them One.
> Boys at one with girls at peace;
> Orgy-porgy gives release.

A new group of poets, who have lost neither sense nor a sense of humor by living with pushbuttons and computers, conjures up a different vision. "It won't be long before everyone will sit in bed and eat big fat pies," speculates the "beat" poet Gregory Corso. "They got machines now to do the work. People got to start thinking. That's what's going to save us. Everyone staying in bed eating big fat pies and thinking."

More damaging than Huxley's souped-up version of the Noble Savage myth is the critique of the existentialists. No writers have taken fewer wooden nickels in an age of cultural counterfeiting. They have warned us against inauthentic existence; the tendency to turn man into a *thing*—a cog in the system of production and consumption. They attack the education of adjustment that presses life into neat packages and credos into clichés. They know man is a bad actor, full of bad faith. Frequently he refuses to face up to his freedom; hides behind banalities; dodges responsibilities. Like the dishonest dentist, modern man makes a comfortable living by disguising decay.

Existentialism has been a splendid catalyst, but its influence is on the wane. A system of thought must do more than criticize; it must synthesize. Here existentialism has failed. Trying to weld ethical meaning onto his work, Jean-Paul Sartre concludes: "Act so that you are responsible not only for yourself, but all mankind." Nothing in his work points toward such a noble sentiment. Desperately anxious to find a suitable closing note, he has borrowed it from Immanuel Kant's second categorical imperative. Sartre the first-rate analyst thus allows himself to mask as a third-rate philosopher. No wonder Albert Camus complains of Sartre's "irresponsibility."

THE theater of the absurd also takes us down a cul-de sac. Perhaps, as playwright Samuel Beckett says, zero times anything equals zero. Most of us insist that we multiply reality by at least one—ourselves. American culture does *not* lack all purpose, but only that one which existentialism insists is primary and all-consuming. Of course the dark inner battles are real, but so are our outer ones. There is a role for Achilles, Oedipus, and Hamlet, but also for Ulysses, Orestes, and Prospero.

Too many factors and actions refute the charge that there is no purpose, elasticity, or individuality left in modern society. True, our world supports many zebras; but often their stripes are only skin-deep. The problem is to see *underneath* the surface and identify new wellsprings of energy, technique, and faith. This will mean clearing not only the junkyards from our highways, but the Victorian bric-a-brac from our intellectual attic. We must civilize technopolis, where barbarism and anonymity are well entrenched. To do this, we must comprehend our environment in new ways. Weeding and watering the landscape of the mind, we may find an America that looks ever less like a Currier and Ives landscape and ever more like a Stuart Davis abstraction. If the saber-toothed tiger is extinct, let's see what can be done with and for zebras. Other epochs and other leaders await their turn.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN: CITIZEN IN CAPTIVITY

By BILOINE W. YOUNG

THE SCHOOL BOARD of a city in the Southwest bordering an Indian reservation had been looking for a tract of land to acquire as a site for a new public high school. The acreage finally selected was owned by a Mrs. Yazzi, a Navajo (the name is fictitious, but the incident isn't). When the superintendent of schools opened negotiations to purchase the land he learned that he would not be dealing with Mrs. Yazzi, nor with her attorney, but with the realty agent for the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the Navajo Agency. This agent would do the negotiating, make all of the decisions (including whether or not to sell the land), and would stipulate the terms of the sale. If the sale is consummated, the income derived will not be given to Mrs. Yazzi but will be invested for her by the Bureau realty officer.

The federal government has intervened in the sale of the Yazzi land for one reason alone: Mrs. Yazzi is an American Indian. Although she is an adult, mentally competent, a citizen of the United States, a speaker of English, Mrs. Yazzi cannot, without permission from the Secretary of the Interior, enter into a contract with an attorney to sell her land for her. Nor can she sell, lease, rent, or give it away herself without authorization from the Department of the Interior. Ever since its establishment in 1824, the Bureau of Indian Affairs has operated under a set of paternalistic assumptions about the Indians that have resulted not in a participating citizenship for them (as they were surely designed to do) but in the perpetuation of isolation, dependence on government charity, and the illusion of self-government through a cluster of quasi-nations housed on government-granted enclaves throughout the country.

Overseeing the lives of most of the Indians in the United States is the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a vast agency under the Secretary of the Interior. The Bureau provides schooling, social services, jobs, and, through the Public Health Service, free medical and dental care for most of the 552,228 Indians living on 286 separate land units. Through the Bureau of Indian Affairs the federal government acts as a trustee "to protect the interests of minors and incompetents," to quote the expression used in the booklet "Answers to Questions About American Indians," published by the Department of the Interior.

If the Bureau of Indian Affairs views its Indian trusts as "minors and incompetents" it is not surprising that a great many of the Indians have also come to accept this view of themselves. Many Indians now expect to be retarded in school. They expect to drink to excess (when an Indian alcoholic was asked why he drank, he replied, "Because I'm an Indian").

In their application for the Community Action Program (approved and funded March 3, 1965, by the Office of Economic Opportunity) the Navajo themselves identify these attitudes as being among their more severe problems. In their proposal they wrote, "One of the greatest needs existing today on the Navajo reservation lies in creating a feeling that the people in the isolated areas are important and that they do have an important role in determining their own future and destiny. . . . Many Navajos believe their future lies outside their control, and a dependency on either the Bureau of Indian Affairs or the Navajo Tribe has been substituted."

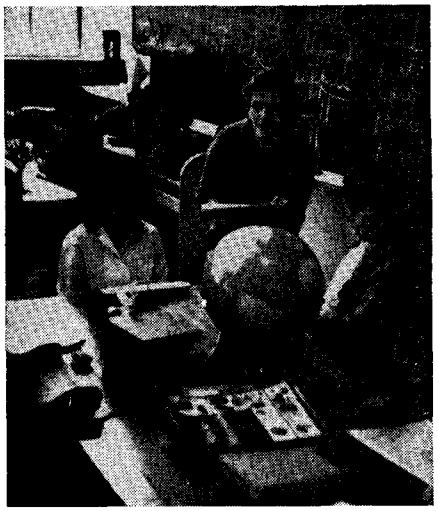
Although Mrs. Yazzi was present at the meeting between the Bureau officials and the school board to negotiate the sale of her land, she did not participate in the discussion. She, and everyone else, knew that she was only the figurehead owner of the land, that her presence at the meeting was only to perpetuate a fiction. She was not expected to take any part in the negotiations and so she did not.

The land owned by Mrs. Yazzi is known as "allotment land." There are currently about 4,185 allotments of 160 acres each still remaining in the Navajo country. These are similar in origin to homestead lands. Between 1907 and 1922 federal officers allotted 160 acres of land in the public domain to heads of Indian families and equal acreages for wives and each of the children. These allotments were made to protect Indians who were living on the public domain in the tenure of their land.

Although the Indians may have been under the impression that they held exclusive titles to their alloted land, they were mistaken. As the *Navajo Yearbook* explains it, "The United States Government holds, in trust for the Navajo Tribe, the title to the Reservation lands, including those areas purchased by the Tribe; and the United States government holds, in trust status for recipients of allotments or for their heirs, title to such areas of individual ownership. As trustee, the Federal Government is responsible for protection and management of property to which title is vested in Indian Tribes (or in individuals, in the case of trust allotments) and this responsibility is exercised, in part, by the Branch of Realty. The functions of this agency of the Federal Government include the sale, exchange, partition, patenting and leasing of Tribal and alloted lands. . . ."

Federal involvement with the Indians is divided into four major areas: land management, health services, education, and industrial development. The Bureau is also trying to teach the Indian how to govern himself through the establishment of various carefully controlled tribal organizations or pseudo-nations.

The paternalism of the government toward the Indians is nowhere better illustrated than in Public Law 474, passed by the Eighty-first Congress. Section 6 of the act authorizes the Navajo tribe to draw up a tribal constitution: "The constitution shall authorize the fullest possible participation of the Navajos in the administration of their affairs as approved by the Secretary of the Interior and shall become effective when approved by the Secretary. The constitution may be amended from time to time



Indian pupils in the State of Washington—vicious cycle.

Mrs. Young is the wife of a school superintendent in Gallup, New Mexico, where Indians account for 55 per cent of enrollment.

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. . . and the Secretary of the Interior shall approve any amendment which in the opinion of the Secretary of the Interior advances the development of the Navajo people. . . ." Tribal funds may be spent only upon approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The tribe is also prohibited from entering into an agreement with an attorney involving tribal lands or funds.

The tragedy of the Indian is that, although he is an adult in the world of adults, he is still going through the adolescent play-acting of governing himself —playing at making decisions when, in reality, these decisions are being made for him by agents of the federal government. This federal trusteeship has not resulted, by and large, in the development of citizens who are particularly noted for their ability to make wise choices. The Navajo tribe, the largest single group of Indians in the United States (in 1960 they totaled 80,364 and, according to the Navajos, may have passed the 100,000 mark by now), has a birth rate that is one of the highest in the world, estimated at from 4.5 to 7 per cent annually; a rate of alcoholism that runs from an estimated 10 to 20 per cent of the adult population, topping that of almost any other group in the country; and a per capita income that is among the lowest in the nation. Problem drinking has long been associated with cultural stress. Gallup, New Mexico, known as the Indian capital, averages 750 arrests per month for drinking. Ninety per cent of those arrested are Indians. In 1958, 83 per cent of all the crimes committed by Navajos involved excessive drinking.

The Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1961 estimated the average per capita income among the Navajo at about $521. If each family contains five members, then the average family income would be approximately $2,600. When the value of free goods and services is included, the average per capita rises to about $645 and the average family income to about $3,225. This is 35.6 per cent of the comparable amount received by other citizens of New Mexico and only 29.8 per cent of the comparable amount received by fellow citizens of the United States.

The Indians themselves, however, declare their income to be far below the Bureau's estimates. In their application to the Office of Economic Opportunity for funds to initiate a Community Action Program, the Navajos estimated their average family income at $600 per year. Of 16,000 families now living on the reservation, 12,800 are listed as earning less than $1,000 per year. Of a total of 15,000 housing units extant, 13,000 are listed as substandard, with an average of six persons occupying each room.

The relationship between education and social and economic development has long been observed, and it is on education that the Bureau of Indian Affairs has spent the major portion of its budget, more than $121,000,000 for the current fiscal year. Despite these expenditures, the Indians continue to be retarded educationally. Of 9,751 elementary-level Navajo children whose records were analyzed in December 1957, only 6 per cent were up to grade level, 40 per cent were retarded at least one year, and 54 per cent were retarded two or more years.

Moreover, when the records of 100 Southwest Indians enrolled at the University of New Mexico between 1954 and 1958 were studied, they showed that 70 per cent dropped out of school with low grades, 20 per cent were currently enrolled, and 10 per cent obtained degrees. Of the 30 per cent who remained in school or obtained degrees, the majority were at some time placed on probation for inadequate scholarship. Of the thirty-one Indian students enrolled at the University of New Mexico in 1958, 84 per cent did not finish the first semester with a C average.

What holds back the Indian students? A lack of knowledge of English is the single most serious cause of Indian retardation in school, according to Dr. Anne Smith, of the Museum of New Mexico. Yet neither the Bureau of Indian Affairs nor the State Department of Education of New Mexico makes any requirement that elementary teachers in either the Bureau or public schools have training in the teaching of English as a second language.

A second factor in the retardation of Indian children is the segregated schooling provided by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In Bureau schools, attended only by Indian children, the cultural and linguistic isolation of the reservation is institutionalized and perpetuated. Although the stated policy of the Bureau is to place Indian children in public schools as rapidly as possible, Commissioner of Indian Affairs Philleo Nash, in a speech in June 1965, reported that contracts totaling more than $8,000,000 had been let for Indian school construction since the beginning of 1965—despite the fact that research indicates that Indian children perform better in public than in Bureau schools.

—From "Hopi Kachina Dolls," by Harold S. Colton, U.N.M. Press © 1959.

More than six years ago the Bureau agreed to place 1,000 Indian students in the Albuquerque school system, but to date it has placed only 339. Recently the Bureau announced plans to build a $13,000,000 boarding school in Albuquerque. The plan was temporarily dropped after an outcry from the New Mexico State Department of Education and public school superintendents in the state.

The experience of Dr. Charles Spain, late superintendent of the Albuquerque schools, is typical. Dr. Spain says, "The BIA [Bureau of Indian Affairs] has never contacted the schools to see if special classes could be arranged to better prepare more students for entering public schools. We've never been informed why the BIA isn't meeting its contractual obligations to send 1,000 students a year to the public schools." Dr. Spain adds that BIA has never approached the Albuquerque system to accept students at an earlier age, or to provide special remedial classes, to include them in planning for the Technical-Vocational Institute, or otherwise try to work out arrangements for incorporating more students in the schools. "We would be happy to work with the BIA to work out some of these problems. But they haven't asked us."

Segregated Bureau of Indian Affairs schools are continuing to be built, one within ten miles of Gallup, New Mexico.

Despite the Indian's economic and educational failures, and despite his alcoholic response to the stresses of living simultaneously in two cultures, he is showing signs of impatience with his role as a "minor and incompetent." Many are saying they want to manage their own affairs. Unfortunately, they must convince the Bureau of Indian Affairs that they are ready to do more than play at making their own decisions. The way it is now, the quiet Bureau agent who sits at the back of the Chapter House meetings can outvote the whole tribe. In subtle ways we still hold the Indian captive. Isn't it time we inaugurated a constructive program to set him free?

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The Tale of Genji

By KENNETH REXROTH

MURASAKI SHIKIBU, author of *The Tale of Genji* and lady-in-waiting to the Empress Akiko, was born about 978 A.D. and died about 1031. Japanese civilization as far as the general populace was concerned was at a lower level than the contemporary Polynesian. Almost all Japanese lived lives of squalid, laborious poverty. Set apart from the brutalized mass was a tiny aristocracy whose culture had been transmuted into a utopia of exquisite sensibility and hyperesthesia. Nothing like it has ever existed before or since. The records that have survived from other remotely similar ruling castes, of the Egyptian Old Kingdom, Persia, or India for instance, are crude, impersonal, stereotyped by comparison. From the eleventh-century Heian court of Japan we have a number of imaginative and complex records of the most intimate interpersonal relations, diaries and novels and poems, many of them written by women. Not only does *The Tale of Genji* far surpass all of these, but most people who have read it agree that it is probably the world's greatest novel.

There is a huge and extraordinarily contradictory literature on *Genji* in modern Japanese. Some liberal critics consider it a suffragist denunciation of male promiscuity. Marxists have called it a satire on the evil ruling class. Mystical Buddhists see Prince Genji as a Bodhisattva. Westernized literary taste compares Lady Murasaki to Marcel Proust. The overt plot of the novel is simple enough in principle and infinitely complicated in detail. It is the story of the erotic relationships of Prince Genji, called *Hikaru,* The Shining One, and his friend To no Chujo, and their descendants to the second and even third generation, with an illimitable number of women—wives, mistresses, and wives of others. The story is told entirely from the woman's point of view. The men have titles of generals, administrators, but nothing is ever said of any work they might do beyond writing love notes, playing musical instruments, and climbing over balconies. The Japanese court had already become nonfunctional and parasitic, but even its symbolic activities are reduced by Lady Murasaki to the basic complexities of sexual refinement. This is only the superficial plot. Underneath it runs a profound concealed drama, the working-out, reduction, and final redemption of an evil *karma,* the consequence of a moment of irresponsible jealous anger. Early in the book and offstage, as it were, the elaborately decorated bullock cart of Lady Rokujo, Genji's mistress, is scratched by the cart of his wife. She gives way to a spasm of wrath, and a being, an incarnation of her anger, "takes foot," as the Japanese say, and struggles throughout the book with the grace that emanates from Genji.

Lady Murasaki in her descriptions of Genji gives many clues to his character. "The Shining One" is a Bodhisattva epithet and his body has the unearthly perfume that distinguishes such a savior, but she presents him as an unconscious as well as an indifferent Bodhisattva, a profoundly original religious notion. A Bodhisattva is a being who turns away from the bliss of Nirvana with the vow that he shall not enter ultimate peace until he can bring all other beings with him. He does this, says mystical Buddhism, indifferently, because he knows there is neither being nor nonbeing, peace nor illusion, saved nor saviors, truth nor consequence. To this Lady Murasaki adds the qualification that he does it without knowing it, an idea derived from Chinese neo-Taoism, Shingon Buddhism, and rationalization of primitive Shintoist animism.

Lady Murasaki grew into her novel. The most profound and subtle writing occurs in the later half, after Genji is dead. As the generations go by, the *karma,* the moral residues of the lifetimes of Genji and his beloved friend To no Chujo, cross and recross in their descendants and are at last resolved when a young girl, beloved by descendants of both, struggles with the demon and destroys it forever in a series of gratuitous acts as indifferent and unconscious as the original grace of which she is the re-embodiment.

The story that seems on superficial reading to be only an endless *kyriale* of philandering turns out to be an unbelievably complicated web of moral tensions and resolutions. Modern Japanese, even more than Western readers, find this outlandish and incomprehensible. The *hannya,* the devil who speaks through the mediums who are called in when the girls it is killing are dying, is almost always accepted by the critics as the ghost of Lady Rokujo, although at the beginning of its career she is not only still alive but has forgotten the incarnating episode and left the court to become a priestess of the national shrine of Ise, where she eventually dies in what we would call a state of grace. Although the *hannya* speaks in her name, it is only the personalized subsistant moment of hate that grows by feeding on the souls it destroys.

A similar situation surrounds Genji's birth, the death of his mother, and his first love affair. The plot is stated in a kind of *coda* at the beginning of the novel, as it is resolved in a cadence that restates all the principal motives at its end. Strung on the skein of this subtle plot are any number of subplots of like nature. I have never known anyone to read *The Tale of Genji* whom it did not throw into a state of esthetic joy, a kind of euphoria of response that very few other works of art can produce, the state of being that Marcel Proust sought in the paintings of Vermeer or the *Jupiter Symphony* and which he tried to reproduce in his readers at the most crucial episodes in his novel.

For almost two generations Arthur Waley's beautiful translation has been the standard version. It, rather than the original, has been translated into many languages, including the modern Japanese. Arthur Waley has brought out the subtlety, exquisite refinement, psychological complexity, and moral profundity to a degree that could easily be missed by the most learned and astute reader of the medieval Japanese text. Lady Murasaki's novel is a great but inaccessible classic in Japanese. Arthur Waley's translation is both a major English and international classic.

The Tale of Genji has recently been issued in one volume as a Modern Library Giant. This is the cheapest and most convenient edition now on the market. There is a brief introduction by Waley that provides all the information you need to follow the story. *The World of the Shining Prince: Court Life in Ancient Japan,* by Ivan Morris (Knopf, 336 pp. $5.95, 1964), is good background reading *after* you've finished the novel.

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The Second Dublin Declaration

EDITOR'S NOTE: Twenty years ago Owen J Roberts, Supreme Court Justice of the United States, and Grenville Clark, lawyer and private American citzen who has been one of the most influential and constructive voices in the nation for more than a half-century, called together a group of forty-eight prominent Americans. The purpose was to think through the implications of the atomic explosion that had just ended the war against Japan. The meeting took place in Dublin, New Hampshire, and lasted five days. The statement produced by that group anticipated—far better than any official forecast of analysis—the main course of events during the next two decades. It called for the rapid development of the United Nations into a world federation with limited but adequate powers to enact and enforce world law.

Recently, Grenville Clark called a second conference in Dublin, New Hampshire, to consider the first Dublin Declaration in the light of events since that time. The conferees included sixteen of the original group. In addition, thirty-nine other Americans participated, among them Kingman Brewster, Jr., President of Yale University; Thomas H. Mahony and Edward Mahony, Boston lawyers; John S. Dickey, President of Dartmouth College; Erwin N. Griswold, Dean of Harvard Law School; John K. Jessup, chief editorial writer for *Life* magazine; Gerard Piel, publisher of the *Scientific American*; the Honorable Stanley A. Weigel, judge of the United States District Court; Dr. Paul Dudley White, Boston physician; the Reverend Dr. Donald S. Harrington of The Community Church of New York; A. J. G. Priest, Professor of Law, University of Virginia Law School; C. Maxwell Stanley, Engineer and President of the United World Federalists; and James P. Warburg, author.

The text of the Second Dublin Declaration follows:

THE RIGHTS of man and the conditions of life itself on this planet are imperiled by lawlessness among the nations. World anarchy is manifested by the growing frequency of international crises as well as by the number of nations with the capacity to build arsenals of nuclear weapons. One serious adverse effect of that anarchy has been an increasing acceptance of violence and, thereby, a cheapening of the worth of human life.

Protection of the safety and dignity of human beings is generally acknowledged as the highest obligation of governments. The growing inability of nation-states to provide this protection, particularly in the face of the nuclear threat, emphasizes the need to replace world anarchy with enforceable world law.

The highest sovereignty on earth resides with the peoples who inhabit the planet. National sovereignty is justified only as it safeguards this basic sovereignty of the peoples themselves. Since, in a nuclear age, national sovereignty alone cannot serve its highest obligation, it must be buttressed by an international authority.

Even if there were no threat of nuclear destruction hovering over the future of the human race, the increasing complexity of international life, the general welfare of mankind, and the requirements of orderly growth impose on the nations and on their leaders an imperative to establish world peace and order under an adequate authority.

We therefore affirm the imperative need for a world federation equipped with the powers necessary to enforce world law against international violence and the threat of it. We call upon all heads of governments to move swiftly and persistently for the creation of a world authority capable of maintaining world peace through world law. We call upon people everywhere to recognize the indispensable link between peace, justice, and meaningful survival on the one hand, and the existence of the instrumentalities of world law on the other. And we call upon them, as well, to make known, by every means at their command, their insistence that world peace through enforceable world law shall become the first business of their governments.

The Reasons: Peace means more than the temporary absence of major war in an armed world. Genuine peace requires enforceable law, order, and justice. In short, peace requires government. In its absence, law, order, and justice cannot exist.

The world must be made safe for the diversities of mankind – diversities of race, nationality, religion, forms of government, economic systems, and social values. The positive worth of these diversities cannot be preserved without enforceable world law.

History demonstrates the necessity for enforceable law as the prerequisite of order within community, province, state, and nation. Experience, reason, and common sense compel the conclusion that such law is also the prerequisite for genuine peace on the world level.

Yet it is precisely at the world level that enforceable law is nonexistent. The absence of any system of effective world law precluding international violence makes arms races and recurrent wars inevitable. Failure to correct this basic defect in the organization of human society has now become a threat to civilization itself.

Developments since the Second World War confirm and emphasize the growing need for an effective world federal authority.

Nuclear problems have been compounded by the beginnings of man's conquest of space. Effective world law is requisite (a) to keep space from becoming a jungle of nuclear weaponry, (b) to head off danger of war from rival nationalist claims to uses of space and planets in it, and (c) to guarantee that

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scientific achievement in space shall serve the progress of mankind.

Other developments since the Second World War which emphasize the need for such an authority are:

1. The economic disparity between the industrialized and the underdeveloped nations has increased.

2. The break-up of colonial empires has resulted in the creation of a large number of new nations.

3. Five nations have developed nuclear technology and others are at the threshold.

4. The People's Republic of China has emerged as a world power with a population potential of almost a billion human beings by 1980.

The possession of nuclear weapons spreads. World tension does not subside. The arms race continues at an annual cost of at least $140,000,000,000 (one hundred forty *billion* dollars). With world law, the massive savings from disarmament could be made available to help close the dangerously widening gap between the "have" and "have-not" nations.

The United Nations: The United Nations has helped to stave off major war and has served many social and humanitarian purposes. Through the development of its Charter by interpretation, it has overcome some of its original limitations: It has evolved new peace-keeping methods not foreseen in the Charter. The United Nations has facilitated the liberation of many colonial areas. There have been important declarations of human rights. New impetus has been given to the codification of international law and to new ways of developing such law.

However, the United Nations Charter, drafted before Hiroshima, is inadequate for its avowed purpose: to maintain international peace and security. The United Nations has neither *effective* nor *reliable* means to prevent war. Specifically, the United Nations as presently constituted is deficient in the following respects:

1. Nations having more than one-fourth of the population of the world are not members.

2. The Security Council has often been paralyzed by exercise of the veto.

3. There is no standing peace force to take effective action against aggression.

4. The one-nation-one-vote rule in the General Assembly makes unrealistic the conferring of needed legislative powers on that body.

5. There is no court system with the jurisdiction and powers required for the peaceful settlement of disputes among nations.

6. There is no system to provide sufficient and reliable revenues.

Essentials of an Effective World Organization: The experience of the United Nations demonstrates that the following elements are essential to an effective organization for the prevention of war:

1. *Universal and complete disarmament.* The charter must provide for total national disarmament, not merely for "arms control" or "limitation." This means the *elimination* of all national armaments by every country in the world down to the level of police forces necessary for internal order only. This total disarmament must be subject at all stages to an effective inspection system. The accomplishment of each stage must be carefully verified before proceeding to the next stage.

2. *An adequate world police force.* Parallel with the disarmament process, a strong, sufficiently armed police force should be established. It should be composed of individual recruits and not of national contingents. There should be careful safeguards against any undue proportion from any nation or group of nations.

3. *Universal membership.* Membership should be open to every nation. Citizens of member nations should also be citizens of the world organization. No member nation should be expelled or allowed to withdraw.

4. *A world legislative body.* The legislative body should be the core of the world organization. It could be either unicameral or bicameral. It should have a system of representation and voting procedures whereby the peoples of all the member nations would be fairly represented. It should be given adequate power to provide for the maintenance and enforcement of world law relevant to the prevention of international war.

5. *The executive branch.* The executive branch should be chosen by and be responsible to the legislative body and should exercise the authority delegated to it. It must be free from the veto power of any nation.

6. *Judicial branch.* There should be a court system with the jurisdiction and powers required for the settlement of all disputes among nations and for the enforcement of world law against nations and individuals with respect to conduct which threatens the peace of the world.

7. *Reliable world revenue.* There should be provision for sufficient and reliable revenues to maintain the institutions and carry out the functions of the world organization. Revenue obligations should be allocated among member nations in accordance with their ability to pay.

8. *Safeguards.* Important as it is that an effective world organization to prevent international war shall possess powers fully adequate to that purpose, it is equally important that such powers be carefully limited so as to ensure against abuse of power and interference with the purely domestic affairs of the member nations. All powers not granted to the world federation should be reserved to the member nations and their peoples. Judicial redress against abuse of the powers of the world authority should be provided. The world federation should have no power to interfere in any internal revolution or conflict unless the legislative body of the federation declares that such revolution or conflict seriously threatens world peace. The world federation should, in such cases, have the authority to intervene for the purpose of terminating any violence and to bring about a just solution through conciliation, arbitration, or adjudication.

9. *Charter adoption.* The charter of the organization should come into effect only when ratified by a preponderance of all nations and of the peoples of the world.

Every one of these elements is essential to an effective organization for the maintenance of peace.

The prevention of war requires the establishment of an affiliated World Development Authority. It should be adequately financed and staffed in order to mitigate the growing economic disparities between the "have" and "have-not" nations, the continuance of which causes world instability and conflict.

Appropriate steps should also be taken in the interest of eliminating those threats to peace which arise out of discrimination based upon race, creed, color, or ancestry.

Ways Toward World Order: We believe that the United Nations, through amendment of its Charter, is the best instrumentality for the achievement of the goals we seek. If those goals cannot thus be attained, with reasonable effort and with reasonable promptness, the endeavor to go forward should be pursued resolutely through a supplemental organization or by any other fruitful means.

The time has come for political leaders to put meaning and substance into their generalized statements as to the need for the rule of law in world affairs. Statesmen should now make concrete proposals to bring about world peace through world law.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Why Go to the Moon?

I WANT to shout hurrah for Joseph Wood Krutch's article "Why I Am Not Going to the Moon" [*SR*, Nov. 20]. Let us not do without question all that the scientist suggests simply because his technological knowledge overwhelms us; perhaps if Mr. Average American Citizen concentrated more fully on finding solutions to our earthly problems, the prospect of running away to the moon would not seem so delightful.

ZELPHA REIPOAD.

Carroll, O.

I'M GLAD for the appearance of Joseph Wood Krutch's article "Why I Am Not Going to the Moon." I commend him for writing it and *SR* for publishing it. Let's hope some of this good sense catches on.

S. HOWARD BARTLEY,
Professor of Psychology,
Michigan State University.

East Lansing, Mich.

CONGRATULATIONS to Joseph Wood Krutch for his article. This is the kind of thing that needs to be said about once a week to everybody in the country because so few people *think* for *themselves* and so many take whatever the propaganda machine hands out as the gospel truth. . . .

ALLAN TULLY.

Carlstad, Calif.

I MUST congratulate you on your article by Joseph Wood Krutch. I agree wholeheartedly with the main theme he advanced, but I feel that he could perhaps have used some better logic.

Mr. Krutch wrote, "Curiosity, even scientific curiosity, can open a Pandora's box as well as a treasure chest. And one should use a certain amount of caution in lifting the lid of any box whose contents are unknown." While this may be true, it should not preclude the responsibility of searching for knowledge in all possible places. Though discovery does, in many cases, present a potential danger, it is man's obligation to channel the discovery into useful and productive means.

I am in accord that the world's most pressing problem is overpopulation and that much more time and energy should be allotted for research into this area. But we must view everything in perspective and must give top priority to that which is most important; at the same time, however, we must not slight other areas. Let us make overpopulation our greatest concern, but space is still there.

MILFORD LOEB II.

San Diego, Calif.

MR. KRUTCH MAKES it very clear in his recent article that he has reached the age when it is more fun to be philosophical and to dissect than to do.

Young men explored America, young men sailed the uncharted ocean, and young men will go to the moon. Not "because it is there," but for the only reason that makes sense to them—because the idea excites. Fortunately for us all, the unknown exerts a tremendous appeal to young people. Otherwise we'd still be wrestling other cavemen for a piece of meat killed by someone's bare hands.

ROBERT LABOUR.

Sand Lake, Mich.

"You were especially recommended to us by Mrs. Green of Shaker Heights!"

Beatty and the Beggars

JUDGING FROM the frequency with which Jerome Beatty, Jr., admits, in his TRADE WINDS column of November 20, that he doles out quarters to New York's panhandlers, he'd better be careful lest he be forced to take up a similar post outside Brooks Brothers' window.

CAROLYN DUBOSE.

Arlington, Va.

Pillow Talk

IN THE MIDST of immense amusement at the funny letter from our friend Al Muenchen in your issue of November 13, with his snapshot of me on our Vineyard Haven porch, I realized that there are probably a good many people who will wonder at the piece of uncompleted needlepoint dangling from my hands, with its startling (to anybody except a regular D.-C. solver) expression of emotion toward my well-meaning self. [The needlework bore the words "I Hate Doris Nash Wortman."]

It is a pillow top advertised in *SR* almost a year ago by Woolworks, Inc., on Madison Avenue, New York. Of course the sentiment gave vast amusement to us, as to anybody who recognizes an entirely normal part of *The Solver's Progress Through D.-C.s with Ballpoint Pen*. Because often there comes a stage when the solver's own powers are stymied—temporarily, of course. So he gets mad at *me*. I never have added up all the new people I meet who are positively dewy-eyed with welcome friendliness and who assure me of their gladness to meet me "at last," and who volunteer the afterthought: "Last week I wanted to murder you."

The pillow top was designed by an artist who is a regular solver of D.-C.s. It is beautiful. But for me, a difficulty lay in its inclusion of shaded tassels depicted as a proper border for the sentiment. I'm not good at following needlepoint designs painted on, and in any case I have not the daylight hours for it.

So I just ruined the whole thing as a work of art by putting in my own background—the lines of a D.-C. diagram filled with words telling the whole of *The Solver's Progress* from frustration to victory, as deduced from solvers' letters.

If anybody wants to see how it all worked out, do come down for a spot of tea with us at the Vineyard any summer, where the pillow (then in its final form, I hope) will surely continue to be the conversation piece par excellence.

DORIS NASH WORTMAN.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Poets in Prose

TWO WELL-KNOWN poets have turned to the writing of prose—Robert Creeley in *The Gold Diggers and Other Stories* (Scribners, $3.95) and LeRoi Jones in *The System of Dante's Hell* (Grove, $3.95). Both books, in their different ways, bear the stamp of poetic authorship.

Creeley has already published a novel, *The Island* (*SR*, Nov. 9, 1963), but, according to the jacket, the stories were written first. Both in theme and in style most of the stories and the novel are closely related. Almost always we find a man and a woman, usually husband and wife, as in *The Island*. The man is portrayed as ineffectual and troubled by remorse. The woman is puzzled and dissatisfied. Some happening, likely to be trivial, brings the conflict between them to a climax, but as a rule nothing is resolved in the end.

Creeley's style, as I observed in commenting on *The Island*, is sometimes completely flat: "I am in the habit of feeding our cat each night before I go to bed after I have put coal on the fires. This is my usual procedure and one I rarely vary. Both the cat and I are at home in it. When it comes time, if the cat is indoors, she will be sitting by her dish, waiting for me to put food in it. If she is outside, I have only to open the door and there she is, waiting to be let in and fed." Sometimes his sentences not only defy the laws of grammar but are unintelligible: "That is, what is it had come in, as this was, to be not or make it not as it had been, if it were, as it was, the same place, which I couldn't say or put my finger on, then, but waited like any of the rest." Sometimes he writes with the vividness one expects from a poet.

The best of the stories are better than the novel, if only because Creeley's methods are better adapted to the shorter form. Like the "new" novelists in France, he is not interested in characterization in the ordinary sense of that word, but is trying to make his readers see people in a different and, he believes, more significant way. Sometimes a story, such as "A Death," slips away into obscurity, but fairly often he achieves the effect he wants, as in "The Unsuccessful Husband" and "A Grace." In "The Dress" his method is surrealistic.

Playwright as well as poet, LeRoi Jones seemed to me the most interesting of the writers represented in *New American Story* (*SR*, Aug. 22, 1965), of which Robert Creeley was one of the editors. *The System of Dante's Hell* is described by the publisher as a novel, and if that seems to me a rather strange name for it, I can't think of a more suitable one. As the title indicates, the book is organized in a general way on the plan of Dante's *Inferno*, with various circles and subdivisions: heretics, panderers, and seducers, thieves, fraudulent counsellors, and so on. In actuality it is made up of sketches from the author's early years, which fit only approximately into the categories in which they have been placed.

Jones writes mostly in a violent staccato: "Still. The black Job. Mind gone. Head lost. Fingers stretch beyond his flesh. Eyes. Their voices' black lust. The fog. Each to the other moves in itself. He loves nothing he knows yet love is on him like a sickness." Or: "The playground is old. Kenny is old. Headlight is old. I am not. I am in a black room with my new shoes. The two women stare at me and the shoes. I am drunker than their world. They do not even hate me. They are amused. I am drunker than their seasons."

This kind of writing can grow tiresome, but there is a strong cumulative effect. It is a tough, dirty world that Jones is writing about, with a good deal of raw sex, both heterosexual and homosexual, some violence, and many unpleasant details. The author-narrator remembers his acquaintances at various stages of their development, and we have a gallery of warped persons. As we get the sense of it from these fragments, his was a grim young manhood.

The best of the book is the last part, which I read and admired in *New American Story*. It is a fairly long piece of continuous narrative, describing the author during his Air Force training in Louisiana. He and a companion go into the Negro section of Shreveport, where they take up with a couple of whores. "Of course the men didn't dig the two imitation white boys come in on their leisure. And when I spoke someone wd turn and stare, or laugh, and point me out. The quick new jersey speech, full of italian idiom, and the invention of the jews."

After a night of drunkenness and fornication, he is tempted to accept the prostitute's invitation to stay with her.

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("The army don't need you no way. Leastways not as much as I does.") But he runs away, to go back to his camp and take his punishment. Before he has gone far, he is beaten by three Negroes. The whole nightmare experience comes through powerfully.

As I have said, Jones's boyhood in a Negro section of Newark is for the most part stark and terrible. But it is interesting to note that in the course of the book he refers to Eliot, Pound, Cummings, Apollinaire, Joyce, Keats, Hardy, Kafka, Dylan Thomas, and Baudelaire. Somehow, then, in the midst of all this squalor and desperation, the young man managed to get a literary education, and this reminds me of something Ralph Ellison said in the introduction to *Shadow and Act* (*SR*, Oct. 24, 1964): "Anything and everything was to be found in the chaos of Oklahoma: thus the concept of Renaissance Man has lurked long within the shadow of my past, and I shared it with at least half a dozen of my Negro friends."

Jones also was and is an heir of Western civilization, but he gives only slight indication of that fact in his book and doesn't tell us how he became acquainted with the modern masters, even though that process must have been as important a part of his experience as anything he describes. The plan upon which the book is organized compares and contrasts his view of life with that of one of the greatest poets of our culture. I am not sure that the parallels with the *Inferno* do much to enrich the book, but at least the scheme is a claim to kinship with the makers of Western culture.

Both Creeley and Jones are experimenters, the former working with techniques that have mostly been developed in Europe, the latter adapting to his purposes a method of which Joyce's *Ulysses* is a great example. If Jones is or promises to be the better writer, that is not because his method is better but because he gives evidence of greater literary power. Still in his early thirties, he ought to go a long way.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Infantilism?

In his review of James Baldwin's *Going to Meet the Man* [*SR*, Nov. 6] Daniel Stern gives infantilism new contours. Characterizing the homosexual as a "clinical case," the reviewer concludes that therefore the homosexual is unable to represent more than himself and his own infantilism.

Today's generation thirsts for meaningful human relationships. Only one criterion is relevant to this search: love. Love transcends the ghetto-like categories of heterosexual and homosexual. Love is human. It is the ghetto-like categories which are clinical.

To imply that the love of one man for another man, or one woman for another woman is infantile is as ridiculous as it is scurrilous. History is full of affective relationships of this kind. . . . A loveless relationship is always unfortunate. Heterosexuality does not redeem a loveless relationship any more than homosexuality does. In fact, heterosexuality is by no means incompatible with contempt for womankind and the feminine side of our nature. Furthermore, male homosexuality often results from an unhealthy heterosexual relationship. Contrary to Mr. Stern's assertion, the feminine side of man's nature is usually championed by the male homosexual, who rebels against the arbitrary denial of his feminine rights.

Mark A. Lillis.

Washington, D.C.

Homosexuality does indeed occur and recur in Baldwin's writing, as it does in much contemporary fiction. That such episodes constitute propaganda or special pleading is a wholly subjective judgment. Stern offers no evidence that Baldwin sees the homosexual as an "emblematic figure." *Giovanni's Room* remains as one of the most compassionate and perceptive delineations of a homosexual relationship in modern literature. But the racial theme which was to figure so large in Baldwin's later work is utterly absent in this early novel. Thus there cannot possibly be read into it "the inauthentic mixture of racial and homosexual rebellion" to which Stern objects.

Of racial rebellion there is an abundant amount in *Blues for Mister Charlie*, but here the homosexual element is almost wholly lacking. This leaves us with *Another Country* for evidence of this "inauthentic mixture" which Stern purports to find in Baldwin. *Another Country* is admittedly an uneven novel; had it been able to live up to its first section, it would be one of the most powerful works in modern literature. If it fails, this is, perhaps, because Baldwin's compassion has turned into anger, an emotion which nearly always interferes with insight. But where, we must ask, does *Another Country* present the homosexual as a seer? Such pathos as this novel possesses lies precisely in its delineation of the homosexual as a failure. If this is propaganda, its force is negative. There are a number of points at which the writings of Baldwin are vulnerable, but the "tragic confusion" of which only Stern is guilty is not one of them.

Harold E. Berg.

Glen Rock, N.J.

The first half of Daniel Stern's review discussed homosexual and racial rebellion at such length that I settled back convinced that *Going to Meet the Man* must be the definitive work on homosexuality. Not so, I found, for in the middle of the review I was startled to read that this collection of stories is "for the most part, free from the intellectual sin of confusing the Negro's (and/or the white man's) tragedy with the homosexual's psychic deformity."

Pray tell, then, why did Mr. Stern devote one-half of his review to an extraneous (and therefore misleading) subject?

Frances P. Osborn.

Pittsford, N.Y.

Desperately Needed

Thank you for Emile Capouya's review of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* and *Message to the Blackman in America*, by Elijah Muhammad [*SR*, Nov. 20]. Like many of his articles, it is outstanding. His comments on our society are desperately needed.

L. A. Eldridge, Jr.

Rensselaerville, N.Y.

Latin Corrupted

For once your otherwise watchful editorial eye missed a (small) verbal mess. In *SR*, Nov. 20, Nat S. Finney speaks of Clark Mollenhoff, "whose bona fides combine [sic!] professional training in both journalism and law."

Mr. Finney must have forgotten his high school Latin. It looks as if he had taken the final letter in fides for the sign of an English plural. Besides, how can "good faith"—translated for Mr. Finney's benefit—combine training in two fields? What Mr. Finney must have had in mind was not "good faith" but "qualifications." Why then did he not write it in English?

Fritz Marti.

Collinsville, Ill.

Authentic Reporter

When Haskel Frankel and I met over lunch in New York a few weeks ago, I found him an engaging personality and a skillful interviewer. On reading the results of the interview in On the Fringe [*SR*, Nov. 6] I learned that he is also an authentic reporter. I was really delighted with the way he dealt with me and with my new book, *The Bloody Battle for Suribachi*.

Richard Wheeler.

Pine Grove, Pa.

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Through Snowdon's Lens

Private View: The Lively World of British Art, *by Bryan Robertson, John Russell, and Lord Snowdon (Thomas Nelson; dist. by International Book Society, div. Time-Life Books. 298 pp. $18), captures the vitality of those who since the Second World War have made London's galleries preeminent. Margaret R. Weiss, SR's photography editor, evaluates the book's pictures, taken by Lord Snowdon. The commentary by Messrs. Robertson and Russell is considered by James Thrall Soby, author of, among other works, studies of Ben Shahn, Juan Gris, Joan Miró, and Giorgio de Chirico.*

MARGARET R. WEISS:

IN 1962, Bryan Robertson, John Russell, and Lord Snowdon started a private question-and-answer game of their own devising. "Just what turned London into one of the world's three capitals of art?" they asked. "Who did it, and how? And what kind of people are they?"

Now, wiser by three years of first-hand research, wearier by a thousand city miles, and surer by several hundred rolls of exposed film, the collaborators have consolidated their word-and-picture answers in *Private View: The Lively World of British Art.* Handsomely produced and lavishly illustrated, the book promises much and delivers a large measure of its promise in Snowdon's visual commentary of almost 400 black-and-white and color photographs.

Doubtless this is as authors Robertson and Russell intended, for they admit that "throughout and in general, the image has been given precedence over the written word." What comes through to the reader is that the verbal and the visual here meet in the happiest of alliances—an arm-in-arm rather than a side-by-side relationship.

Exploring the planes and contours of the British art scene, Snowdon has gone beyond the identifying label that earlier press publicity has pinned on him. If he is a "society and theatrical photographer," then the term must now be applied in its broader, figurative frame of reference. From life classes in typical Royal Academy tradition to life in a cluttered Paddington studio, his private viewfinding is at home in all strata of the art society, and he records what he sees in gilded salon or grimy bed-sitter with a highly developed sense of theater.

Lord Snowdon: "The camera is a mechanical device."

Snowdon's lively lens is less preoccupied with precise documenting of physical likeness and environment than with prospecting in what is often "Keep-off-the-grass" territory—the revelation of attitudes, work patterns, tastes, and temperaments. It is from this perspective of first-person encounter that his pictures should be appraised, for here lies the clue to why the images spark in the reader what Marshall McLuhan has called "sensory involvement."

With equal ease, the Snowdon camera can pinpoint character, poke fun, or point a finger. His is a mercurial, experimental, inventive viewfinder—one that is facile and adaptable enough to mirror the infinitely kaleidoscopic subject the

Sir Anthony Blunt, Keeper of the Queen's Pictures and Director of the Courtauld Institute.

Frank Auerbach in his studio near Primrose Hill.

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three collaborators have elected to portray. Occasionally, the facile comes dangerously close to the merely glib; at times, blur and graininess intrude as "technique" without artistic purpose or discipline to justify their use; picture quality is far from even.

But, in Snowdon's working philosophy, these are matters of small consequence. Considering his camera as little more than an artist's sketchbook, he aims for the quick, spontaneous impression, not the momentous but the momentary image. As he puts it, "A photo should capture a moment and move the reader through mood. . . . I think all that talk about photography being a fine art is absolute nonsense; the camera is a mechanical device. . . . The photographer should stay in the background."

Collectively, Snowdon's photographs tell an animated story of artists and the catalytic agents of their world—museums, galleries, dealers, critics, schools, public councils, patrons and collectors. And the private view, even with its imperfections, is a fluoroscopic one, always dynamic and dimensional.

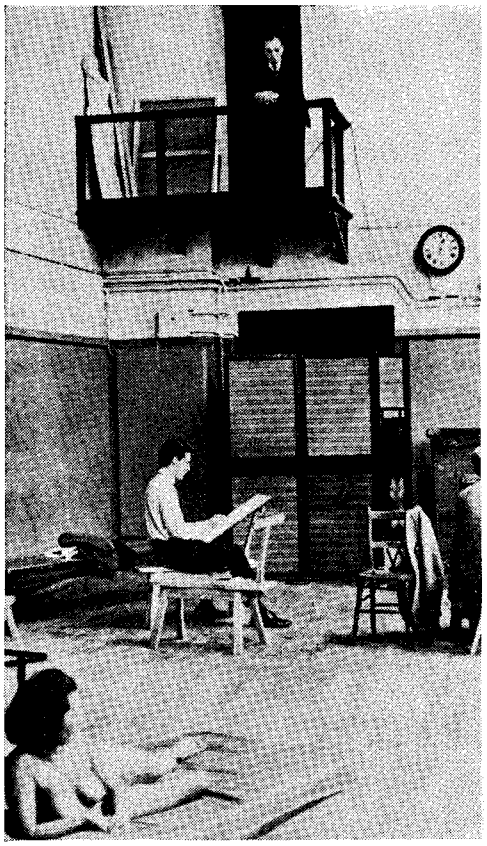
JAMES THRALL SOBY:

THIS is a remarkable book on several counts. Although Margaret Weiss comments above on Lord Snowdon's photographs, I cannot resist saying that they seem to me acutely responsive to the personalities and environment of the modern English artists, which are their subject. These photographs hold their place firmly in the inspired line of photographic portraiture in Britain that runs without slack from Scotland's David Octavius Hill to Julia Margaret Cameron and on to Cecil Beaton.

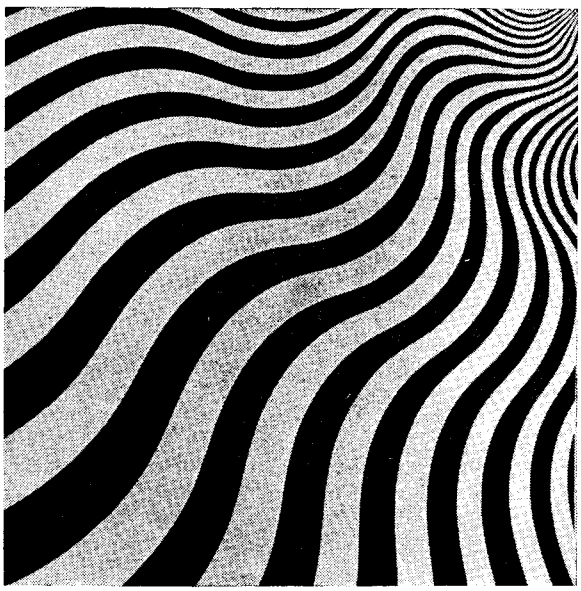
The album would be a sensitive and useful document even without the accompanying texts by John Russell, art critic for London's *Sunday Times*, and of Bryan Robertson, a tireless entrepreneur of advanced art in England. Mr. Russell's foreword summarizes recent developments which have made London once more a world center of creative achievement instead of merely one of its principal market places. His account is eloquent, animated, and perceptive. It explains how and why British artists, after dormant centuries, have replaced statuary by sculpture (there is a vast difference), with Henry Moore the bellwether and Butler, Chadwick, Armitage, and Paolozzi following far from sheepishly in his wake. It tells how Ben Nicholson, Graham Sutherland, Barbara Hepworth, and, perhaps above all, the tormented virtuoso Francis Bacon have altered art's one-way tide from Calais to Dover, as happened over a century ago, when Delacroix stood spellbound before Constable's pictures.

Mr. Robertson's shorter comments are less fluent than Russell's longish foreword. But they, too, avoid the muscle-bound rhetoric that often plagues American art criticism on its more erudite levels. And they are free of the graveyard oratory to which many French journalists are prone in writing about artists, living or dead.

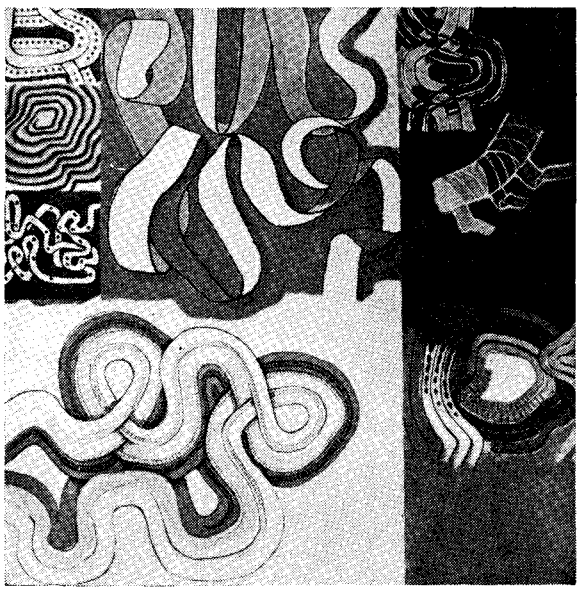
Private View is commendable for its freshness and devotion. But since the idiotic recipe for fairness in criticism calls for poison as well as balm, I suppose some objections must be recorded. I think the rejuvenating role of the new, affluent Marlborough Gallery is overplayed. And I wonder whether Kokoschka and Mark Tobey, handsomely photographed early in the book, have added as much to London's resurgence in the arts as other visiting firemen whose stay there has been more sporadic and brief.



Sir William Coldstream, principal of the Slade School, on a balcony outside his office, watches a life class in progress.



Bridget Riley's "Blaze."



"Three Distinct Possibilities," by Harold Cohen.

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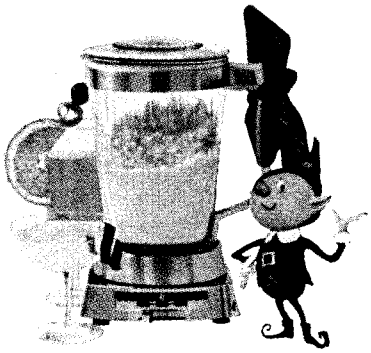

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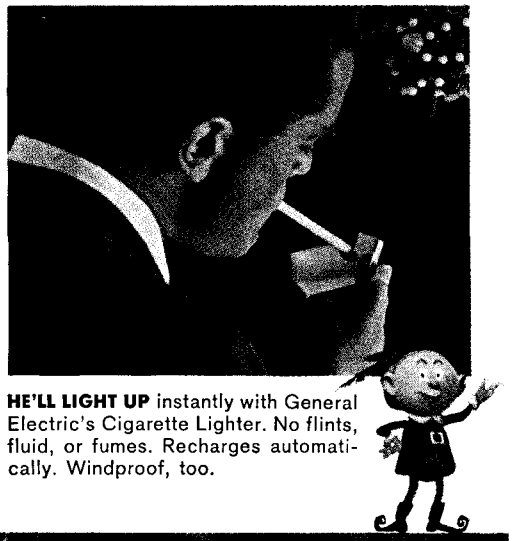

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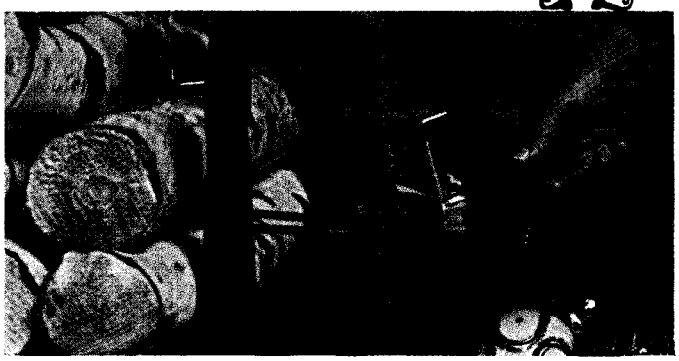

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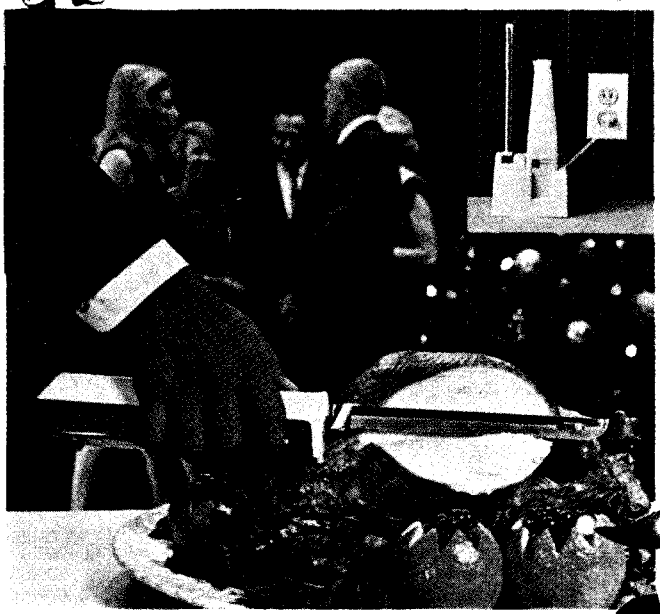

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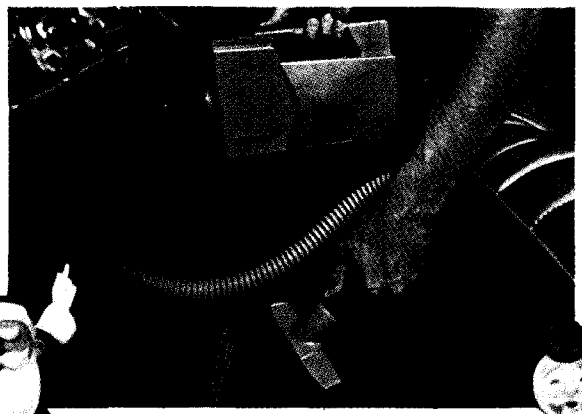

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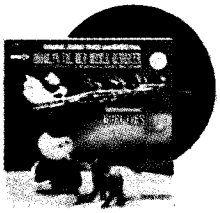

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Horror in the Congo

***111 Days in Stanleyville,** by David Reed (Harper & Row. 279 pp. $4.95), describes with all its horrors the purgatory inflicted by a demented general and his tatterdemalion horde upon the foreign population in the East Congo sixteen months ago. Charles Miller is a close observer of African affairs.*

By CHARLES MILLER

DURING the unusually bitter U.N. debate touched off by the Belgian-U.S. rescue of some 1,600 hostages in the Congolese city of Stanleyville last year, Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak declared that Nazi concentration camps of an earlier generation disqualified Europeans from any special license to preach civilized humanity to Africans. Yet Spaak, along with Adlai Stevenson and other spokesmen for the West, went on, quite rightly, to defend the Stanleyville action because it had indeed been humanitarian and nothing else. Regrettably and all too frequently in recent years, humanitarianism and other lofty ideals have been invoked as a convenient but ludicrously transparent cover for big-power military bullying—on both sides of the Iron Curtain. But this ugly reality of nuclear-age life in no way dilutes the altogether honorable—maybe even noble, if that's not too square a word—motives behind the Stanleyville rescue operation.

That rescue and, more specifically, the several months' ordeal that preceded it, are the subject of David Reed's top-notch documentary narrative, *111 Days in Stanleyville*. The account doesn't make pleasant reading: mass human sacrifice, cannibalism, assembly-line torture, and other aspects of man's behavior when by some vile chemistry he becomes transformed into less than man, can hardly be considered wholesome family fare. But the book should be read.

The Stanleyville horror began early in August 1964, when a Communist-supported Congolese general named Nicolas Olenga entered the city at the head of "liberation" forces that called themselves Simbas—although Reed's description, "beggars' army," is more fitting. This tatterdemalion horde had sliced through national troops in the Eastern Congo like a knife through cheese, and with the capture of Stanleyville stood poised for a final drive against the capital city of Leopoldville and the "imperialist" government of Moise Tshombe. Although Leopoldville lay a thousand miles to the west, virtually nothing stood in the way of the Simbas. The gamy Tshombe was suspect even by those nations that reluctantly supported him, while the ANC —the Congolese national army—had demonstrated beyond any question its unsurpassed inefficiency and cowardice. The Simbas, on the other hand, enjoyed a thoroughly well-deserved reputation for fanatic bravery and even more fervent bestiality. Their principal victims had been the Congolese themselves, untold thousands murdered with varying degrees of dispatch. (Specially sought out for execution were the "intellectuals" —teachers, clerks, medical attendants, anyone with a smattering of education—"the very class of people," Reed notes, "who, given time, might have lifted the Congo to the level of a modern and civilized country.") Europeans, as a rule, had not been harmed; indeed, the Simbas often spoke of them as friends. Stanleyville changed all that.

There can be no doubt as to Olenga's insanity. (At one point, Reed tells us, he announced plans to invade the United States, "as soon as I get the necessary transport.") However, he also possessed that charisma and gift for command often found in the paranoid. At times he could be surprisingly shrewd. This perceptiveness was hardly reflected in his decision to hold as virtual prisoners of war the U.S. and Belgian consuls, as well as the rest of Stanleyville's foreign population, since the move eventually proved to be the cause of his utter rout. But, at the same time, the fact of a major strategic blunder gave small comfort to the hostages. For them it meant an experience that can be likened only to a nightmare so wild that even the dreamer suspects it might not really be happening.

—*From the book.*

Nearly 2,000 whites were rescued by the paratroopers —a signal for a massacre.

AT first, Olenga's only real targets in Stanleyville seemed to be the handful of Americans living there: the United States was, after all, the arch-imperialist nation of the globe and must be taught a lesson. Still, as the Simba troops reached the outskirts of the city, U.S. Consul Michael Hoyt (who could have flown out with his family but stuck to his post instead) looked to the remote possibility that the mad general might at least respect the office and authority of the accredited representative of a foreign government. This, of course, proved to be a forlorn hope, and Hoyt himself immediately became Olenga's public enemy No. 1. For hardly had the rebel forces entered Stanleyville than a band of hemp-crazed Simbas was smashing through the consulate, bent on the murder of Hoyt and his staff. Only a steel vault saved their lives.

From then on, what happened to the Americans might have been a product of the combined imaginations of Lewis Carroll, Kafka, and Evelyn Waugh. They were beaten to near-insensibility with rifle butts. They were invited to diplomatic receptions and teas. Simbas, drawing blood with their bayonets, forced them to try to eat American flags. Simbas brought beer and whisky to their rooms and got drunk with them. One officer imprisoned them for a night in the Stanleyville Airport ladies' room, its floor a thick layer of excreta overflowing from out-of-order toilets. Two other officers—at extreme peril to their own lives —saved them several times from being burned alive or eaten (or perhaps both) by Simba mobs. At the occasional "conferences" to which Hoyt was summoned by Olenga—or by his marionette political bosses, Christophe Gbenye and Gaston Soumialot—expressions of genuine sympathy and promises of protection (often kept) alternated with threats of torture or immediate death sentences. And although the latter were warded off either by juvenile stratagems or by the Simbas' own psychotic absentmindedness, Hoyt knew that death was simply a matter of time. Even the possibility of rescue held out no hope: Olenga had made it quite clear that any outside at-

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tempt to retake Stanleyville would be the signal for the massacre not only of the Americans but the entire foreign population.

For Olenga's dementia had not taken long in going completely out of control. As rumors of a rescue operation mounted, all whites became not merely hostages in his eyes but spies as well. (Singled out for particular attention was the spunky Belgian consul, Patrick Nothomb; at one "conference" Olenga personally assaulted Nothomb, who had no alternative but to stand and take the beating.) Even those few Americans—the missionaries—who had previously gone unmolested were gradually herded into the Simba dragnet with their families. The terrible question mark that hovered over Stanleyville's lovely palm-lined boulevards was not "Will they kill us?" It was "When?"

That the nightmare had a much happier ending is hardly news any longer, but Reed's skillful handling of the air rescue operation is likely to have most readers worrying whether the Belgian paratroopers will arrive before it's too late. Indeed, he has been able to transmit this electric, high-tension immediacy to the entire 111-day purgatory, and he has done so with an unembellished narrative journalism that packs a fantastic wallop.

Basically, Reed is a reporter, and he sets down his facts scrupulously. But although he also editorializes (as who wouldn't?) he doesn't fail to see both sides of the story. For example,while fully acknowledging the indispensable role played by the white mercenary troops in preventing the Simbas from overrunning the Congo, he shows them quite unmistakably to be (with certain honorable exceptions) a rabble of black-hating sadists. And to his great credit, he can even appraise the Simbas' awful deeds against the background of the Belgian colonial oppression that robbed them of dignity and rekindled their tribal savagery: "Stanleyville undoubtedly represented more than just a military victory to [Olenga]. What he and Simbas had done was to reaffirm themselves as Africans, and as men."

But the book carries its strongest impact in the quiet (and thus all the more impressive) tribute it pays to the marvelous courage and selflessness displayed by the entire hostage group, notably Hoyt and Nothomb—but above all by the martyred Dr. Paul Carlson and the other missionaries. From reading the newspapers most of us know a little about what these men and women (and children) had to endure; without *111 Days in Stanleyville*, we don't know the half of it.

It should be said that despite Reed's fair-mindedness his book can't help but contribute to the climate of misunderstanding that dominates much Western thinking about new African nations. For too many people the Congo's tragic chaos has become synonymous with all African independence. It's far too easy to forget that whatever bitterness Africans may harbor toward whites today is usually expressed in ear-splitting barks—at the U.N., at Afro-Asian "solidarity" conferences, and other appropriate forums for the demagogic voice—but practically never in a bite. If somebody were to write a book about the total absence of racial animosity in black-ruled Kenya, where six million Africans and a large European population go about their business—and pleasure—as if there had never been a Mau-Mau uprising, the message wouldn't stand much chance of capturing public attention. (The book, in fact, has already been written; how many people have read Elspeth Huxley's *With Forks and Hope*?) On the other hand, *111 Days in Stanleyville* is very likely to become a best-seller.

And with the reservation above noted, it deserves to be one.

Imperialism and the "Native"

***The Colonizer and the Colonized,** by Albert Memmi, translated from the French by Howard Greenfeld (Orion. 153 pp. $4.50), implies that gradualism, even liberalism, on the part of imperialists vis-à-vis natives amounts to reaction. Emile Capouya has contributed many essays to SR on the human situation.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

ALBERT MEMMI is probably best known in this country for his novel, *The Pillar of Salt*, first published here some ten years ago and recently reissued. Shortly after the appearance of the novel in the original French he published the essay on colonialism that has now been translated under the title *The Colonizer and the Colonized.*

Colonizer, colonialist, colonized—these are nouns that as yet exist only by courtesy in the English language. They correspond to *colon, colonisateur, colonisé,* which are now accepted technical terms in French; the fact that the reader stumbles mentally over the English equivalents as he encounters them throughout Mr. Howard Greenfeld's translation serves as a reminder that we have scarcely begun to think about the subject and have not yet developed an adequate vocabulary for dealing with it. In common speech, we still call "natives" those persons who did not have the enterprise to be born in Western Europe or North America, but were reduced to being born in regions colonized by the latter; as for the people who did the colonizing, we have a vocabulary ranging from "settler" to "imperialist," all of which smacks of the nineteenth century that saw the birth of the phenomenon rather than the twentieth that is witnessing its denouement.

Albert Memmi was born in Tunis, and as a Jew he was rather more privileged, socially and politically, than Tunisians of Arab stock. The limitations of his privileges, under French rule, can be inferred from the following passage in the introduction to this new edition of his book:

> As a young student arriving at the Sorbonne for the first time, certain rumors disturbed me. As a Tunisian, would I be allowed to sit for the examinations in philosophy? I went to see the president of the jury. "It is not a right," he explained. "It is a hope." He hesitated, a lawyer looking for the exact words. "Let us say that it is a colonial hope." I have yet to understand what that meant in fact, but I was unable to get anything more out of him.

Memmi was better off than an Arab, then, but he did labor under the disadvantage of having actually been born in Tunisia—not like the Spanish or Italian immigrant to that country, who enjoyed full status immediately, and whose position at the Sorbonne would not be the least bit equivocal. Why are there so few useful books on the colonial situation? Because the natives have scarcely begun to write them, and no one else understands the issues from having experienced them in his flesh. That is the unique value of Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*, and Albert Memmi's *The Colonizer and the Colonized.* If we are prepared to broaden the scope of our imagination, extend our sympathies beyond the bound of our immediate concerns, we can learn from those books the forces that are directing the world revolution of our time, roughcasting our personal fate no less than the destiny of peoples. And that not alone in North Africa, or Latin America, or Southeast Asia. The author says, "This American edition is dedicated to the American Negro, also colonized. . . ." If we can take a hint.

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Time Pardons Him for Writing Well

In Excited Reverie: A Centenary Tribute to William Butler Yeats, 1865-1939, *edited by A. Norman Jeffares and K. G. W. Cross (Macmillan. 354 pp. $10),* ***The Lonely Tower: Studies in the Poetry of W. B. Yeats,*** *by T. R. Henn (Barnes & Noble. 375 pp. $7.50),* ***Yeats and Castiglione: Poet and Courtier,*** *by* ***Corinna Salvadori*** *(Barnes & Noble. 109 pp. $4),* ***Yeats and the Heroic Ideal,*** *by Alex Zwerdling (New York University Press. 196 pp. $5),* ***Yeats,*** *by Peter Ure (Barnes & Noble. 129 pp. $2.50),* ***W. B. Yeats: A Critical Introduction,*** *by Balachandra Rajan (Hillary House. 207 pp. $3), and* ***Yeats at Work,*** *by Curtis Bradford (Southern Illinois University Press. 407 pp. $12.50), all commemorate the centennial of the Irish poet. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, is editing a volume of previously unpublished Yeats letters.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

—*Boston Museum of Fine Arts.*

William Butler Yeats in a portrait by Charles Hazlewood Shannon —one aspect of immortality.

YEATS suggested in one of his poems that "at journey's end" he might dine "with Landor and with Donne." If the buzz of earthly activities during his centennial year can be heard by Yeats at that banquet table, a look of wry amusement may cross his face, for he once also wrote that the dead don't necessarily "delight in anniversaries."

Since Yeats's death in 1939, many seasoned readers have come to agree with what T. S. Eliot said in his 1940 memorial lecture, which spoke of Yeats as "the greatest poet of our time—certainly the greatest in this language, and so far as I am able to judge, in any language." But K. G. W. Cross, co-editor of the new commemorative volume, *In Excited Reverie,* discovers an "uneasiness" in Eliot's often-quoted words of praise. What Mr. Cross apparently hasn't discovered is that Eliot, in revising that lecture for publication years later, cut out the passage just quoted.

But whatever Yeats, Eliot, Mr. Cross, or a host of readers think of such matters, we do have this year a cornucopia of books about the Irish poet, playwright, and essayist. *In Excited Reverie,* whose title comes from his poem "A Prayer for My Daughter," will have the widest appeal among the new volumes (we also have an important book reprinted in a revised edition, T. R. Henn's *The Lonely Tower*). All but three of its eighteen miscellaneous pieces – reminiscences, critical essays, and verse tributes—were written for the occasion. One of the previously published contributions is a poem by A. D. Hope which begins with an appropriate summary of Yeats's achievement and a suggestion of his growth: "To have found at last that noble, candid speech/In which all things worth saying may be said. . . ."

ANOTHER of the selections that predates the present book is W. R. Rodgers's BBC program of several years ago, "W. B. Yeats: A Dublin Portrait." Mr. Rodgers recorded impressions of people who had known Yeats, and then put his tapes together so as to produce the effect of give-and-take conversation. Maude Gonne (in her eighties), Lennox Robinson, the poet's widow and daughter provide comments that are friendly; some of the others are not. Austin Clarke, now the elder statesman of Irish verse, is only mildly disparaging when he refers to Yeats as a great oak tree who blocked younger poets from the sun, but Sean O'Faolain is almost violently bitter about the aloofness of Yeats, whom Frank O'Connor then vigorously defends. It's a lively enough gabfest.

Critical studies dominate the book. These come not only from Ireland and England, but also from Africa, India, Australia, and the United States. The one from Africa, by S. B. Bushrui of the University of Ibadan, usefully discusses "Yeats's Arabic Interests." Americans represented include Donald T. Torchiana, soon to bring out his own book on Yeats, who writes about the background of the poem "Among School Children"; General Russell K. Alspach, co-editor of the variorum edition of the poems, who presents his introduction to the forthcoming variorum edition of Yeats's plays; and Edward Engelberg, author of a recent book on Yeats, who resurrects a play, *The Island of Statues,* which Yeats wrote at twenty.

ONE of the essays from England also deals with the poet's youthful work. In "The Earlier Poems: Some Themes and Patterns" David Daiches stringently criticizes several of the first poems, but finds a number to be imaginatively and verbally important, foretelling the accomplishments of the poet's maturity.

Jon Stallworthy comes up with a lively account, helped along by hitherto unpublished letters, of Yeats's experiences in preparing that idiosyncratic and wretchedly inadequate *Oxford Book of Modern Verse.* But the most pungent (and the longest) contribution to *In Excited Reverie* is Conor Cruise O'Brien's "Passion and Cunning: An Essay on the Politics of W. B. Yeats." Here the poet turns up as a Fascist sympathizer. It has long been known that Yeats was briefly involved with General Eoin O'Duffy's Blueshirts and even supported them in his poetry; but the extent of his involvement with Fascist doctrine has never been so thoroughly exposed before. Mr. O'Brien has gone at the subject with zeal, and the result makes unpleasant reading. But one can't always expect a poet to be an expert in political science. It must be said in Yeats's behalf —though with true Celtic argumentativeness Mr. O'Brien tries to cut off this possibility in advance—that he wrote before the concentration camps had disgorged their terrible secrets. Despite his various pro-Fascist statements, with which Mr. O'Brien keeps jabbing our consciousness, Yeats certainly didn't have in his nature the kind of viciousness that would accept Belsen and Buchenwald.

T. R. Henn, who writes on Yeats's rhetoric in the Jeffares-Cross book, has outlined a somewhat similar defense in *The Lonely Tower,* now making a welcome reappearance with emendations, fifteen years after its first publication. This remains one of the finest volumes about the poet, particularly for its study of his use of magic and myth and his masks of self and anti-self, as well as his interpretation of history through his book *A Vision* (a volume which may seem

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Memories of the Man of Steel

The Rise and Fall of Stalin, *by Robert Payne (Simon & Schuster. 767 pp. $10), and* ***Stalin's Russia,*** *by Francis B. Randall (Free Press. 328 pp. $6.95), examine the career and personality of the dictator whose imprint on the world will persist for many years to come. Harrison E. Salisbury's latest book is "Russia."*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

WAS Josef Vissarionovich Djugashvili "probably the most important man who ever lived"? Did he, in truth, take the world by the throat and force it to do his will?

We do not have to share either Francis B. Randall's belief in the universality of Stalin's "importance" or Robert Payne's hyperbole to concede that the sly and terrible Russian dictator stamped an imprint upon the world that will still be visible a hundred years hence.

Ten years have flowed swiftly by since that raw March 5, 1953, when Stalin's death was officially recorded. When a national leader dies a quick and inevitable process of erosion ensues. Swiftly and implacably his heroic height is chiseled down, often to less than life-size. In Russia not only have the statues of Stalin been toppled; his portraits have been ripped from the walls, and even his body was lifted out of the great mausoleum on Red Square and given a midnight interment in a slab-covered grave along the Kremlin wall. Within three weeks of his death his name virtually vanished from *Pravda*. Buckets of filth and venom have been heaped upon his reputation. Crime after crime has been written upon his dossier. All the arts of primitive ritual have been employed to exorcise the name and the spirit of Stalin. And yet, as Yevgeny Yevtushenko so eloquently observed:

> No, Stalin has not thrown in his ticket:
> death, he believes, can be rectified.
> We carried him away—
> threw him out of the mausoleum,
> But how shall we remove Stalin
> from within Stalin's heirs?

Ten years after Napoleon's end, his name was still a bogey to frighten little children into going to bed. But the Napoleonic influence was dead.

Not so with Stalin. The struggle with Stalinism goes forward daily in Russia.

—*From "The Rise and Fall of Stalin."*

Lenin and Stalin at Gorki, August 1922—the "traumatic effects linger on."

The terroristic principles and paranoid politics which the one-time divinity student from Georgia loosed upon the twentieth century not only still haunt his own nation but endanger the precarious balance of power in the nuclear age. The great schism in the Communist camp is a schism over Stalinism; and it is fear of a resurgence of Stalinism that poisons every effort to ease the Cold War.

It is against this pattern of persisting evil that these two studies of Stalin and his career attract special interest, for, if we better understood the nature of the man, his rise, and his methods we would, perhaps, be better equipped to deal with his legacy.

BOTH Mr. Payne, who is possibly the most colorful biographical storyteller since Strachey (and certainly the most productive), and Professor Randall have had access to the torrent of new revelations, documentation, long-secret correspondence, and analysis which has poured from the Soviet presses since former Premier Khrushchev made his famous "anti-Stalin" speech before the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party in February 1956. Unfortunately, neither writer has fully digested this material or correlated it with the classic Stalin studies of the past, such as those by Deutscher, Trotsky, Wolfe, and Ruth Fischer. As a result, Mr. Payne has produced an enormously readable, exciting, and eloquent narrative which is, however, far from being the "definitive biography" his publishers claim; while Professor Randall's "historical reconsideration" of Stalin starts a great many more philosophical hares than it catches.

Mr. Payne deals with Stalin in the same breathless, romantic style he has previously used in a dozen or two other biographies. It is an approach that serves him well in portraying the mock-heroic Georgian milieu from which Stalin sprang. He has a keen ear for mountain poetry and legend, including Stalin's own youthful verse (considerably improved in Mr. Payne's version over the faded Georgian originals I first saw in the Tbilisi library some years back).

ACCURACY in minor detail is not one of Mr. Payne's strong points, and the residents of Stalin's home town of Gori would be considerably surprised at his picture of Stalin's birthplace about to crumble into ruins, "suffering the fate reserved for the shrines of gods who are no longer wanted by mankind." Yet, if there are countless lacunae, distortions, and downright errors in the Payne book, it must be added that few writers have come closer to capturing the spiritual essence of their subject. He shows the slow, plodding rise of Stalin, his patient planning, and his sudden violence once he knew he had grasped the levers of power.

Payne's picture of the tense and tragic last months of Lenin's life, of Stalin's relentless blows against the dying man and his outraged wife, possesses the vividness of Greek tragedy. He does not overlook the dark but unprovable suspicions that Stalin may have hastened Lenin's end by physical as well as psychological means. Payne's unerring sense of melodrama helps him in depicting the great purge trials of the 1930s (although his account of Bukharin's trial lacks the political and psychological insight of the Bukharin study published this year by Robert C. Tucker).

Curiously, it is in dealing with the last ten or fifteen years of Stalin's life—the war years, and the postwar era when the dictator's paranoia became a phenomenon of world significance—that Mr. Payne's narrative loses pace. He sketches the origins of the war almost lightly, and passes over the conflict itself with a chapter or two (exclusive of diplomacy). He makes little effort to analyze the sources of Stalin's postwar policy or its implications in world terms.

This failure may spring from Mr. Payne's evaluation of Stalin as an absolute tyrant of the classic order, little changed from the description first given by Aristotle. The reader looking to Mr. Payne for enlightenment as to the *why* of Stalin and Stalinism and how we are

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to eradicate its consequence will come away almost empty-handed.

Professor Randall has written a less pretentious work, but one that will, perhaps, stick longer to our bones. He has a wide-ranging mind, and enjoys applying Freudian psychology and Meadian sociology to Stalin and the Russians. He is not afraid to quote literally the *mat'*, or "mother-cursing," that came so easily to Stalin's lips, and he postulates its effect upon both Stalin and those he cursed.

It is Professor Randall's theory that Stalin probably suffered for much of his adult life from paranoic delusion—systemized megalomania, belief in plots and persecutions. He demonstrates that, regardless of this, Stalin effectively ruled his country. But in the process he set off politico-psychic shock waves throughout the world. He notes, for example, that contrary to common impression Russia steadily lost rather than gained territory and power since the high-water mark in 1945. He reminds us that while it was the outer world—specifically the West—that most opposed Stalin, it has been Stalin's own world, Russia, which has done most to destroy his system and psychology, while in the Western world many of their traumatic effects linger on.

Neither Mr. Payne nor Professor Randall, however, really comes to grips with the basic question of what brought Stalinism into the world and how we are to cope with its consequences.

Intellectual Travelogue

***Moscow Summer**, by Mihajlo Mihajlov (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 220 pp. $4.50), which is a valuable document for its literary, nonpolitical insights, predicts a "revolution in spiritual spheres." Peter Viereck, a professor of Russian history at Mt. Holyoke, has traveled and lectured in both the USSR and Yugoslavia.*

By PETER VIERECK

MIHAJLOV's *Moscow Summer* is the best travelogue ever written on Soviet intellectual life and one of the best on Russian life in general. As reward for this considerable achievement, the Yugoslav government first jailed him, then deprived Mihajlov of his professorship, and now refuses to permit him to accept invitations from Columbia University and Berkeley. The action against him was triggered when the Soviet ambassador protested to Marshal Tito, who publicly accused Mihajlov of "a new form" of "what we used to call Djilasism" and of disturbing neighborly relations with the USSR. But the end is not yet; Mihajlov is suing for reinstatement at Zadar University, and he did gain remittance of his jail sentence: evidence that Yugoslav Communism is still the mildest form of that ism.

From the Soviet protest one might anticipate a violently anti-Soviet volume. One would be wrong. Mihajlov is second to none in praising the liberalizing forces within the Russian Communist Party. Indeed, at times he seems overoptimistic about their immediate future—more sanguine (as Andrew Field shows in his helpful introduction) than many writers whom the Soviets have refrained from condemning. For example, Mihajlov writes: "The Soviet Union at this moment is making an exit from Asia, attaching itself to Europe and moving toward democracy." Rather, it is the neo-Stalinist forces in the Party that disturb him, especially their threat to cultural freedom and to the new literature of the thaw. Perhaps what stung the Soviet ambassador into denouncing so open-minded a book was the statement that the modern death camps were started, even before Fascism, by Lenin.

To most American readers Mihajlov's proof that Communist Russia is still politically unfree is not news. What is unique is his recording of Soviet underground concentration-camp songs—songs of human tragedy that have literary merit.

Mihajlov argues that "totalitarianism is always the same, whether Fascist or Stalinist" and that neither is "better." This is a useful truth to proclaim—in Yugoslavia or indeed anywhere—against both rightists and leftists. But, again, it is not new.

Although the section on anti-Semitism is interesting, there is enough real anti-Semitism in the Soviet ruling class without need to exaggerate it. For instance, Mihajlov errs when he lists Bukharin among purged Jews; Bukharin was not Jewish.

Moscow Summer is exciting and valuable for its nonpolitical, literary portions, especially Mihajlov's interviews with the novelists Leonov and Ehrenburg, the poets Voznesensky and Martynov, and leading editors. One yearns for a full chapter on each, not just two or three pages. As a cultural-exchange poet for the State Department I also met the writers Mihajlov interviewed: Simonov,

Capitalist Exploitation

DUDINTSEV is a short man with a big oval head and clever, lively eyes behind thick glasses. He is as gay and direct as a child. . . . Every now and then he would get up from his chair, go to his desk and scribble something. Without hesitation I would say that he is one of the most honest people I met in Moscow.

He lives with his wife and three daughters, who are in high school, and leads a very modest life. In order to survive he has to translate from Ukrainian much of the time, together with his wife. Authors' fees in the USSR are relatively high, enabling a number of poets to live off the publication of one small collection . . . per year. . . . But Dudintsev, like so many other "disobedient" writers, hardly manages to make both ends meet—disobedient writers' works are published in the smallest possible editions. Dudintsev showed me a typewritten copy of his novel that somebody had sent him from the provinces; this is probably the only 20th-century novel which is being distributed in typewritten form.

"I need only four and a half months of free time to finish my new novel," complained the author. Its title is *The Unknown Soldier* and it deals with the conflict of the biologists—the followers of Lysenko and the so-called Morganists—when the latter were being sent to concentration camps for "biological deviations" in 1948. Since Dudintsev is obliged to translate to earn a living, he has to keep postponing the completion of his novel.

Not long ago Dudintsev's German publisher visited him in Moscow and was astonished by the poverty evidenced by the author's apartment. "I thought you were the richest man in Russia," the publisher told him. For in spite of the fact that Soviet Russia has not signed the International Copyright Convention, many Western publishers were paying huge royalties for publishing Dudintsev's novel to *Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga* [Soviet International Book Organization] with whom Dudintsev had an agreement —70 per cent of the royalties to him, and 30 per cent to *Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga*. *Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga* was not sticking to the contract, however, and Dudintsev had not received a cent from them. "Now that's what I call capitalistic exploitation!" the author's German publisher told him.

—From "Moscow Summer."

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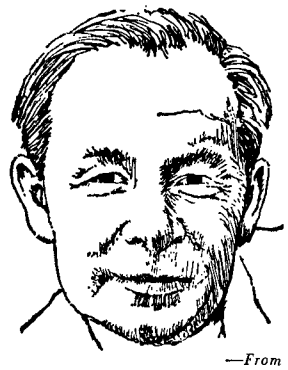

—*From the book.*

Vladimir Dudintsev — not a crumb for "Not by Bread Alone."

Martynov, Vinokurov, the rebel younger poets, as well as Ehrenburg and Leonov. For the most part, my own experiences with them substantiate those of Mihajlov. Leonov made identical remarks to us both about Stalin's literary censorship, as did Ehrenburg about Soviet literary puritanism and a personal phone call received from Stalin. (One almost wonders whether today's Russian literary personalities have certain stock epigrams that they repeat to dazzle every foreign visitor.) But Mihajlov is no Innocent Abroad; buttressed by a rigorously scholarly and unjournalistic approach, his psychological insights into his individual interlocutors, as well as into Soviet culture as a whole, are far ahead of those of the rest of us.

He concludes that not economics alone but a craving for spiritual sustenance motivates all mankind—above all, the Russians. And he points out that Soviet youth, having often been disillusioned with Communism, is now seeking a new "revolution in spiritual spheres." "In my opinion," writes Mihajlov, "it will be some sort of assertive individualism (whether 'Socialistic' or 'Christian' is irrelevant)." Actually it is not quite so "irrelevant" to Mihajlov; in an article he openly and bravely called himself a Christian, as well as a humanist and believer in individual liberty. Not necessarily irreconcilable with Socialism in general, these creeds, especially Mihajlov's Dostoevsky-style Christianity, are certainly irreconcilable with Soviet (and even Yugoslav) Communism. Mihajlov is basically a Dostoevsky scholar who is trying to apply his master's message that not economic power but Christian love will redeem mankind.

The 900 Days

***Leningrad 1941: The Blockade,** by Dmitri V. Pavlov, translated from the Russian by John C. Adams (University of Chicago Press. 186 pp. $4.50), records the bungling and profiteering as well as the heroism that marked the Russian city during its 900-day siege by the Nazis in the Second World War. George Feifer wrote "Justice in Moscow."*

By GEORGE FEIFER

THERE comes a time during a foreigner's travels in Russia when he stops recording the horror stories told about the Nazi blockade of Leningrad from 1941-1943. There are too many, and they sound too much alike.

The story I most often recall was told me by a brilliant, stuttering history student at Moscow University. Kolya was seven years old when the Wehrmacht reached the suburbs of Leningrad, cutting off all but a dribble of supplies. His father and mother, office workers, were issued a few ounces of bread a day, part of which they set aside to supplement Kolya's ration. Kolya took whatever was given him and whimpered for more. But he was aware that his parents succumbed to starvation in February 1942.

"I might have been neurotic anyway," he stuttered. "But that experience didn't help, you know. I watched my father and mother die—I knew perfectly well they were starving. But I wanted their bread more than I wanted them to stay alive. And they knew that about me too. That's what I remember about the blockade: the feeling that you wanted your parents to die because you wanted more bread."

Leningrad 1941 is not an attempt to describe what life was like in the city where 632,000 people—almost a quarter of the peacetime population—died of starvation, and other hundreds of thousands died of disease, bombings, and cold (power for heat and light was practically nonexistent during the brutal winters). As Dmitri V. Pavlov remarks, "It is difficult for anyone who did not live through it to know what it was like." With graphs, tables, charts, and hundreds of ghastly facts he attempts to delineate what Harrison Salisbury calls in his introduction "one of the epics of man's experiences in war."

The author was the representative of the State Committee for Defense in charge of food supplies for Leningrad's civilian and military population in 1941 and early 1942. Thus he was involved in the major decisions and privy to the vital secrets about the most crucial aspects of the "900 Days" of siege.

By November 1941 the bread ration within Leningrad had been reduced to 250 grams (roughly nine ounces) daily for workers, and 125 grams for office employees, dependents, and children. The bread was composed of 10 per cent cellulose (made edible after frantic experimentation), 10 per cent cottonseed-oil cake (used after it was discovered that a poisonous substance therein was eliminated by baking), 4 per cent paper dust and meal dust from old sacks, 3 per cent corn flour, and 73 per cent rye flour. During January and February of 1942 more than 200,000 Leningraders perished under this diet.

As the blockade continued, domestic animals came to be remembered as an old-time delicacy. Floor-boards were ripped up for sweepings of meal dust; filthy oats were retrieved from the corners of barns; old grain sacks were beaten and rebeaten. At the harbor 2,000 tons of sheep gut, destined for export before the war, were found; this together with the undersides of hides found in tanneries, was made into a meat jelly whose "taste and smell were revolting, but the defect did not matter . . . the sense of taste had been lost."

Considering the experience, the descriptions are not remarkable. But this book (originally published in Leningrad in 1958) is remarkable in another sense: it is not a panegyric to the Russian Motherland, the New Soviet Man, or the Communist Party (although full praise is given where, as often, it is fully deserved), but a sober account of the actual circumstances, much as they would be recorded in a Western work. Many of these facts had previously been concealed or distorted. Mr. Pavlov is determined to set them down. He does not flinch from reporting the bureaucratic bungling that compounded Leningrad's misery nor from revealing the greed and profiteering that existed side by side with selflessness and heroism and the ingenuity that preserved the city from utter doom.

Mr. Pavlov is caustic, almost bitter, toward other Soviet writers who have misrepresented the 900 Days. Let the facts speak for themselves, he says; they require no dramatization. And here lies the value of his book. He does not tell the whole truth; he does not, for example, treat the question of whether or not Stalin allowed Leningrad to fall under siege in order to advance his own political purposes. But what Mr. Pavlov does treat he discusses with apparent objectivity and accuracy, providing basic figures and statistics for the first time. They honor the magnificent endurance and heroism of Leningraders as only the truth can. They encourage the hope for a new rationalism in Soviet historical writing.

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Miracle and Danse Macabre

The Woodcarver and Death, *by Hagar Olsson, translated from the Swedish by George C. Schoolfield (University of Wisconsin Press. 136 pp. $4), and* ***Bread of Love,*** *by Peder Sjögren, translated from the Swedish by Richard B. Vowles (University of Wisconsin Press. 113 pp. $4), are volumes in the Nordic Translation Series designed to introduce distinguished work by modern writers in Scandinavia, Finland, and Iceland. Richard Plant is professor of Germanic and Nordic comparative literature at New York City College.*

By RICHARD PLANT

ARTHUR MILLER recently told a gathering of American writers and editors how startled he had been to discover that to the small European countries a national literature was something essential to their existence, something even sacrosanct. He added that their representatives tended to reproach us for paying too little attention to their literary productions. This held true for, let us say, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia as much as for Holland, Sweden, or Finland. Miller did not mention another pertinent point: that criticism of any of these books, when they are finally translated, is often taken as an attack on the nation itself; the books have become a sort of national Holy Writ. This reviewer, therefore, is well aware that he invites the combined wrath of Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark when he states, with agonized candor, that some of the books in a new series sponsored by the Nordic Council don't seem worth the effort and that, perhaps, basic procedures need a bit of overhauling.

If, for instance, the Council had been more ruthless in selection, translation, and editing, I'm sure Hagar Olsson's murky saga would not have been offered here. It belongs to that dangerous species, the Miracle Story, told in what might be called the Reverent Epic Style. A woodcarver named Myyriäinen leaves care-worn, gray mother, meets dying girl child, and takes her to miracle-working ancient Russian Orthodox church. The miracle fails. Then he meets another elfin girl-child named Sabine in a Brothers Grimm-like village (Finnish Modern variety), finds fulfillment in earthy village life, and finally carves his meaningful death mask. In between we have quotes from Eastern liturgy and Buddha, philosophical outbursts on the level of Very Positive Powerful Thinking, and enough clichés to drown any good will the reader might have left. Our hero sleeps through a supersized thunderstorm and an onslaught of children who stick fingers in his ear (an old Finnish habit). Child heroine No. 2 sits, by the hour, before her mirror (in our remote village, please), "lost in the age-old mysteries of the cosmetic art." Speaking of the locale, here another sample of the prose: ". . . our village, poor and gray and run-down and hidden besides in a spiritual sense from the eyes of the world on account of its Orthodox faith and its old-fashioned customs." The editors could, without tragic loss, have eliminated the adjective "little," relentlessly applied to children, birds, and cries of astonishment.

It seems improbable that this book was written in 1940. It reads as though it had been published in *My Lady's Almanack* a century earlier. In his introduction the renowned Nordic scholar George C. Schoolfield gives a sober enough picture of the conditions encountered by Finnish-Swedish writers but he is not much help otherwise to those not captivated by saccharine imitations of Norse Epics.

On the other hand, *Bread of Love,* a novella by the Swedish journalist and fiction writer Peder Sjögren, is a sometimes gripping, sometimes exasperating war drama of the absurd. The translation by Richard B. Vowles only occasionally jars ("fragilely naked"), but puts no obstacles in our way. The story casts a surrealist spell. It is a frozen fantasy in which the dead hang from branches like fabulous chandeliers, urine freezes to yellow stalactites, and hard pine needles, when hit by grenades, fall on the soldiers like so many green insects. Crowded together in an icy foxhole, surrounded by enemy mines, fighting the arctic temperatures and their own furies, four Finnish soldiers and their Russian prisoner are caught in the type of Dance of Death that Beckett has created for our era. Indeed, the novella could be made into a Beckettian nightmare; played against blinding white backgrounds, it would reveal an Endgame at its coldest extreme.

Most of the figures achieve some kind of individuality, save for the first-person

narrator, who occasionally is abandoned for another viewpoint – that of the returned soldier telling the mother of one of the Finnish boys about the death of her son. It is then that the story gets lost in endless speculations on death, its terror, beauty, meaning, nonmeaning. However, these scenes are short enough, and the novel hurries toward a fascinating climax. If Mr. Sjögren is no Lagerlöf or Isak Dinesen, if he seems a little enamored of the wrecking techniques of the modern novel, his arctic nonheroes, his day-mare landscapes exert a certain charm though only adequately "Englished."

I'm all for translations of Scandinavian books. But I do hope the Nordic Council will make it easier to taste and enjoy the imported delicacies, and will also remember that we have our own Disneyland sagas—in abundance.

(*Fiction reviews continued on page* 80)

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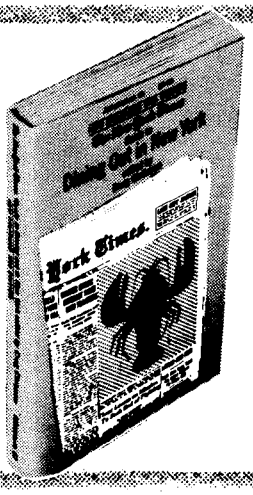

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Journey in Time

By ALICE DALGLIESH

LAST MONTH we of the Eastern seaboard took a journey back in time with the blackout. Many of us whose lives are concerned with books must have wondered, as I did, how on earth persistent people read by the light of candles. They were reassuring in windows and on restaurant tables, but for reading—well. . . . A mother of two children told me that the sudden darkness excited her children until the candles were lighted; then, when it all became romantic and calming, they demanded that she read to them by candlelight.

The holiday season provides a fine opportunity to take romantic journeys back in time, a time of sentiment, but not the sentimentality that some adults seek to impose on children. Searching among many Christmas stories for those that do not lapse into sentimentality, and trying to find some that have a little laughter, wasn't very rewarding. I simply cannot accompany a mouse to the Manger. So I took from my permanent library a book that has lasted a number of years to look for an Irish story that is wonderful when told by Ruth Sawyer—"The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap." This year Ruth Sawyer was awarded two medals for her work in children's books and her storytelling. Don't forget the storytelling. One of my pleasantest memories is of the several years in which she came to the festival celebrated for our teachers-in-training at Teachers College, Columbia. Each year, and I think by candlelight, we sat around an open fire listening as Ruth Sawyer helped Teig (a sort of Irish Scrooge) put on his wee red cap and follow the celebration of Christmas from country to country.

—From "The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved."

The story is in her own book *This Way to Christmas* (Harper & Row, $3.95), but the book I used happened to be *Told Under the Christmas Tree* (Macmillan, $1.95), an anthology of stories selected by the Association for Childhood Education International. It is a good collection on the whole, though the stories vary. The interesting thing about it is that it has a preface by Ruth Sawyer, and also that there are fourteen Hanukkah stories. Trying to think what, in 1948, made this possible, I recalled that it was the year in which Israel became a nation. It was not, as I now remember, the coziest gathering of stories under one title; there were protests, but the book has been through many printings. Perhaps the title should have been *Told in Candlelight*; but here it is, as it was at first, for your consideration. There is even a story for unbelievers, *The Pagan Faun*, in which it is a little pagan faun who comes to the Manger, but is only allowed there at Christmas. This first appeared in *Punch*.

One book that seems to have pleased everyone — well, almost everyone — this year is *A Certain Small Shepherd*, by Rebecca Caudhill, illustrated by William Pène du Bois (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.50). Set in the Southern mountains, it tells of the warm family life of Jamie, a boy who could see and hear yet was born mute. Jamie's father gives him loving understanding, yet frustrations come into his life, and in one picture he has thrown himself down on the grass in a tantrum because he has found something interesting and cannot tell about it. He has another tantrum when in the Christmas play he is put with the carol-singing children—and he cannot sing. His teacher (who should have thought of this before) then makes him one of the shepherds, and Jamie lives the part as only a child can. On Christmas Eve comes a snowstorm, and the play, which was to be performed in the little church opposite Jamie's home, cannot be presented. A man and his wife (they are Negroes) come to the door looking for shelter. The house is small and crowded, and the barn is too cold, so Jamie's father brings them to the church, warmed by a stove. In the morning he takes the children to see what has come to pass. Jamie, still living his part,

—From "The Bird Talisman."

goes home to put on his shepherd's robe and returns to kneel before the child. Then the miracle happens: Jamie speaks. Here the situations seem contrived, but the charm of the storytelling, the tenderness and gaiety of the pictures will carry the book (I think) through many years, because it deals with a universal experience: the desire to tell and share. I read with interest that New Yorkers trapped in an elevator for hours during the blackout told stories of their summer vacations.

The desire of a man brought up on a lonely island to tell and share is the theme of the late Randall Jarrell's *The Animal Family* (Pantheon, $3.50), a beautiful little square book with decorations by Maurice Sendak and a pleasing type page. "In spring the meadow that ran down from the cliff to the beach was all foam white and sea-blue with flowers; the hunter looked at it and it was beautiful. But when he came home there was no one to tell what he had seen—and if he picked the flowers and brought them home in his hands there was no one to give them to. . . . One winter night, as he looked at the stars that, blazing coldly, made the belt and the sword of the hunter Orion, a great green meteor went slowly across the sky. The hunter's heart leaped, and he cried: 'Look, look!' but there was no one to look."

To try to tell any part of this story makes it almost vanish as a story, only the feeling of it and the sound of the words remain in the mind. But the hunter brings home the mermaid and teaches her words, and they acquire a family: a bear, a lynx, and a boy who comes ashore in a boat. "In a little while they forgot that they had ever lived without the boy." Again, as with *The Bat Poet*, by Jarrell, this is a prose poem that will find its own audience, whether adults or older children. It cannot be "placed."

Coming January 8, 1966

"Making American Cities More Livable"

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The Tomten and the Fox. *By Astrid Lindgren. Illustrated by Harald Wiberg. Coward-McCann.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. The Tomten is the little gnome for whom Swedish children put out a dish of porridge at Christmas. We met this small man before in *The Tomten,* and here the story continues in the snow and starlight. It is Christmas, for we have one glimpse of the family and the lighted tree. Meanwhile the fox comes quietly over the snow to the henhouse. But the Tomten, on guard, persuades Reynard to leave the hens alone and to accept his bowl of porridge instead. On this night the fox does so, though one feels he will be back for more meaty fare. It is a simply told story with effective full-color pictures. Ages 4-8.

My First Golden Learning Library. *By Jane Warner Watson Illustrated by William Dugan. Golden Press.* 16 *books in a case.* $4.95. The Golden Press has sent me a variety of merchandise "for pre-schoolers," and because much of it seems too ephemeral and easily destroyed by young children, I have selected only this "learning library," which is by way of being a first encyclopedia. The text is not very "young," the type is small, but children of five and six may find the little books interesting.

I cannot, however, recommend the four *Block Books* in a case, for there seems no reason to make blocks and books one. "Too strong to tear" (true), "too solid to bend" (true), but experience with accordion books seems to show that the "tiny tots" will pull them apart.

For young children, I'd rather go back to older favorites from the Golden Press, such as *The Color Kittens,* by Margaret Wise Brown, with illustrations by the Provensons, at 29¢, and the thirty-two-page book is also available at a considerably larger price in a durable library binding. The kittens learn about colors in a lively fashion, and mix them with their paint brushes to their own delight. Ages 3-6.

The Boy and the Magic. (L'Enfant et les Sortilèges). *By Colette. Translated by Christopher Fry. Illustrated by Gerard Hoffnung. Putnam.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. Gerard Hoffnung was fascinated by the Ravel opera and made these pictures for it. Colette, who had written the libretto, wrote this short text for the pictures. Don't let the galaxy of famous names nor the statement that it is "a delicate vision of childhood fantasy" lead you into buying it for preschool children. That it is *not.* It is a story of past times that belongs distinctly to the period when children were frightened and coerced into adopting a better way of life.

The young protagonist (who looks about three or four) goes into a tantrum over his homework (?) and attacks the clock. The magic then starts. To me it is not magic but a sort of instant terror and conversion. Well printed. Pre-school up (?).

Why So Much Noise? *Adapted and illustrated by Janina Domanska. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. A jungle story to stand beside *The Coconut Thieves,* this one is set in India and concerns an elephant, a monkey, and a tiger. Janina Domanska adapted the story from William Skeats's "The Elephant Has a Bet with the Tiger," and her stylized, decorative pictures are delightful. Ages 6-8.

Christmas Decorations for You to Make. *By Susan Purdy. Lippincott.* 64 *pp.* $3.95. A book that is too red and green to be really artistic, this nevertheless gives a number of useful suggestions for decorating the tree, suggestions that may easily be adapted and used in less cliché colors. Paper decorations are delightful for Christmas. Those of us who worked in a school in which a refugee teacher from Czechoslovakia showed the children how to make decorations entirely of paper will never forget it, nor will the children who made the decorations. In this book some attractive suggestions for mobiles are given, again more charming if made with variations in color and design. All ages.

Starlight in Tourrone. *By Suzanne Butler. Illustrated by Rita Fava Fegiz. Little, Brown.* 108 *pp.* $3.25. In the old days in Tourrone, Provence, there was the Christmas March, a special way of celebrating Christmas and of dramatizing the Nativity. How this is revived is engagingly told and well pictured in this book. The carol is printed in translation at the end of the book. A similar, better known carol is in Adrienne Adams's picture book *Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella.*

The Bird Talisman: An Eastern Tale. *By Henry Allen Wedgwood. Illustrated by Gwen Raverat. Van Nostrand.* 70 *pp.* $3.25. This is an old fairy tale told and treasured by the Wedgwood family, and given charm and substance by Gwen Raverat's illustrations. She says, "I should add that the author was never in the East in his life, and that neither he nor I have made any effort to be accurately Indian."

This story is about a little princess and the magic ring that made her able to talk to the birds. Now 100 years old, it seems appropriate during a year in which birds are omnipresent in children's books. No age level indicated.

Rock Crystal: A Christmas Tale. *By Adalbert Stifter. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Mayer and Marianne Moore. Illustrated by Joseph Scharl. Knopf.* 88 *pp.* $3.50. A handsome little book, this was first published in Germany in 1843, then republished by Pantheon in 1945. I have only to quote jacket reviews from twenty years ago: "This is not an 'everyday' book. It is and always should be a very special one. Its value is timeless."—*Saturday Review.* ". . . a beautiful book such as . . . *Rock Crystal* . . . doesn't belong only to Christmas. . . . It is a whole-family story for families who love books."—Alice Dalgliesh.

These stand, with the addition of the publisher's note: "The impatient reader may do his own skipping, but for the affectionate and leisurely, Stifter is here in full measure." Trans.: The pace is slow. As P. L. Travers says of *The Animal Family* in the *Times Book Review,* Nov. 21: "Taking time takes one into timelessness."

The King Who Saved Himself from Being Saved. *By John Ciardi. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Lippincott.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. This attractive little book, with some of the most pleasing of Gorey's drawings and a satiric poem by John Ciardi, has been received with mixed feelings, for it pokes fun at two sacred cows of the children's book field, the knight and fairy tales in general. It is more of an adult than a children's book, though some children may find humor in the story of a knight who was always trying to save someone and was finally eliminated (through nonpeaceful means) by a king who wished to run a peaceful kingdom.

We *have* had too many books lately about knights slaying dragons, etc. Children are not so preoccupied with these clanking heroes as people seem to think. Older children and adults.

The Long Secret. *By Louise Fitzhugh. Illustrated by the author. Harper & Row.* 275 *pp.* $3.95. Here once more is *Harriet the Spy,* and girls who found her compatible in the first book will want her in the Long Island setting. After a time one needs Harriet herself back again to keep the book going, and would gladly exchange her for that tiresome child Beth Ellen, with her wretched mother and stepfather. The "secret" is weak and long drawn out. Ages 11-12.

The Story of Lighthouses. *By Mary Ellen Chase. Wood engravings by Erwin Schachner. Norton.* 169 *pp.* $3.50. Anyone from ten up, anyone who loves the sea and lighthouses, will welcome this handsome book as a Christmas gift. While it is a brief history of lighthouses, there are also "close-ups"—firsthand experiences with the children who live in lighthouses, and one special chapter on going to school in a lighthouse. In this we find the children fascinated by oranges, though they cannot hope to see an orange tree. Says Mary, "I had a dream last night about an orange tree. It was growing right here with all its flowers too. . . . And I reached up in my dream and picked an orange off whenever I had a mind to. It was a lovely dream."

" 'Silly!' Arthur said."

But Mary cherished her lovely dream.

I believe one of the new Macmillan readers for city children is called *We Can Dream.* Perhaps they can dream about lighthouses, and this is a good book for those who can't see them; but there *is* a little red lighthouse in the shadow of George Washington Bridge.

The Crusades. *By Franklin Hamilton. Illustrated by Judith Ann Laurence. Dial.* 320 *pp.* $4.50. "The era of the Crusades saw naked scheming, selfish grabbing for power, treacherous making and breaking of alliances—and also heroism, nobility and faith. That the Crusades went so far astray from their pious purpose tells us much not only about medieval man, but also about the follies of all humanity."

This book has not only excellent storytelling but it sums up the Crusades and puts them firmly in their place. It begins with Pope Urban II coming to Le Puy, "a Frenchman . . . vigorous and wise, tall and handsome with a grave, courteous manner." He had come to Le Puy with a grand dream: "to free the Holy Land from the grip of the Mohammedans . . . A crusade! A holy war! . . . Wars would follow, thou-

(*Continued on page* 80)

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love thy neighbor's child

JOSE OLEGARIO PALACIOS, COLOMBIAN, AGE 7. One of 4 children. Father deserted. Mother ill but works. Peddles soft drinks door to door. Earns $10 per month occasionally. Home is a hut on piles. Tin roof. One small room. Two old beds. No bedding. No facilities. Use rain-water for washing and cooking. Children ragged, hungry, undernourished. Youngest cannot walk. Rickets. Jose dreams of going to school. Can't attend. No suitable clothing or shoes. Mother sick with despair for children whom she cannot adequately feed, clothe and shelter.

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Imperialism

Continued from page 38

Albert Memmi's essay is essentially a moral and psychological portrait of the native and the European in the colonial situation: I must decline to use Mr. Greenfeld's coinages, though I sympathize with his terminological dilemma; the older terms sufficiently express the fact that one man is trying to straighten up and another is trying to prevent his doing so. Those readers acquainted with Fanon associate with him a cold fury that rather seeks than shrinks from extreme positions. Albert Memmi is a much gentler man. The spectacle of outrage has not tempered him to the steely hardness of the other great analyst of colonial rebellion. He is all the more convincing in his demonstration that the relation of the natives to their former and would-be masters is such that liberalism, gradualism, compromise, amount to reaction. In that totalitarian situation the meaningful choice is either-or—either ruthless physical suppression to the point of genocide or immediate acknowledgment of the hunger for dignity, for the chance to make one's own mistakes. In these matters nothing is more unreasonable than the voice of sweet reason, nothing more potentially dangerous than a mistaken gradualism. For by this time there is no status quo to be maintained.

Acute, subtle—lucid, as the French like to say—Albert Memmi's characterology of master and servant has a personal as well as a social dimension. The pecking-order he describes has its accurate analogues in the lives of middle-class Americans; for that matter, who is not privileged with relation to some persons and burdened and intimidated with relation to others? Do we not become furtive in the presence of this or that incarnation of power, carry on like demigods before our inferiors? *The Colonizer and the Colonized* is interesting as a work of literature, then, as well as impressive as a sociological essay. Jean-Paul Sartre's introductory essay is characteristically combative, paradoxical, and intelligent.

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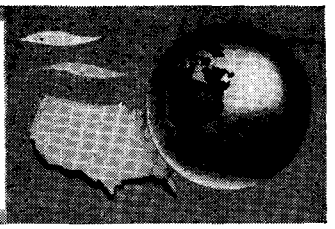
As Others See Us



MANCHESTER:

Clear Conscience

OBVIOUSLY, AMERICAN FORCES have the sheer power not to be driven out [of Vietnam]. They could annihilate the whole population of North Vietnam. The question is how far along that road will Washington be pushed if its policies continue not to succeed? It has already gone frighteningly far – much further than anybody could have conceived a year ago. The only limit is that set by the conscience of President Johnson, his Administration, and the people he leads. Unfortunately, it is the very sincerity of their conscience that drives some of them onward; for there is almost no end to the horrors people will perpetrate when they are convinced of their rightness. *–The Guardian.*

TORONTO:

Trapped Tiger

OBSERVING THE FOREIGN POLICY ERRORS of their own statesmen, people in the West are sometimes inclined to credit their Communist adversaries – particulary the Chinese–with diabolical cunning and shrewdness of judgment.

There's no doubt that totalitarian governments have some real advantages over democracies in conducting foreign policy. But their policy is made and carried out by fallible humans, and the risk of error is probably increased by the absence of any debate outside the ruling clique.

The present troubles of Chinese foreign policy are instructive. China's master plan–which, in brief, calls for the poor nations of the world to surround and engulf the rich, as the Communist peasant armies engulfed the cities of China–is in disarray.

Indonesia, China's closest ally in this new design for world revolution, seems about to slip out of Peking's embrace. The irresponsible President Sukarno seemed to be consciously leading Indonesia toward Chinese-style Communism anyway, but the Indonesian Communist Party could not wait for the nearly ripe fruit to fall into its lap. It made an abortive coup for which it is now being resolutely hounded and punished by the military leaders, who have apparently succeeded in neutralizing Sukarno. Fighting continues and the final outcome is uncertain, but there is at least a good chance that Indonesia will henceforth keep at a suspicious arm's length from China.

In this case, American patience and forbearance make a reassuring contrast with the precipitate blundering of the Indonesian Communists. . . .

It is, however, in relations with poor and backward countries that Western foreign policy is most inadequate and ineffectual. But in this sector of the cold war, as in hot wars of the past, our errors are often canceled out by the blunders of our Communist foes.

–Toronto Daily Star.

MOSCOW:

Trends in Vietnam

TWO DISTINCT TRENDS have appeared lately in U.S. propaganda concerning the war in Vietnam.

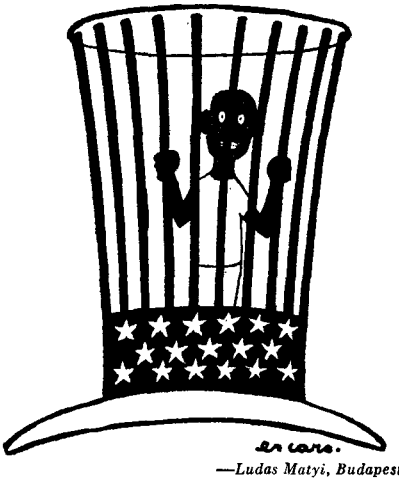
To begin with, the impression is being created that the United States has achieved a turning of the tide in the hostilities and gained the initiative. Many U.S. papers have begun printing highly optimistic dispatches about U.S. "victories" over the Vietcong. . . .

Secondly, Americans are being told that world opinion has "reconciled" itself to the intervention in Vietnam and lost interest in the just struggle waged by the people of Vietnam. . . .

The more thoughtful and farsighted American observers are issuing warnings. Walter Lippmann, for example, does not let official propaganda turn his head. The "escalation successes" trumpeted by the press are to him no more than a "stalemate in Vietnam." This veteran journalist agrees with the military experts who say that the United States would have to send at least 1,000,000 soldiers in order to win the Vietnam war. In the meantime, Lippmann says, "the war in Vietnam is like punching a tub full of water. We can make a hole with our powerful fist wherever we punch the water. But once we pull back our hand, possibly to punch another hole in the water, the first hole disappears."

The image is apt. Their war in Vietnam, a war against an omnipresent and elusive adversary who has the full support of the population, must in truth appear something of a nightmare to the American interventionists.

–New Times.



–Ludas Matyi, Budapest.

The same hat everywhere, from South Vietnam to Alabama.

TOKYO:

Crusade for What?

IT IS CLEAR THAT the American actions in Vietnam are generally considered part of the American strategy against Communist China. It is also probably true that the Americans consider the struggle in Vietnam as a sort of "crusade" against the expansionist policy of Communism. In this sense, the Johnson policy undoubtedly has the overwhelming support of the American public. But, as for the Japanese public, the feeling that this is a crusade does not necessarily hold. . . . The American policy in Vietnam does not give the impression that the welfare of the Vietnamese people is being fully considered.

–Mainichi Shinbun.

LONDON:

Choosing Priorities

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has a decision to make. The West's diplomats are out on the road again and all their roads lead to a question that nobody but Mr. Johnson can answer. It's whether the next main aim of American foreign policy should be to set up the joint Western nuclear force the Germans have been asking for, or to sign a treaty with the Russians aimed at stopping the spread of nuclear weapons. Many people believe that in an ideal world this choice should not be necessary. If you look at it straight, a joint Western nuclear force seems perfectly compatible with a nonproliferation treaty, and we should be able to have both of them. But the Russians cannot, or will not, see it this way, so Mr. Johnson has to choose. It's a choice between an old priority and a new one. To put it bluntly, between picking the Germans as the main people

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to do business with in 1966, and picking the Russians. This is the big issue of the coming year. —*The Economist.*

HAMBURG:

Spanning the Gap

FRANCE, COME WHAT MAY, will remain Germany's great neighbor to the West, and Europe would be condemned to impotence were the trench between Bonn and Paris to become deeper. On the other side, the Americans remain not only the strongest guarantors of the security of the Federal Republic of Germany – especially of West Berlin – but also the most important international exponents of a policy of German unity.

The lack of a clear line in Washington should not be deplored by Bonn, but rather it should be utilized. The task of the German government, difficult to be sure, is to develop a policy that will increase the security of Europe and at the same time span the gap between France and its NATO partners. Those are the thoughts that Chancellor Erhard should take to President Johnson. For the President is waiting for an initiative from Europe. —*Die Welt.*

ROME:

Engineering an Agreement

BY BLOCKING German atomic rearmament the West would bring Russia and its satellites into an experiment in cooperation and lay the foundation for a "Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals," which is an aim not only of de Gaulle but of American foreign policy-makers of the last five years as well. The United States proposal of a multilateral force was based on the fear that Germany might seek to obtain the bomb independently. If now a Russian-American agreement is reached over the Germans' heads, no one can foresee the extent of their frustrated reaction. The only solution is to bring the Germans around to wanting the agreement. They will come about only when they see that atomic rearmament and the reunification of Germany do not go together, and that the latter can be achieved only by a diminution of East-West tension.

—*L'Espresso.*

PARIS:

Risk of Tension

THE CUBAN-AMERICAN agreement to accept Cuban refugees changes nothing in the hostile relations between the two countries. But the plan carries with it risks and creates problems for the United States. . . . There are already other "Latin" refugees—several hundred thousand Puerto Ricans and Mexicans—on the U.S. mainland who are beginning to complain bitterly. If the government of Washington is not cautious there will be a new risk of social and racial tension.

—*Daniel Garric in Le Figaro.*

OTTAWA:

Propaganda Defeat

PREMIER CASTRO'S spokesmen make confused claims of a diplomatic victory over the United States by use of the open-door policy that allows the discontented to leave Cuba.

Whatever they may claim, there has been revealed disillusionment with Castro. A London newspaper says that 300,000 Cubans have applied to get out. That, added to the 400,000 refugees already in the United States, means an awful lot of Cubans didn't enjoy life under a Communist regime. A score of diplomatic victories cannot disguise that propaganda defeat.

—*The Ottawa Journal.*

The Kennedy Boom: The world is still hungry, no doubt—and the writers and publishers certainly have no doubt—for information on which side of his face Kennedy shaved first, or whether he had any views on the decline of the waistcoat. (I select the items haphazardly from revelations yet to come.) Personally, I am not. The nearest I ever got to the man was about five hundred feet when he weekended with Harold Macmillan and his U.S. Army helicopter flew over my front garden. All the same, and without the benefit of biographies, I think of him affectionately as a nice guy. These are rare in high places. In fact, looking rapidly round the world's statesmen at the moment, I don't immediately spot another that I'd care to file in the same top drawer. And if you press me for a political tribute, he also pinched out that smell of burning around Cuba. But if, with all these Kennedy books yet to come, I find I'm already saying "Oh Lord, not again" every time he smiles out at me from the front of a color supplement, it can only mean that they are making a monkey out of him. I wish they wouldn't, however handsomely they are doing out of the posthumous performing rights.

—*Punch, London.*

State of Affairs

Continued from page 17

prise of many, wants to preserve a world role for Britain. The Johnson Administration is encouraging this trend because it wants to share at least some of the world responsibilities with someone else. It has therefore indicated to Whitehall that if Britain has to cut her commitments, it would prefer a reduction of troops in Europe rather than in the Indian Ocean.

And yet for Britain simply to accede to American insistence on preserving the status quo in the Indian Ocean is not a solution. It would probably be of short duration and not in the interests of either party. Clearly, Britain cannot simply abandon Singapore and Aden, or forget about "confrontation" in Indonesia. The Vietnamese war also makes any immediate changes impossible. But in planning ahead for the next five years a new approach to the defense of this area needs to be developed: one that can be sustained over a long period.

There are roughly three alternatives: the status quo; shifting the military anchor from Singapore to Darwin in North Australia; or relying almost entirely on floating seaborne defenses. The status quo, as already pointed out, can only be of short duration. For Britain to build up an aircraft carrier-borne strike force on her own is too expensive. The most promising solution, therefore, if the United States wants Britain to keep a watch in that part of the world, is to create some sort of partnership in sharing the military, financial, and manpower requirements in that area, with Australia and New Zealand included. Possibly the most practical and enduring solution would be to make Darwin the key anchor for the defense of the Indian Ocean. Singapore as part of an independent State, reliant on local labor and subject to the whims of the local government, is no longer a secure base. Moreover, it has lost most of its military value.

Britain is still in a pit of indebtedness. But this is not the full reason why her military posture is under review. Mr. Wilson has tossed much of the doctrinal ballast of his socialist party overboard. He is trying to change the woefully antiquated habits of mind of industry and labor, and the relationship between the two. Whichever government sits in Whitehall, it must swim against the stream of unconsciousness of both and this is a tough job. But at least Mr. Wilson has started currents flowing in the right direction.

But the bailiffs are still in his house. And he must take some tough and far-reaching decisions before new moorings are found. —HENRY BRANDON.

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Debate by Satellite

EARLY BIRD, the communications satellite, recently made possible *CBS Reports—Town Meeting of the World*, which presented President Dwight D. Eisenhower, United States Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg, and U.S. Solicitor General Thurgood Marshall in a sort of transatlantic teach-in with students from universities in Yugoslavia, England, France, and Mexico. The American leaders answered questions about the fighting in Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, anti-war demonstrations in the United States, coexistence, Communist imperialism, socialism, and civil rights. The elder statesman and the two lawyers, had they been confronted by students from Harvard, Southern Methodist University, Stanford, and Iowa State University, might have had challenges as intelligent as those that were offered, but undoubtedly the tone would have been muted, the follow-ups less intense. In the bosom of the national family, inhibited by repect for outstanding public figures, our university students would have probably "behaved themselves" and the program would, I suspect, have been considerably less exciting.

Early Bird bound the participants in an audiovisual togetherness, but the class lines, the psychic distances that separated the leaders from the students, were preserved—and the result was a lively hour of debate that sparkled with the refreshing candor of the foreign students. Not all of them, however. Least challenging, oddly enough, were the students of Yugoslavia's Belgrade University. Perhaps they were too close to the tight control of their government. In any case, theirs were propaganda speechlets and mild, rhetorical questions that provided our representatives with excellent opportunities for official platitudes. Slightly sharper, and engagingly Latin American in their fervor, were the questioners from the University of Mexico. How was it, they wanted to know, that we had roundly repudiated Barry Goldwater but now were following the policies the Republican candidate had proposed in his campaign for President? Was U.S. prosperity supported by the war boom? Would we oppose self-determination by a socialist government? Why had the U.S. intervened in Latin American affairs 132 times?

Students from the London School of Economics and the Institute of Political Studies of the University of Paris drew the brightest sparks of the hour with their questions hammering away at American intervention to contain Communism in Latin America and Asia. Would we intervene "every time there is a revolution in which Communists might . . . play a part?" Did Ambassador Goldberg approve of the recent House of Representatives resolution urging the use of force to prevent Communist takeovers in Latin America? Why did we prevent in the past, and why are we now preventing, free elections in Vietnam? At one point, a woman student in Paris declared herself unsatisfied by an answer of Ambassador Goldberg. She added two more questions, and then, when he had addressed himself to all her challenges, she declared that he had evaded her point. An intense young man in London asked: "Will you have Vietcong at negotiations? *Will you? Will you?*" And when the Ambassador countered, "Do you know where the Vietcong is controlled from?" the student shot back: "This is not the point." The students and the American spokesmen got entangled again and again in argumentative sallies. Charles Collingwood, the CBS moderator, did his best to direct the traffic fairly, but the thrust and counterthrust were often unmanageable. The elders felt the force of the unconventional challenges from the youths; they fielded them with patience and good humor. But there was no doubt about it—they were engaged, and the edges of *ad hominem* rebuke showed occasionally.

This was debate of an unusual kind. Professional politicians were not clashing with opposite numbers of their fraternity under the normal rules of the power game. Some newspaper columnists who reviewed *Town Meeting of the World* expressed shock at the "rude manners" of the students. But they were not rude; they had strong convictions. Don Hewitt, CBS executive producer for the program, had told them, through the CBS correspondents in their respective cities, to be "tough." They had been chosen by university officials and the correspondents as representative (extremists of the right and left had not been included). The questions were not known in advance, Mr. Hewitt explained. The purpose of the program was to give American leaders an opportunity to answer questions often asked by foreign students about our policies. It is impossible, in sixty minutes of international catch-as-catch can via Early Bird, really to illuminate ideological controversy, but a program like this can give viewers a sobering glimpse into our image abroad. The terms are uniquely television; you could get this experience nowhere else, and it was eminently worth having.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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ANYBODY HOME?

Not all of the following have been "stately homes of England," but they were for periods of time the residences of British writers. Raymond Butman of Torrance, California, asks you to domicile each of them correctly. The missing persons bureau is on page 78.

Abbotsford ( )	1. Lord Byron
Casa Magni ( )	2. Charles Dickens
Dove Cottage ( )	3. John Keats
Gadshill Place ( )	4. William Morris
Kelmscott Manor House ( )	5. Sir Walter Scott
Kilcolman Castle ( )	6. William Shakespeare
New Place ( )	7. Percy Bysshe Shelley
Newstead Abbey ( )	8. Edmund Spenser
Strawberry Hill ( )	9. Horace Walpole
Wentworth Place ( )	10. William Wordsworth

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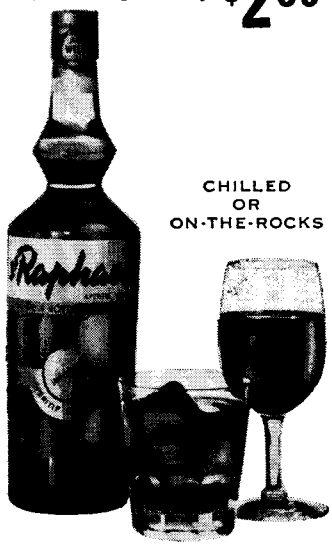

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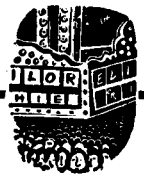

The Sporting Spirit

RECENTLY on a transcontinental airline I was disconcerted to learn that the next attraction on the giant, life-size, six-inch Astrovision screen was to be *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines,* one of the more enjoyable of the current crop of movies. Filmed in wide screen and in color, it owed much of its charm to the intricacies of its early planes and to the gorgeous backgrounds that they sailed against. What would happen to these on Astrovision? More important, since the film is still on "hard ticket" in some localities, how many would disembark telling their friends about a new picture they simply had to see? It seemed to me that no matter how many thousands of dollars Inflight Motion Pictures paid Twentieth Century-Fox for the privilege of running *Magnificent Men,* Fox was selling its film down the river.

Since then there have been significant echoes of the same. At the moment, both Otto Preminger and George Stevens are actually suing their releasing companies for having turned *Anatomy of a Murder* and *A Place in the Sun* over to the television networks without protecting those directors' contractual guarantees that they alone controlled the cutting of their films. All too obviously, the studios still think of their movies as product, as commodities to be sold at the highest price to the best bidder, and what happens to them thereafter is no concern of theirs. It is an encouraging sign that some of our leading film makers are beginning to attack this pattern. Unfortunately, however, their fight can do nothing to salvage an almost classic piece of destruction now being distributed to theaters as *Tokyo Olympiad.*

It is, of course, the fate of most foreign-made films to pass into the hands of distributors who, having paid substantially for the rights, feel justified in adapting the picture to their concept of the American market—tightening a scene here, eliminating a scene there, altering a meaning with a subtitle. Sometimes such alterations are genuinely helpful; but one can say quite axiomatically that the better the original film, the less such assistance is required. In the case of *Tokyo Olympiad,* to touch even a frame of its nearly three hours amounts to desecration. True, there are sequences—such as that involving a young runner from Chad—that carry one outside of the arena itself. True, there are shots—such as that of a single runner silhouetted against an enormous lemon sun in a blood-orange sky—that seem to have been retained solely for their pictorial value. But all of them, shots and sequences alike, as molded by director Kon Ichikawa, form one great paean to the energies, the skill, the control, the will that human beings are capable of. What emerges so clearly from Ichikawa's film is that he could not care less who, or what country, won which event; it was the *how* of their winning. And if he shows us the victors stepping up to receive their medals and the plaudits of the crowds, it is to underscore their all too human pride in their achievement.

Jack Douglas, a television producer, has taken this magnificent footage and slashed it virtually in half; his version runs ninety-four minutes. But more than that, he has changed it from an epic into a newsreel. The United States won some thirty-six of the events, and the footage seems to have been especially selected to emphasize these wins. For the sparse Japanese narration (ably translated into subtitles for English-speaking audiences by Toho, distributors of the Japanese version), Douglas has substituted one of those tense television voices that tells you exactly who is where from moment to moment. Worst of all, he has chosen to omit such bits of insight and perception as when the camera catches unawares a Japanese girl jerking her head, jiggling her arms, and jauntily whistling as she loosens up for a sprint, or as a husky Soviet athlete ritualistically fingers his shot, then his insignia, then his shot repeatedly, ridiculously, before making his throw. And he has truncated one of the virtuoso closeups of all time—the contained, inward-looking profile of the slender Ethiopian runner, Abebe Bikila, as he coolly measures his tread across twenty-six miles to victory.

These are moments calculated to reveal the human side of sports. It is not, after all, the fact that one man can throw further, shoot straighter, or swim faster than another that is important, but that men can so control and coordinate their bodies that year after year new records are created. Ichikawa has given us a film that celebrates these victories as achievements of the entire human race. The world is not so full of masterpieces that we can afford to have one diminished for the sake of commercial distribution. It is to be hoped that Toho's complete version of the *Olympiad* will also be available for those who care about the greatness of the human spirit.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Quixoticks

ONE REASON for attending the theater is our need to be drawn out of our daily despairs and ordinariness into something more heartening, more magical. Yet if this is to happen what is presented must always preserve an awareness of life at its worst at the same time as it is creating the joy of its impossible best. The new musical *Man of La Mancha* does this with a thrilling simplicity of commitment. Based upon both *Don Quixote* and the life of its author, Miguel de Cervantes, the evening is intensely theatrical from its beginning, when the circular island stage of the ANTA-Washington Square Theater comes alive to reveal a ragged band of criminals in a seventeenth-century Spanish prison. Suddenly and majestically a huge gangplank is lowered to connect this limbo of hopelessness temporarily with the grand world outside, and down it descend Cervantes and his servant, who are under arrest for having offended the church. From this nadir of the human spirit, Cervantes pulls himself and those around him up by application of his imagination as he and the prisoners proceed to enact the story of Don Quixote. How totally dramatic it is simply to see Cervantes and his servant, who have put on the costume of the knight and his squire, mount two sawhorses attached to two men wearing horse's-head masks and prancing at various gaits while Quixote sings joyously, "I am I, Don Quixote."

Remarkable, too, is the staging of the battle between the knight and the muleteers. For here again we see the deluded old man pull himself up to a supreme effort when, imprisoned between rungs of a ladder, he uses it as a swinging lever to spin his captors to defeat.

Quietly touching is Sancho Panza's sung reply to the question of why he follows his foolish master. His shrugged off "I like him" reaffirms the hard-to-hold principle that human goodness may after all count for something. And there is finally a magnificent number by Aldonza, the scullery wench, with an excoriating all-out song of bitterness against the fate forced upon her by cruel people since birth. Indeed, we even see this demonstrated as the muleteers bind and gag her, rip off her clothes, and stage a sadistic mass assault upon her. It is a daring erotic scene, staged so unevasively and precisely that we never lose sight of the point, namely that bestiality is an inevitable part of life that can only be surmounted by use of imagination and graciousness.

Finally there is the story's theme song urging us "to dream the impossible dream, to fight the unbeatable foe, to bear the unbearable sorrow, to run where the brave dare not go." While we recognize the naïveté of such a message in these sophisticated and complicated times, we are nevertheless charmed and exalted by the way it acts to raise the spirits of the dying Quixote. Furthermore, while most of us would not admit it, such an impractical philosophy may be deeply ingrained in us as a basic defense against the unsatisfactoriness of rigidly logical society and its institutions.

The production is remarkable. Howard Bay's remodeling of the stage constitutes an exciting new variation—a disconnected platform that challenges the actor to create. The costumes by Mr. Bay and Patton Campbell are simple but effective. Jack Cole's choreography is stunningly intense. And director Albert Marre has welded into an entity Dale Wasserman's freely adapted scenario and the songs of Mitch Leigh and Joe Darion, which fall somewhere between what might be suitable for *The Vagabond King* and the unabashed musical comedy spirit of *Oliver!*

As Cervantes-Quixote, Richard Kiley rightly concentrates on showing us the inner spirit of the character rather than trying to impress us with its bizarre surface characteristics. Irving Jacobson transforms Sancho from Spain to Second Avenue, but the goodhearted skepticism of put-upon servants seems to be a durable comic situation in all lands and times. Joan Diener catches the coarse sensuality of Aldonza unforgettably. And both Ray Middleton and Robert Rounseville contribute strong voices to bolster the show's vocal quality.

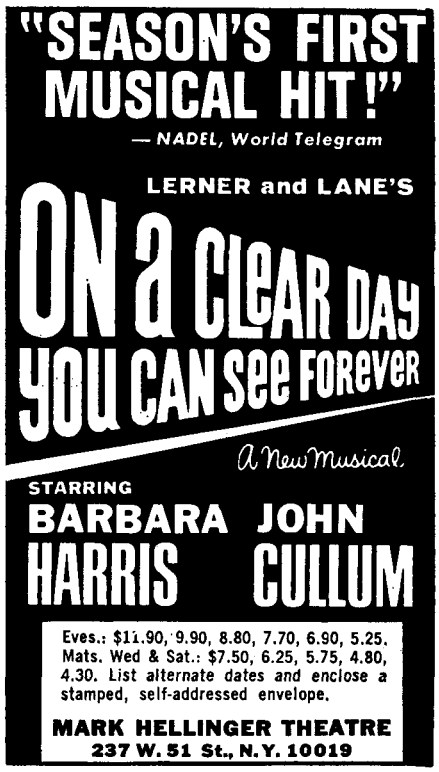
In a way this musical is itself an example of attempting the impossible. For although what has been achieved at times comes perilously close to old-fashioned operetta, to children's theater, to spectacle for its own sake, and even to anachronistic vaudeville humor, we tend to forgive it its impurities and its failure to create the sort of complexity that does *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. *Man of La Mancha* lives gloriously in the theater and that is enough.

ALSO picking up a thus far disappointing theater season is the Associated Producing Artists Company revival of *You Can't Take It with You* at Broadway's Lyceum Theatre. For while the comedy is dated and the APA actors are often less right for their roles than most of those in the original 1936 production, there is a considerable gain in nostalgia, and an admiration for these performers' ability to perform a wide range of styles with skill and intelligence.

Under Ellis Rabb's meticulous direction each character seems completely rooted in the Depression world of the Kaufman and Hart comedy. The disorderly happiness of the Sycamore family is as different from today's equivalent as an Atwater Kent radio is from the latest-model color TV set. But unchanged at all is the play's essential premise that the American businessman's compulsive drive to success is apt to be less rewarding than a fun-filled lifetime of failing.

The humor, once uproarious, is now something more gentle. For instance, when the unsophisticated Mr. Sycamore notes that the Wall Street father of his daughter's fiancé belongs to the Union League Club, the Racquet Club, and the Harvard Club, his naïve but sincere comment, "He's quite a joiner," evokes from us a warm ripple of laughter rather than a sharp guffaw. And the funniest things in the play come from its situations. The proposal scene between the wealthy boss's son, played with marvelous shyness by Clayton Corzatte, and the hopeful but reticent Alice, played with full emotion by Rosemary Harris, is a comic masterpiece. While it seems absurdly un-hip, so perfect is the performance that we enjoy every last crumb of awkwardness. The rest of the cast cooperate marvelously to put the period on rather than "put us on" about the period.

—HENRY HEWES.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Life on a Mountainside

THE MIND, or *my* mind, anyway, has a special room for storing Past Days of Great Delight, and when the proper button is pushed they come tumbling out, in frightful chronological disarray, but lovely to play again, like old records. Hot chocolates at Huyler's on Madison Avenue forty years ago. Yellow corn bought at the roadside stand in the Hamptons on a deep-in-August day. Like that.

For seven years now I have leased cranial space to the memory of a week of wonders on a mountainside in Acapulco. I was occupying a *casita*, as they were so quaintly called (and still are), at a place called Las Brisas, which had just opened. The casita came with its own private swimming pool, tactfully screened from the neighbors, and a private dining terrace where the view leaped off across the bay, a shimmering loop of water creased now and then by the wake of a fishing boat or a yacht. At night the lights came on in the old part of Acapulco where the villas and the hotels and the little taverns and restaurants ran up and down the hills. Downtown was inviting, but it was hard to leave that ledge. For one thing, the icebox was stocked with beer and soda and bottled water and platters of fruit wrapped in cellophane. The cupboard was stocked with Scotch and tequila and gin, and one had only to reach for the pink telephone to ask for anything more.

The other day I buzzed into Acapulco direct from the heart of Texas, and before the weekend was out I had taken a short-term lease on a casita up there on the hill. People keep telling me I can't go home again (they're the same people who tell me it's not the heat it's the humidity), but I'm prepared to junk that theory. Las Brisas had undergone some changes, none of them immediately noticeable, and it had even weathered some years under the Hilton flag (which has since been rung down). But it was there in all its magnificence. There was that view that dissolved the tensions quicker than Bon Ami with miracle germicide. There it was in the blue shade of the morning, leaving you torn between the desire to race down the hill and plunge into the waters and the sweet indolence of performing no act more restive than staying on the cliffside, dangling one's feet in the pool while admiring it from afar. And there it was in the fading day, turning platinum and so bright one could hardly look at it, then fading more softly into rose. All along the shoreline the lights came on in the jumble of places on the hill and you were left again vacillating somewhere between adventure down below and the lovely lassitude up above. The icebox was just as I had remembered it, filled to the edges with platters of fruit, bottles of Dos XX's, Bohemia, Carta Blanca, and tomato juice for bloody marys. Above it the shelves were stocked with half bottles of spirits. Pay as you use.

When the mornings dawned, some gnome had already been by, leaving a Thermos carafe of coffee and a basket of hot sweet rolls. One had only to fetch the fruit. The pool man came to sprinkle a few more flowers on the water and take away the wilted ones, but then if you hung a sign on your door the maid would stay away and you could swim in the cool tank, diving and surfacing among the flowers like a sybaritic porpoise, and never mind the suit.

Las Brisas is at least as good as it was back in 1958 and probably it is better. The casitas have spread up the hill until there are now 200 of them. Some of the old casitas have been demolished to make room for more pools. There are now 100 pools, which are leased on a private or share basis. From April through mid-December a casita with a share pool costs $24 a day, one with a private pool $30 a day (for two). The rate rises between $12 and $14 a day from December 16 until April 10. The fleet of pink jeeps, such a fresh innovation when they appeared in 1958, now numbers 150.

Juan March, the Majorcan who invented Las Brisas, had some Spartan ideas about cuisine. He favored hamburgers and broiled T-bone steaks, which were sold for $1.25 seven years ago. Under the management of Frank Brandstetter, a former intelligence captain who jumped with the 82nd Airborne and was once on Stettinius's staff, the resort operates in the fine European tradition. He has brought in Alfredo Stamm from Sukarno's VIP staff in Jakarta, and Mr. Stamm sets a handsome table. He can still impale an apple on a fork and skin it in one unbroken peel with a carving knife, an exercise performed as if he were keeping time to the *Sabre Dance*.

Below the main road, on the way to the sea, Las Brisas also oversees seventy-six private homes that can be rented or leased. Robert Kintner was in residence when I was there, Robert Sarnoff was expected, Edgar Bronfman of Seagram had leased for a vacation, and the Loel

The New Prohibition: The new liquor regulations imposed on returning U.S. travelers as part of the President's omnibus nettle-our-travelers-going-abroad campaign are creating a great tangle of confusion and ill will at U.S. ports of entry. In Mexico City, for example, the airport liquor vendors tell returning American tourists they can buy up to five bottles of liquor and merely pay the duty—fifty cents each—on the four bottles over the new limit. I decided to test the law and arrived at Los Angeles Airport with one bottle of tequila and one bottle of Kahlua, a Mexican cordial. I declared both, and indicated my intention to pay duty on the extra bottle. The lady inspector declined to permit such procedure. She merely confiscated one bottle, and for further discussion referred me to the inspector in charge, Albert von Kopp. I asked Mr. von Kopp for his authority for confiscating the bottle. He began to read to me from a 1962 regulation. I told him the law had been passed on Oct. 1, 1965. He was flustered. He said that even as a federal employee he had to follow local state law and California followed federal law and federal law now allowed only one bottle of liquor. I told him I was not a resident of California and that I wished the bottle placed in bond until I left the state. "I have no directive on that," he said, "and I wish one were put through. I'll agree with you that if I had something taken I'd like a clarification."

Lifting one bottle of liquor in so arbitrary a manner does precious little to help the dollar balance, since if I want to replace the bottle that was confiscated I can buy it at the local liquor store. The dollar imbalance remains the same. And if I wanted a bottle of tequila or a bottle of Kahlua I wouldn't be likely to buy a bottle of bourbon instead. The bourbon lobby was right up there cheering for the liquor rider that was incorporated into the new travel law. The current high-handed customs procedures may not cause me to burn my draft card, but anyone coming to my house and looking for a swallow of bourbon had better bring his own. —H.S.

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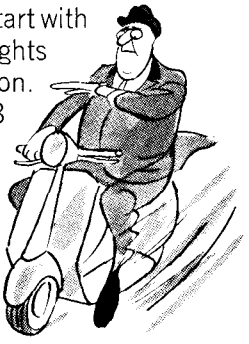

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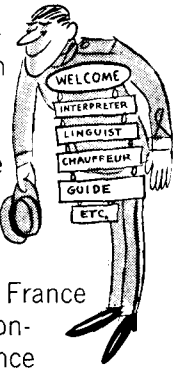

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Guinnesses were expected with the winter. Two years ago Tito and his entourage stayed in four such villas for thirty-eight days, occasionally driving down the hill to bathe at La Concha, Las Brisas's beach club, reveling in the cold pigeon for lunch. The private homes rent for anywhere from $108 to $180 a day, and it is plain that all Communists do not suffer privations, at least when on tour and highly placed.

I also spent a night at El Presidente, a bit of homecoming for me, too. It is perhaps not as unusual as Las Brisas, but it is a tall and handsome hotel, on a perfectly splendid beach, no farther away than the bather's elevator. The last time I put up at El Presidente the room I drew faced a huge expanse of sea and all the wall panels in front slid open so that one was really living in a bird's nest hung in a concrete crag over the sea. New shops, considerably more elegant and sophisticated than the Acapulco ateliers I remembered from years past, have opened across the street from El Presidente. The designs in beachwear are stylish and free at last from that homespun look that was once the Acapulco hallmark. I presume that, unlike some brilliant goods I bought in Puerto Vallarta a few years ago, they do not leave tattoos on the epidermis of any woman daring enough to wear them. The other embellishment at El Presidente is the presence at the Jacaranda, its nightclub by the sea, of Los Voladores de Papantla, the Aztec flyers who climb a high pole and go whistling around while tied to the top of the shaft. It is all presented with a great show of theater, especially the preliminaries featuring a young offering to the gods which, in a cross between old custom and modern dress, is sacrificed to the deities topless.

Spectacle has always been part of the night in Acapulco, beginning with the divers who leap the cliffs at La Quebrada. The leap is still part of the show at La Perla, the nightclub that is appended to El Mirador and suspended over the rocks. Teddy Stauffer, the impresario and onetime husband of Hedy Lamarr, arrived, still erect, still blond, still unsmiling, still Swiss, still squiring a bored beauty. Teddy has embellished the divers' show with new bits of business: flaming newspapers lighted on the opposite cliff, a dive carrying lighted torches, a superman dive in fluttering cape. The divers are all part of a jumping union. There are only twenty-five card-carrying members, and they fly through the air at about sixty miles an hour and collect anywhere from $60 to $140 a week depending upon their seniority.

Teddy also operates a colorful den called Villa Vera Racquet Clubs, a favorite of the migrants down from the Hollywoods. For a onetime jazz band leader, Teddy lives a good life. Occasionally the old sounds draw him and he appears, as he did the night I was there, in Acapulco's newest frug parlor, called Tequila à Go Go. The night is endless in Acapulco. Taxi drivers are eager to penetrate the shadier districts where hostesses in the dance hall wear bikinis. At a more refined establishment where some friends took us in pursuit of social curiosity, I was somewhat surprised to see the fire chief's red Volkswagen parked outside, and the chief himself in place at a large table surrounded by girls. "Perfectly, all right," a Mexican friend told me. "The place belongs to the governor."

But Acapulco has also developed fine places in the fashion of the Côte d'Azur, and they exude an air of refinement that was once missing from Acapulco. Handsomest of all is Armando's, a splendor of white brick walls, high arched windows, splashing fountains, and Moorish grills with wine bottles stuck into the holes. The fare is sophisticated, too: curries where you would least expect them, red snapper from the nearby sea and done over charcoal or in the fashion of Mexico, Spain, or Italy. A piano bar draws the vacationing singletons and the loners from the American colony looking for a friendly face.

The new Acapulco Hilton, an unfinished skeleton of steel at the water's edge for so many years, has been fleshed out since I was last here, and surprisingly has emerged as a fine hotel. There is dancing nightly in the bar and, in good season, in the nightclub. By daylight guests swim in the moat that surrounds the restaurant. Hammocks are stretched under thatch on the sand and pelicans cruise idly overhead, dropping, when fancy strikes, into the blue of that ever-changing buffet table under the surface of the sea.

This happy life in Acapulco may eventually be supplemented by a vast commercial enterprise that will link the port by rail with Mexico City. It would cost 500 million pesos, plus a similar amount to improve the overcrowded port facilities. As things stand now, there are sometimes as many as four freighters at a time backed up at the harbor entrance waiting for quay space. Acapulco does a lively trade with the United States and with Japan, as well as lesser activity with the west coasts of South America and Canada and the Philippines and Asia.

Acapulco's harbor, twice as deep as San Francisco's or New York's, has been an attraction since its discovery shortly after Cortes conquered the Aztecs at Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City. Later an expedition dispatched by Cortes left Acapulco to help provision Pizarro in

(*Continued on page* 82)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ashton's *Romeo* by the Danes—Menuhin Trio

FOR FIRST-TIME viewers of the Royal Danish Ballet in the New York State Theater of Lincoln Center, this was (perhaps) just another fine group of dancers in the changing panorama of performers who come and go in New York. But to those who saw them on their first appearance in the Metropolitan Opera House nearly ten years ago there was a special interest in the reappearance on the opening week's programs of Frederick Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet* to the music of Serge Prokofiev.

This was, after (or before) all, the first danced version of Prokofiev's score to have been seen in New York in 1956, when it was as new to the audience as the company that performed it. Since then, the Bolshoi has performed its own original version (with the Lavrovsky choreography and Ulanova, no less), and the Royal Ballet, of which Sir Fred is now the director, has shown the latest of the three, by Kenneth MacMillan.

The scope of the score, no less than the story, being what it is, there should be no surprise in the conclusion that each has something to offer that the other two lack. The Bolshoi is, without question, the busiest in its crowd action and social comment, as the MacMillan is the most spectacular in its correlation of all the elements of pageantry and community life inherent in the old legend. But this new view of Ashton's work, in the aftermath of the others, encourages the observation (for all its simplicity, indeed bareness of decor) that it is the most beautiful *dance* creation of the three, a veritable poem of movement in which the action passes like a dream, so light, evocative, and evanescent is it.

Clearly Ashton took no oath, in approaching his subject, to touch every aspect of it. Some are slighted, if not omitted. But, as in his more recent version of another Shakespearian subject (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*), Ashton shows a supreme gift for extracting the essential elements that are suitable to his talents and arriving, through their whole and rounded statement, at a summation of what it is about the subject that makes it great.

In the instance of *Romeo*, it is the indivisible attachment of the lovers once they have responded to the attraction that draws them together. There are passing references to the barriers that must be thrust aside before they arrive at their destiny, and much of Act II is given over to the senseless passions that result in the death of both Mercutio and Tybalt. But it is the recurrent theme of love and Ashton's embodiment of it in movement that makes the first act one of his major achievements. In the great *pas des deux* for Romeo and Juliet one sees Ashton formulating the mood and atmosphere of the winged movement that climaxed *The Dream* in the duet of Oberon and Titania.

Some surprise was expressed last year, when the Royal Ballet was unable to persuade a Russian choreographer to execute its *Romeo and Juliet*, that Ashton turned to MacMillan rather than seizing the opportunity to reproduce this one with his own company. But the performance of it by the present excellent complement of Danes shows why his decision was a wise one. His choreography is exactly suitable to the special kind of subtle art they purvey, keenly attuned to their capacity for expressing a wide range of meaning within a narrow vocabulary of movement. Nothing about the ballet is spectacular or calculated for effect's sake, as nothing about the company is, either. It is their way of telling a story, making a point, creating an atmosphere inherently their own, which Ashton exploits so well. Some of the "crowd" scenes are small, by other standards, and the ensemble that opens Act II is almost submerged by the swirl and brio of Prokofiev's scoring, but the relations, basically, are of the matching conformity that spells art in any medium, whether the jeweler's, the carver's, or the choreographer's.

So far as recollection is an accurate guide, Henning Kronstam is a finer dancer and a more appealing Romeo in 1965 than he was in 1956. He performs exactly within the range determined by Ashton, and creates thereby one of those characterizations that lingers, in the mind. The Juliet of the opening performance, Kirsten Simone, is a fine mime as well as an accomplished dancer, capable of conveying the youthful ecstasy of the girl as well as the tragedy that befalls the woman. The level dips sharply from this standard to the Mercutio of Fredbjorn Bjornsson and the Tybalt of Kjeld Noack, but they are consistently a part of what is basically a company effort. This includes Poul Jorgensen's success, as conductor, in commanding a satisfactory likeness of Prokofiev's far from simple score from the orchestra. In other repertory of the first week, Erik Bruhn satisfied those who demand physical exuberance in ballet with his José in Roland Petit's takeoff on *Carmen*, in a program that included Jerome Robbins's *Fanfare* and a portion of the perennial *Napoli*.

Yehudi Menuhin's latest appearance in New York was in a role new to him here, as the violinist of a trio with his sister Hephzibah as pianist and Maurice Gendron as cellist. However, as New York is not the only city where music is made, so the concert hall is not the only place where the results can be heard. To some at least, the "new" role was as familiar as his recording of the D major (Opus 70, No. 1) trio of Beethoven, which ushered in an afternoon otherwise devoted to Brahms (C major) and Schubert (E flat). There were enough others to fill not only the full seating capacity of Philharmonic Hall, but also as many stage seats as could be accommodated. It was another indication that the recently instituted series of "Great Performers at Philharmonic Hall" fills a real need on these now Philharmonicless Sunday afternoons.

Some musicians earn commendation, in their chamber music performances, for shedding the traits that characterize their art otherwise, or by the "adaptation" they make to the altered requirements of this medium. With Menuhin the adaptation comes easier than it does to most, for he has fewer traits to alter and none, really, to shed. He has, at heart, always been a "team" player. The problem, in some instances, has been to constitute a "team" in which his abilities, by their very nature, do not stand out unduly. In the case of his sister Hephzibah and Gendron, he has associates who do not merely emulate his order of selflessness (which can be fabricated) but equal his order of sensibility (which cannot).

In the case of Miss Menuhin, her unobtrusive but artistic effort in the slow movement of the Beethoven (the one whose ghostly overtones caused it to be given the name of *Geister*) reminded us again that she is not heard nearly as often as she ought to be. Her inclination, always, has been to perform in the company of her illustrious brother, which may be fine for him but is a little too self-restricting for those who value musicianship of her uncommon qualities. On the other hand, it does result in a particular kind of tonal conditioning, in which the sound she produces partakes more of the "string" character of the piano and less of its percussive nature than may be the case with those who are solo performers first, chamber music players second (or third). Indeed, with the cellist's beautifully focused sound as the parallel of her left hand and the violinist's becoming the equivalent of her right hand, this was an even greater rarity than the proverbial three who think like one. It was, rather, three who sounded like two. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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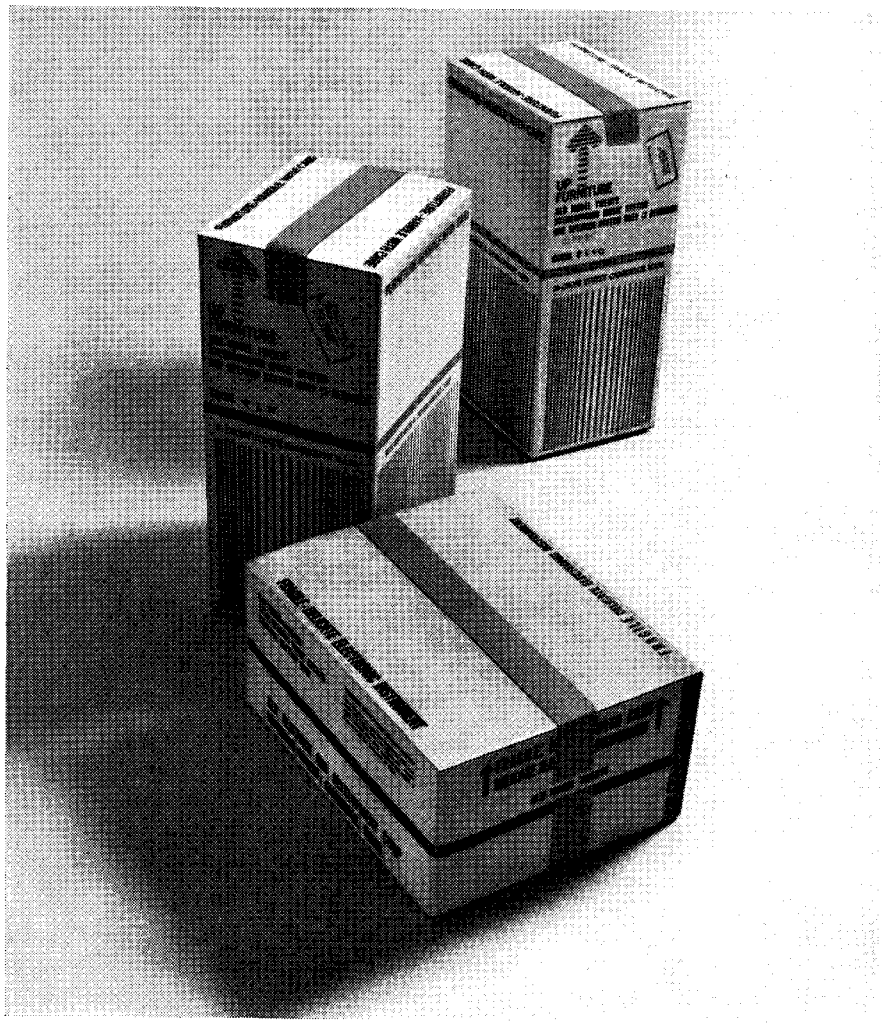

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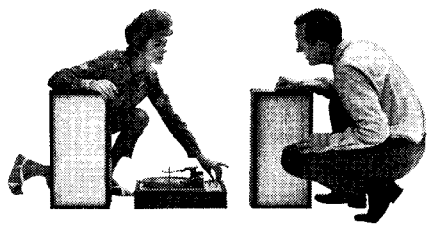

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J. F. K. Remembered

By HENRY BRANDON

ONE CAN'T HELP laughing, but there's an occasional tear, too. That's what usually happens when one leafs through a family album, and that's what happened to me and will probably happen to you if you turn the pages of *John Fitzgerald Kennedy . . . As We Remember Him* (a Columbia Records Legacy Collection L2L 1107, $19.95). It is an enchanting voyage through Kennedy history. For 221 pages one completely forgets about the inevitable last ten. There are photographs full of nostalgia and others that seem to have been taken only yesterday. There are reproductions of his letters from early school days to the Presidential years, there are the marginal comments by his family and friends. There is John Hersey's story "Survival" about the horror of his PT boat adventure; there is Charles Bartlett's delightful account of how his first attempt to introduce Jack Kennedy to Jacqueline Bouvier (at a wedding party they both happened to attend) failed because she was engrossed in a conversation with boxer Gene Tunney and thus missed Kennedy, who did not care to wait (this delayed their introduction by two years). There is papa Kennedy's remark to Kay Halle, a family friend, after his son Jack had refused to vote on a bill in Congress the way his father wanted him to: "Well, Kay, that's why I gave them each a million—so they could spit in my eye if they wished." And from Jacqueline Kennedy this poignant recollection: "In Shakespeare he preferred the histories. A favorite passage, which he knew by heart, was the St. Crispin's Day speech from *King Henry V*. He told me the words, 'We few, we happy few,' were what Britons said during World War II about the RAF. Sometimes I thought that line, and another—'shall think themselves accursed they were not here'—reminded me of all the people who believed in him and who came to Washington with him." And there are innumerable brilliant photographs, more telling than any words: the Inauguration Ball, with Kennedy bathed in light, enchanted and transfigured, and Jacqueline next to him, tense and overwhelmed by the life into which she had been plunged; or the strong, determined gaze of the President during the Cuban missile crisis.

Kennedy liked photographers and was very patient with them. He was never troubled about the angle or in what mood his picture was taken. But then he never took a bad photograph. Once I received from my editor a request to get myself photographed with Kennedy, the then campaigning Presidential candidate. I was embarrassed at having to ask him to pose with me (this sort of thing is so much easier with someone one hardly knows). But when I finally told him, he laughed and reassured me by saying: "But Henry, after all that's our daily bread!" Perhaps the photograph I treasure most, though, is one taken during the America's Cup yacht race off Newport. There were one or two handfuls of personal friends on his destroyer, making a gay, completely informal party. Then at one point, completely undisturbed by what went on around him (he might have been on an island in splendid isolation), he sat among his friends telling daughter Caro-

Graduation from Harvard and publication of a book.

—From the book (Pictorial Parade).

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line and her little playmate a fairy tale about the fishes following the race, which he invented as he went along. I have never seen him more serene and happy.

He and Jacqueline were surely the most photogenic couple of their time. And it must have been quite a job selecting for this book from among so many marvelous pictures—a job made even more difficult because Kennedy's character, like history, as Goddard Lieberson says in his introduction, was at best "elusive." For all that, it succeeds in showing him at every important phase in his life and in almost every mood. And although Kennedy was of many dimensions, all difficult to capture, this superbly edited and collated pictorial memoir has caught more of them between its handsomely bound covers than one would have thought possible. The work imparts the intimacy of a cozy evening, one perhaps at the Kennedy house in Hyannis Port, with everyone sitting in front of the fireplace feeling *en famille* and talking about things past.

INCLUDED with the album are two phonograph records conceived in the manner of a spoken biography by members of his family and friends, which don't altogether do justice to the pictures and text. Listened to, they are uneven and, where the text is given, they often read better than they sound. The recordings come off best when characteristic incidents are recalled, but where these fall between recollection and tribute Kennedy, with his innate reticence and his preference for the understatement, would probably have frowned. Nor is the connecting commentary all that it might be, relying too heavily on pathos where a sprinkling of parenthetic phrases would have sufficed. But the records do nevertheless add one more dimension to the whole: the affectionate sound of Mrs. Rose Kennedy's voice that could only be a mother talking about her son; the sonorous recollections of some of his teachers that could not be mistaken for anybody else's; the beautifully modulated language of a tribute by Adlai Stevenson; Lord Harlech, representing England's great affection for the President, delving into the past when he first met Jack Kennedy in London and both were lighthearted and much younger.

Finally, in a thoughtfully written epilogue, James MacGregor Burns traces Kennedy's ascension from those early days to world leadership.

It is not only, as President Johnson says in the foreword, "a testament to the vitality of our political process and to the common hopes that transcend all boundaries and encourage the races of man." It is a testament to an unforgettable man and to an extraordinary family.

Through a Disc, Darkly

THE KENNEDY memorabilia industry, which has several times come perilously close to its *reductio ad nauseam*, continues unabated and unrepentant in *That Day with God* (RCA Victor VDM-105), a collection of thirty-one sermons, meditations, and observations delivered on the Sunday after the President's death. My quarrel is not with the unevenness of the material, which ranges from eloquently inspired to unbelievably banal; in a wounded nation, groping to express its baffled grief, even the most maudlin words perhaps deserved a hearing. Nor is it, certainly, with the fact that spiritual leaders of every place and persuasion were moved to speak out; there is a special poignancy in listening to the accents of New England, the South, the Midwest, Ireland, Britain, and the Vatican trying to express, as the Archbishop of Canterbury put it in his November 24 sermon in St. Paul's, "something universal in the human heart." My disappointment comes instead from the twice-removed quality of a recording that is not of Kennedy himself, nor even of the sounds of those days in Washington after the assassination, but of a faint reflection of what was happening. The sense of remoteness, from the sermons themselves to Henry Fonda's dignified introductory words to each speaker, is nothing short of ghostlike.

The record's antiquarian quality arises, I suspect, more from the conception behind it than from the words on it. For there is, in its best moments, an almost poetic grief. Here are the Reverend Gabriel Bowe, of the Dominican Church of the Holy Cross in Sligo, Ireland, observing in his quiet brogue that "we seem to need occasions of great sorrow and tragedy to draw us together"; the Reverend Abraham K. Akaka of the Kawaiahao Church in Honolulu saying with moving simplicity, "He gave his life for you and me and our country"; and the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., of Yale, saying, "We academics expect the world to be rational; but who ever said it was?" Here also are Cardinal Cushing, Pope Paul VI, Norman Vincent Peale, Reinhold Niebuhr, and, the senior of them all, ninety-year-old Dr. Winfred E. Garrison of the University of Houston, delivering his second eulogy for an assassinated President. It was just sixty-two years earlier, in 1901, that he had given a similar address in memory of William McKinley, dead by an anarchist's hand.

But despite such moments the listener is likely to be left with some gloomy reservations about *That Day with God*. Nor, it seems to me, does the title help much. —JAMES F. FIXX.

Kennedy on the Ould Sod

IN THE LATTER PART of June 1963, John Fitzgerald Kennedy spent a crowded four days in the windblown land of his ancestors, where he made speeches before the Irish Parliament and the huge crowds that flocked to his unique visit everywhere he went. Departing from Shannon Airport on June 29, the President quoted Irish poetry to say he would be "back in the spring." This happy plan was never to come about, for Kennedy was dead within five months and these were to be his last utterances on the soil of the Old World, the only words ever spoken on Irish soil by a U.S. President while in office.

Powertree Records, Inc., has just released a pressing entitled *President Kennedy in Ireland* (PLP 5007), produced in cooperation with Radio Eireann and preserving for posterity a souvenir in Kennedy's own voice of his last visit to Europe. We first hear him address the joint session of Dáil Eireann and Seanad Eireann, dropping here and there bits of Irish-American lore to the delight of partisan listeners. He presents a torn battle flag from a famous Civil War Irish regiment and makes a good case for the potential of a small nation in a crowded, teetering world. Having been the first to endure the birth pangs of revolution and nationhood in the twentieth century, the Irish, says the American President, are in a particularly good position to guide the emerging nations of the latter twentieth century, as the great powers can never be.

The President is then heard on the second side in seven brief appearances in County Wexford, where his ancestors lived; County Cork; Dublin, where he received honorary degrees from the National University of Ireland and Trinity College; Galway and Limerick; and finally in his poignant departure from Shannon. One comes away from both sides of the recording with an expanded sense of the Kennedy facility with words, since not all of these speeches could have been prepared by an overworked staff in an adulatory four-day schedule that would have floored most travelers. Not a vital record but one of some historic interest. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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MARTHA GRAHAM'S RETROSPECTIVE SEASON

By JOHN MARTIN

MARTHA GRAHAM's first New York season in two years was as challenging and as controversial as similar seasons have been throughout the approximately forty years of her independent career. The indomitable greatness of the woman is one of the miracles of our time. Though her area of performing has become increasingly circumscribed, she continues to pour out works at the top of her power; works, indeed, that make virtually everything else—not alone in the dance field, but in the theater at large, which is her true métier—seem timid and trivial.

Her two new pieces do not fall into the controversial category (that lies elsewhere in the repertory), but they bring us full-sail into new seas. In their quite separate fashions, they reveal the rich textures of what is clearly an Israeli cycle, comparable by and large to the great Greek cycle that has preceded it.

She has always drawn directly upon the forces and flavors of her immediate environment, and some such cycle was, accordingly, inevitable, since for the past several years she has been the "commuting" artistic director, fount of inspiration, and cornerstone of the newly born Bathsheva Dance Company of Tel Aviv, a cherished project of her long-time friend and patroness, Bethsabé de Rothschild.

In Tel Aviv in 1962 her noble and moving *Judith* had its première, Israeli-commissioned for her own company, with music by the Israeli composer Mordecai Seter, and setting by the Israeli designer Dani Karavan. Now it becomes evident that this was no isolated creation, but the first of a body of works of similar heritage.

The new *Witch of Endor,* though without an Israeli composer and designer, clearly takes its place alongside as the second one. It is still in a manifestly unfinished state; as with *Clytemnestra* and other works in their earliest stages, she has not yet written herself into it. From performance to performance it has been altered here, rearranged there, recostumed elsewhere, but its final form still has not emerged.

Even through its stages of comparative tentativeness, however, it is essentially a striking piece of archaic, dramatic fantasy in heroic vein. Approached with that obliquity by which Miss Graham habitually brings a fresh point of view to a familiar legend, its narrative is nevertheless fairly direct, if not yet altogether transparent; but its chief function is to serve as a groundwork for evocations and illuminations of an epoch, ancient and enshrined.

Its stage is set handsomely by Ming Cho Lee. Within the dimensions of elegant design, he has produced a rough and primitive surface, largely by superimposing over the face of his central unit a series of varied smaller surfaces, almost like crude laminae, spiked onto the structure.

The great episode of the work (at least as it stands now) begins with the ominous lowering of Mr. Lee's centerpiece like an armored drawbridge over a moat separating the natural world from the supernatural. Behind it is revealed the white figure of the ghost of Samuel (excellently played by Gus Solomons, Jr.) swaying atop a white column out of which he seems to grow integrally. In the slow motion of his prophecy we are shown David defending himself from the murderous designs of Saul in a duel to the death on the ramp of the "bridge."

Elsewhere there is some beautiful dancing by the altogether admirable Robert Cohan as David, and a fine bit of grotesquerie by David Wood as Saul's evil genius. Thus far, Bertram Ross as Saul reflects the creative uncertainty of the work itself, but when Miss Graham has really taken over on stage, everything should fall into place around her. Even, perhaps, the thick and unresponsive score of William Schuman.

The other new piece, laboring at present under the infelicitous title of *Part Real—Part Dream,* is already a finished and ecstatically beautiful creation. Here Miss Graham has reunited with her Israeli colleagues of *Judith,* and the three of them have produced an eerie and engrossing poem of eroticism, in sensuous tones and overtones of the Middle East. It is exquisite and passionate, under a cloud of hovering malaise that makes it a kind of rapturous nightmare.

It is danced, as it must be, by four beautiful people—Matt Turney, Mary Hinkson, Mr. Ross, and Mr. Cohan—to whom eroticism is altogether becoming, plus an ensemble of ten, which conspires in spinning about them a web of illusory and often neurotic imperilments.

The movement is astonishingly evocative. Now with voluptuous tenderness it meshes the newly discovered curves of feet; again, in a dramatically obsessive complexity of bindings and escapings, it involves its four figures with a stage-long strip of fabric and the passions it encompasses. It is all framed significantly in sorcery when Miss Hinkson, as both prologue and epilogue, crosses the stage in silence with a burning quietness of face and body, her hand keeping aquiver a little bamboo frame of wind chimes around her head and shoulders.

As with all Miss Graham's completely successful works, she seems also to have written the music and designed the set. Over the years, indeed, she has devel-

—*Barbara Morgan*

Graham in "Primitive Mysteries (1941)"

—*Martha Swope*

Yuriko in "Primitive Mysteries (1965)"

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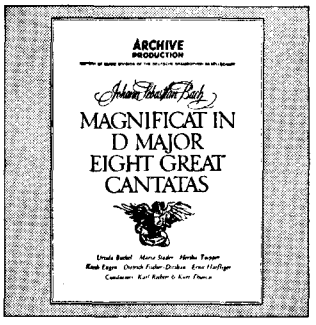

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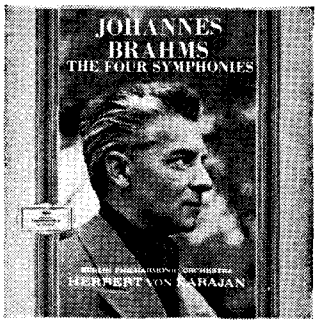

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oped a pattern for her stage by which she defines space in a characteristic sculptural-architectural manner. This Mr. Karavan has implemented with a lovely sensitiveness to mood and climax and an intricately wrought delicacy of design, and Mr. Seter's score gives to the body of the work its equally lovely breath and voice.

Where the season took on its controversial aspect was in its revival of three early works—*Primitive Mysteries* (1931), *Appalachian Spring* (1944), and *Cave of the Heart* (1946)—with Miss Graham's original roles performed by members of the company. Why, after her long and firm resistance to pressures in this direction, she has finally yielded is difficult to understand, unless by an act of defiant self-immolation she was determined to demonstrate once and for all the fallacy of the belief that this way lies immortality. If this was her purpose, she has completely succeeded.

Her consistent protest has long been that she is first and always a dancer, and only incidentally a choreographer. As she has withdrawn more and more from dancing, she has naturally turned increasingly to choreography without participation, and the difference between these company works and those that center around her own performance is marked. The former are not only more objective, but notably stronger in form, specifically designed to stand alone; they are compositions. The latter, on the other hand, develop out of her personal impulsions and are drawn together into functional shapeliness by the sheer force of her presence in action. They are emanations rather than compositions. With these it would be outright folly for her to say to another dancer (no matter who or how excellent): "Go in there and 'emanate,' and see that the result is the same as if I were doing the 'emanating.'"

Her process of impersonation, whether of *Clytemnestra* or *Phaedra* or these particular roles of the Medea figure in

—*Martha Swope*

Ethel Winter and Robert Cohen in "Appalachian Spring."

—*Martha Swope*

Bertram Ross and Martha Graham in "Witch of Endor."

Cave of the Heart and the bride in *Appalachian Spring*, is to pour *them* into *her*, not *her* into *them;* it is always Martha Graham taking on the situation and the problems of Medea or the pioneer bride. She is not trying to *be* them; to do so would be to destroy her "comment," to smother her personal vision under a cloak of pretending.

Comparably, the physical technique, the momentary "vocabulary," is not an objective standardization but the product of immediate states of growth and experience. When *Primitive Mysteries* was created, the whole spirit of the modern dance and of Martha Graham in particular was to discard the formal artificiality of the ballet and the pretty "gracefulness" of "interpretive" dancing and get down to essentials. With this victory won, ever less stringent attitudes evolved with the passing of time, and today it is unlikely that even Miss Graham herself can remember in a muscular sense what her movement was like in the days of the rebellion or how it was produced.

Originally in *Primitive Mysteries* the girls (strong-backed, husky of leg, almost monolithic in image) moved like trees walking, charged with stillness; they were not just pleasant, half-concentrated, lissome young ladies, threatening to give at every hinge—and with white flounces on the bottom of their skirts! It is appalling that this version has been filmed and will go into the archives as Martha Graham's *Primitive Mysteries*. This is not immortalization but obliteration, for even the legend is thus destroyed. There is a vast difference between revival and the mere exhumation of remnant bones, however you may dress them up.

The other two works have less of a technical gap to compensate for, and are in that degree less catastrophic. But

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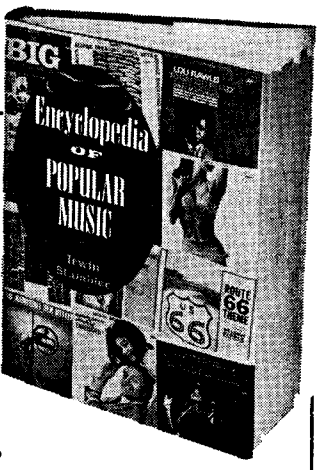
Appalachian Spring, which always teetered on the brink of sentimentality, now goes overboard, all dewy-eyed, pop-concert charm. *Cave of the Heart*, with no such subsidiary problem, gets at the root of the matter, which is that you cannot step into somebody else's "emanation." No more can you expect to adjust to a handed-down set of reactions by the other dancers in the cast, which were somebody else's reactions to begin with, and to a performance that no longer exists.

TRAGICALLY enough, these spurious versions, if persisted in, will ultimately win acceptance, for repetition is a potent brainwasher. When they have thus unobtrusively replaced the originals, history will smugly record that what Martha Graham created in *Cave of the Heart* was the piece of Beardsleyesque high camp that we have just been shown in its name.

None of these failures is in any way due to limitations of the admirable and long-proven dancers involved, all of whom work their hearts out. They have simply been given an impossible assignment. Because of the company's very excellence, it would seem desirable to concentrate on the potentialities of the magnificently creative present and let those great works of the past that are no longer in the range of practicable presentation live on untarnished in their legend. There lies their path to immortality.

In the more familiar areas of the repertory, a high standard of artistry prevailed, and, though *Circe* and *Secular Games* suffered from cast changes, there were glorious performances of *Clytemnestra* and *Judith* and *Phaedra; Seraphic Dialogue* and *Diversion of Angels; Embattled Garden* and *Acrobats of God.*

Whatever its inevitable season-to-season vicissitudes, it remains a great company all around. With Helen McGehee, Ethel Winter, Yuriko, Linda Hodes and the others already mentioned, it could be no less. Unhappily, Robert Powell, one of its key figures, was unable to participate fully because of a recent physical difficulty. On the other hand, Clive Thompson, a comparative newcomer, has taken on more and more important assignments with distinction. But if top honors are to be awarded to any individual, they must assuredly go to Robert Cohan, who has taken his place conspicuously in the forefront of American dancers.



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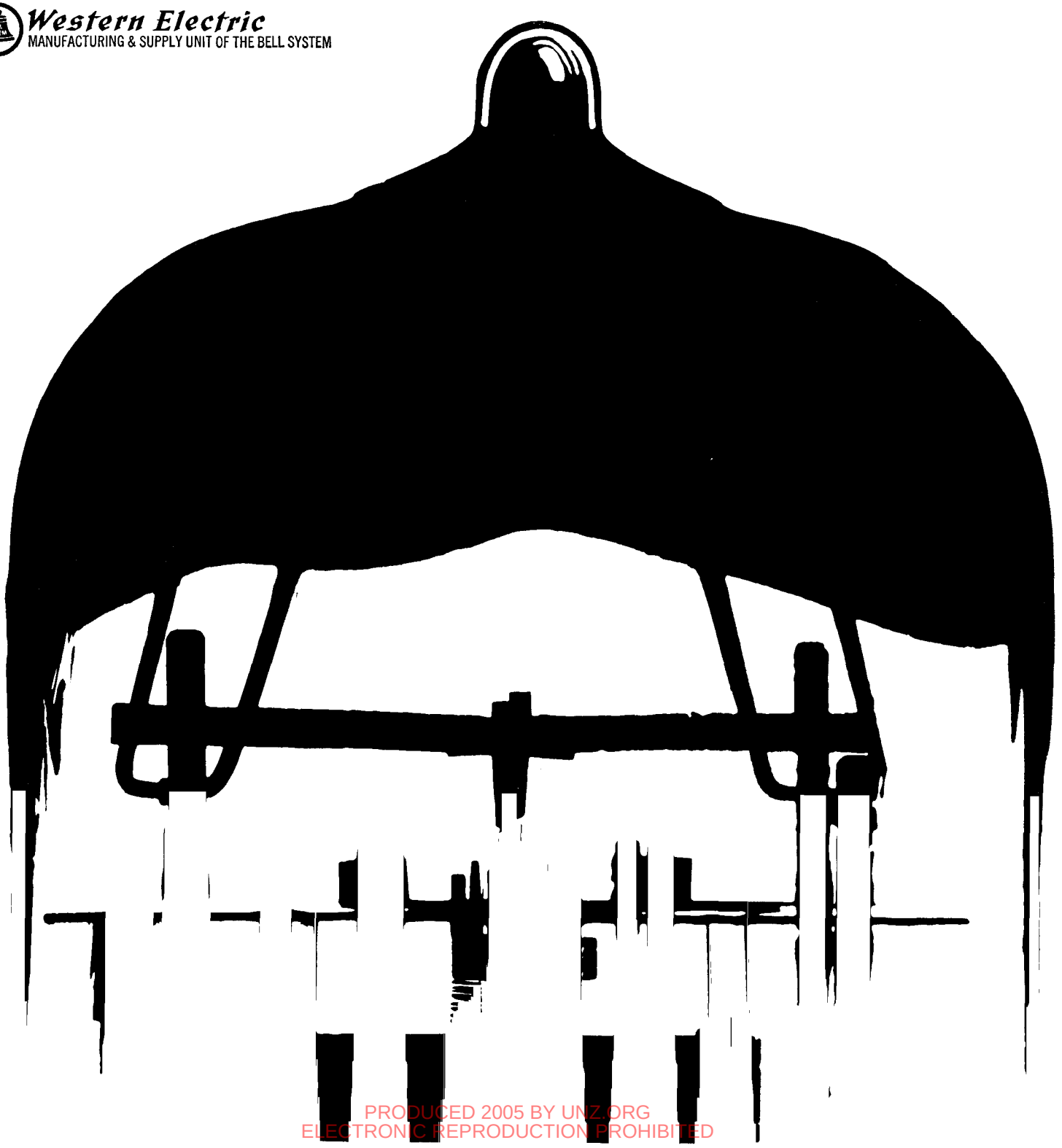

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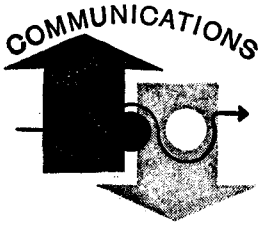

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The Day of the Transistor

ABOUT a quarter of a century ago, which doesn't seem so very long a time, we began a ten-year stint broadcasting news and comment for the New York *Herald Tribune* over what Al Smith used to call the raddio, and though we did go on into TV newscasting it was never quite the same. There was something unique about being known as a radio news commentator, and something special about early radio, too. The utter simplicity and person-to-person quality of voice-alone broadcasting quickly gave it pre-eminent status in communications, a status it soon shared with the telephone as fundamental to a modern world. For all a broadcaster needed then (or will ever need) was a solitary mike, a resonant voice, and simple, one-dimensional facilities. You cannot get simpler or more direct mass communication than by radio, particularly in the day of the ubiquitous transistor.

The simplicity of communication by radio was never more dramatically brought home than in last month's incredible power blackout of 30,000,000 Americans in the Northeast. Since television's heart and soul rest in Manhattan and since a great many TV programs, especially news, originate in New York, network TV with its highly complicated broadcasting machinery was badly hurt the night the lights went out. Not only were there no programs on New York-area channels but there was no way of receiving them, since the vast majority of TV sets plug into the electric-light socket. Not so radio, which had its greatest hour since D-Day. Many radio stations in the populous Northeast were able to function on low-quality emergency output, much of it from auxiliary generators caked with dust. New Jersey wasn't affected by the blackout, so radio stations along the west bank of the Hudson could be clearly heard on transistor radios throughout the blackened metropolitan area. And heard they were! The Radio Advertising Bureau points with pardonable pride to an apparently provable statistic: 80 per cent of the 30,000,000 blacked out in the Northeast were kept informed during the night of November 9 chiefly through the miracle of the portable transistor and car radio.

The essential problem for blacked-out radio stations was finding some way of connecting studio with transmitter. Yet in New York City all the major stations were back on the air in less than half an hour, there to stay until the following dawn, in what has to be the marathon public-service broadcast of our time. The day most radio men had dreamt about—when TV disappeared and there was only radio again—ended in general acclaim for the sound medium, so often overshadowed of late by its more colorful pictorial offspring. If the information some announcers broadcast was spotty and inaccurate, since no news tickers were operating and facts had to be gathered by phone or in person in candlelight, radio's contribution nonetheless indelibly etched itself on the metropolitan mind. It is little wonder that more transistor radios were sold on November 10 than on any single day in the history of the Northeast. One radio department salesman in Boston reported that in an average day he would have sold thirty battery-powered radios but by noon of the day after the blackout

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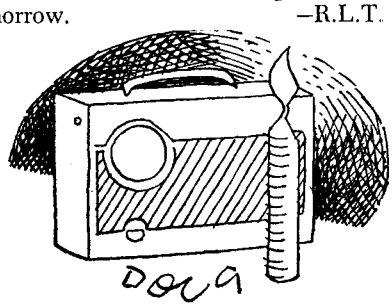
he had sold more than seventy-five and run out of most models.

The value of the portable, battery-powered radio is perhaps told best by Arthur Greenspan, staff writer of the New York *Journal American,* who was trapped for five and a half hours in a Seventh Avenue IRT Local underneath Brooklyn: "Were it not for radio, we'd never have known that Northeast America had blown a fuse. We found a woman with a transistor radio, and rushed her to our end of the trapped subway train, where reception was more effective. Bless those scientists who invented the tiny transistor. They'll never know how useful they were to us that night. The radio told us what was happening."

Naturally, the people in radio, in particular the companies making transistors, have since gone all out to put a battery-powered radio set in every home in America. Miles David, president of the RAB, reports that some 65 per cent of all U.S. families already own transistor sets and 85 per cent of all American automobiles have radios. The transistor is a natural for any crisis situation anywhere in the civilized world—in tornadoes, blizzards, power blackouts; it was used with special effectiveness during hurricane Betsy's recent invasion of the New Orleans area. Mr. David is perfectly right when he says that the one-third of U.S. families without transistors are "running a real risk by depriving themselves of their only link to the facts in an emergency."

This is the day of the jet plane that will by the end of this decade be moving the traveler from San Francisco to New York in an hour and twenty minutes, of flights through vast electrical seas to the moon and the planets, of gaudy color spectaculars on instantaneous screens, of life in an electronic-jet-atomic world the nineteenth century could not possibly have believed. Yet the great blackout taught us that things have a way of going back to fundamentals now and again and the very vulnerability of complex modern life suggests we ought to be ready with simple emergency measures. The kerosene lamp and the candle, the flashlight and the auxiliary generator, the fireplace and the gas stove, all show to best advantage on desperate nights like November 9. And so does the transistor radio. You'd better get one. Tomorrow. —R.L.T.



Letters to the Communications Editor

Note on *Tuesday*

I NOTE Wilson Sullivan's article on *Tuesday,* the new "Negro" magazine [*SR,* Nov. 13], in which he says that *Tuesday* is published in predominantly "white" newspapers and is addressed to the world. If this suggests that white subscribers to these newspapers are receiving this supplement, this is not true. And if editor and publisher Leonard Evans says this, he is lying. I am a subscriber to both the Milwaukee *Journal* and the Milwaukee *Sentinel,* but I do not get *Tuesday.* My white neighbors do not get *Tuesday.* The white suburbanites do not get *Tuesday.* Despite our protests, this supplement is distributed *only* in the areas of the city where the people are overwhelmingly or at least predominantly Negro. If Mr. Evans is interested in "dialogue with the white community," I suggest his message is not going through to the people he says he is trying to communicate with.

MRS. A. B. BEVERSTOCK.

Milwaukee, Wis.

WILSON SULLIVAN'S article was the first I had read about the supplement called *Tuesday.* Being a subscriber of the Chicago *Sun-Times* and never having received a copy of *Tuesday* I called the newspaper and was told by Mr. Fred Miller in the advertising department: "We are distributing on an island basis to the Negro areas."

Apparently you were misinformed about the distribution of this supplement. In fact, I have questioned six Negroes in the Chicago area, living in different neighborhoods, and only one had ever heard of this magazine. That one had received it in an edition of the *Sun-Times* that he had purchased from a newsstand. If Mr. Leonard Evans, the publisher, was being quoted correctly in your article, then the purpose of the publication to establish a dialogue with whites is being defeated by this selective distribution to the Negro community in Chicago.

ROSE M. FINKEL.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The total Sunday circulation of the nine newspapers in which "Tuesday" appears monthly is at least* 5,500,000. *As indicated in Mr. Sullivan's article, "Tuesday" prints* 1,500,000 *supplements, clearly far short of the circulation of newspapers in which it is published, but no mean accomplishment for any fledgling magazine. If his article even implied that "Tuesday," after two months, had already equalled these newspapers' circulation, Mr. Sullivan regrets the implication. As for "Tuesday's" own objectives and achievements, a statement by its editor and publisher, Leonard Evans, should be of interest. Responding to a letter from a white resident of Chicago asking why he did not receive a copy of "Tuesday" in his "Sun-Times," Editor Evans said: " 'Tuesday' is growing. Its circulation is restricted by finances, not by the newspapers. For a start, we cannot afford to publish the 6,000,000 copies necessary for the total circulation of the newspapers we appear in. Of 1,500,000 copies, more than 250,000 go into white homes right now. 'Tuesday's' ultimate goal is total circulation in all of its papers. We have made the start in Rochester, N.Y., where we are in all 150,000 copies of the 'Times-Union.'"*

I WOULD LIKE to tell you how much I enjoyed the article by Wilson Sullivan. I am a regular reader of the *Sunday Bulletin* here in Philadelphia and I enjoy the *Tuesday* supplement very much. I think it will help dispel a lot of unreasoned prejudice in the "white community." I myself deal with all kinds of people on a daily basis in their homes and find that there are good and bad in all places.

As a white person, I have noticed that there is a great lack of news in most sources about a large segment of our population, and I am glad to see that we are finally getting some news about it in some of our major newspapers.

RICHARD C. BISHOP.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Xerox and Its Programs

AS R.L.T.'S EDITORIAL puts it, "Xerox Proves a Point" [*SR,* Nov. 13] with its courageous endeavor at undertaking, despite opposition, the presentation of the United Nations story by means of television. I feel impelled to applaud this commercial organization for refusing to be intimidated and in taking the time and effort to analyze the many written protests received. The repetitious pattern evident in so many of these letters provides its own commentary.

I must, nevertheless, admit to a feeling of chagrin that the programs thus far broadcast have fallen lamentably short of what I and others with whom I've spoken had anticipated. Perhaps such topics don't readily lend themselves to dramatic treatment. Must they, however, seem quite so mannered, so artificial? These objectionable elements were especially noticeable in "Once Upon a Tractor." Obviously the conviction exists that the viewer must be beguiled by the slapstick approach even when serious subjects are to be examined. It seems to me that through such procedures even the ardent enthusiast is apt to find himself alienated. As for those far more numerous individuals—the uncommitted—are they likely to be persuaded?

Possibly the offerings still to be shown will help redress the balance. On the basis of what has up to now been revealed, however, I can't help suspecting a certain irony

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exists in the disparity between aims and achievements.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Shrunken Chicago Press

IN MR. MCARDLE'S tribute to Marshall Field [*SR*, Oct. 9] he errs in saying the *Sun-Times* was a "tabloid-sized paper" launched by Field's father. The tabloid-sized Chicago *Times* was founded by Samuel Emory Thomason, who had left his job as vice president and general manager of the *Tribune* to start a paper that would answer Chicago's need for a liberal newspaper. Its first issue was September 3, 1929, and it backed FDR in 1932. The full-sized *Sun* was begun many years later by Mr. Field and sometime after Mr. Thomason's death in 1944, Mr. Field bought the *Times* (1947, I think) and merged the two, adapting the *Times*'s tabloid format. The *Times*'s circulation was about 500,000 at this time.

BETTY L. HARPER.
Evanston, Ill.

Fixxed Compliment

BELATED COMPLIMENTS on James F. Fixx's fine analysis of ABC's coverage of the Forest Hills tennis finals in the October 9 issue of *Saturday Review*. You echoed my very reactions to the telecast.

LEO LEBOUTHILLIER.
Rochester, N. H.

YOUR FEATURE EDITOR, James F. Fixx, has misconceived Lord Hill's function in the complex machinery of British television ["A Startled Look at British Television," Nov. 13]. In my ten-year visit to England, I worked for both Independent and BBC-TV as a freelance writer and performer (always clothed, thank you), so kept a vague track of the setup for working purposes.

Lord Hill began his political career as Dr. Charles Hill, employed anonymously by the BBC to give medical matins to the masses in deep, reassuring, almost lugubrious tones, under the title of "The Radio Doctor." With this captive audience in his hand, he went out onto the hustings and became a Conservative member of Parliament. From strength to strength he went, climbing the Old Boy Network ladder, and peaking at his present position: the appointed chairman of the Independent Television Authority—*not* a company, but something in the nature of a Crown Corporation, which owns the transmitters and leases them, under license and on behalf of the government, to the Independent Television Contractors – the people who produce the programs. The Authority appoints, oversees, and regulates the Contractors under the provisions of the Independent Television Act.

Therefore, Lord Hill has no direct interest in maintaining the ratings in competition with the BBC. That is the concern of the Contractors. All Lord Hill demands is that they pay their rent and play The Game according to The Rules. Which I am sure they do. When they can figure them out.

D. C. MASON.
Toronto, Canada

Wrong British Breakdown

I HAVE only just seen your October 9 issue containing John Tebbel's excellent article on Lord Thomson. I would like to correct one small inaccuracy of Mr. Tebbel's. He writes that the composing room equipment broke down three times on the first day and delayed the paper. In fact, our computer has worked through thick and thin without interruption since the paper started. I blush to tell you that our breakdown on the first day was due to nothing more unconventional than one of the electric motors which drives the press. We were all furious to be caught that way!

TOM MARGERISON,
Scientific and Technical Adviser,
The Thomson Organisation Limited.
London, England

Theory vs. Practice in Journalism

I WAS GLAD to see John Tebbel's article "Journalism Education: Myth and Reality" in your November 13 issue. In a measure it answered the Boroff article which, though accurate in many instances, still was a gross generalization. Apparently the late Mr. Boroff quizzed only certain universities and tossed the rest in a heap and paid them no attention. I'm glad that Mr. Tebbel has replied so thoroughly in his article.

However, I am at odds with Mr. Tebbel for his generalization in his last sentence: "At the moment it is somewhere near the rear guard." True, many are; but also true, many are forging ahead and doing all the things Mr. Boroff felt were necessary and which Mr. Tebbel agreed with.

At the University of Toledo, for example, our journalism courses total only twenty hours (in an interdepartmental major that couples journalism with twenty hours each in two related areas such as history, political science, sociology, psychology), and of the twenty hours only six are the so-called how courses. These are taught by practicing journalists (one is an associate editor of the local evening paper, the other in charge of news services on one of the large local television stations). The other courses are why courses and are taught by specialists in their field. A required course for all journalism majors is "History of the English Language." In addition, the requirements include humanities, history, biological and physical sciences, mathematics, and two years of a foreign language—in other words, the very good "full" liberal arts background Mr. Boroff advocated, and *not* a technical approach. The newspaper and yearbook are uncensored publications operated by the student activities committee. The journalism students are required to spend a minimum of two hours weekly on them as "lab" but they are free agents themselves.

I am as exasperated as Mr. Tebbel about the way some journalism programs are conducted, but I believe full credit should be given to those who are working hard to improve their presentations, and there are many doing as we do.

RAYMOND L. LEVY,
Director of Journalism Studies,
The University of Toledo.
Toledo, O.

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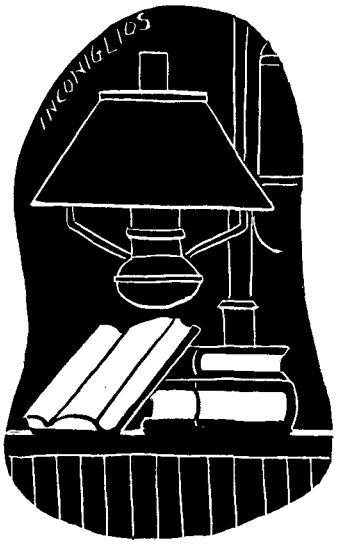
Are Authors Obsolete?



By JOHN TEBBEL

IF THERE is anyone still naïve enough to believe that the rising tide of computer technology is a threat only to those who perform mechanical jobs, a growing dispute in book publishing shows clearly that the depersonalization of work can strike directly at the creative mind as well.

The dispute is over one of the minor irritants of the publishing business, authors' alterations, known familiarly in the trade as "AAs." Superficially, it is a simple problem. When a book manuscript is set in type, the author gets a set of galley proofs, which he is invited to read and upon which he makes corrections. The cost of making these corrections is usually a part of the author's contract, which will read something like this: "Expense of the Author's proof corrections exceeding Ten per cent (10%) of cost of composition shall be charged against the Author's earnings hereafter."

Interpreting this clause, like so many others in book contracts, is a matter between the author and his publisher. A writer who is a valuable literary "property," as the saying goes, hardly needs to worry about it. If he wants to rewrite the book, in effect, on the galleys, the publisher may not be happy about it because resetting will delay production schedules, but he will stand the expense because he knows (or has the true faith) that he will get it back in sales, and in any case he does not want to lose the author by being chintzy about AAs. Some best-selling authors have been notorious galley rewriters—the late Kenneth Roberts was one, Churchill was another—but their sales have justified their idiosyncrasy.

The urge to change and improve what one has written overcomes a good many writers when they see their words in print. For one thing, the words look different in print than they do in manuscript. A writer who is really meticulous about his work (not a large tribe, incidentally) may agonize over his galleys and rewrite much more than he intends.

Writers who are knowledgeable about these matters also have to be careful about separating their corrections from the printer's errors, which include not only the customary crop of typographical mishaps but the kind of mistake that emanates from a dreamy or merely incompetent linotype operator who sets a word that only sounds like the one he is looking at, or who skips over whole lines, or who undertakes to improve the author's style. There is more than a little sloppy composition in the book business to contend with, and the unwary author may be charged for these errors as well as for the corrections he makes to improve what he has written. In theory at least, an author is not charged for typographical errors, only for changes he makes in the original copy after it is in type.

Enter the computer, and its fascinating entourage of automatic typesetting devices. Curiously, these are also vulnerable to human error. If the operator who punches out the tape makes a mistake, it will be faithfully set. If a photo-scanning machine is used, the scanner will reproduce exactly what it sees on a sheet of manuscript. In either case, this expensive machinery is designed to cut production costs, and in order to justify itself economically, it must confine its mistakes rather closely to those made by the tape punchers.

The economic tyranny of the new technology has been set forth clearly in a recent issue of a newsletter published by Composition Information Services of Los Angeles. At a recent conference on computerized typesetting, says the newsletter, "it was generally agreed that the economics inherent in high-speed electronic and photographic composition devices make it necessary to 'get it right at the start.' One speaker deemed changes in excess of 3 per cent as enough to negate the advantages of automation."

THIS is the point at which the computers are on a collision course with the authors. The CIS newsletter quotes a study made of the production of more than 500 books by some 29 presses, which showed that authors' and editors' alteration costs ranged as high as 43 per cent of the original composition costs, and that the average cost of these changes exceeded 10 per cent. Obviously, if computerized typesetting is to take over book composition, these costs will have to be drastically minimized or even eliminated.

Some proposals have been made about how to deal with the problem, but it is significant that they have come from management and production people, not from authors or those who represent them. A few publishers are talking about tougher contracts, with stiff penalty clauses for AAs and with both authors and editors charged for the actual cost of alterations. Those who suggest charging editors for anything are scarcely realistic, unless they intend editing to cease entirely. As for authors, those of any consequence who are represented by good agents are not likely to agree to such restrictions.

ANOTHER, comparatively more reasonable approach suggests that printers educate their customers in the new technology by offering them two different price schedules, one presumably based on few if any alterations on proof by either author or editor, the other a much higher figure to be charged if the old-fashioned method is followed.

The CIS newsletter notes that at a recent conference of the American Book Publishers Council, publishers were scolded for giving authors too much latitude in making changes on proof. "Book editing and typesetting will remain in the horse-and-buggy days unless publishers alter their habits to adopt the advantages of modern technology," one speaker warned.

Yet it is plainly not the publisher's habits that the computer people want to alter, but the author's. They are against the contract clause that permits alteration, and one speaker at the ABPC conference thought it was a mistake to let the author see proof at all. It was suggested that a system of interim proofing might be devised so that the author could make corrections before any type is actually set. The objective, it was made abundantly clear, is to keep the author out of the bookmaking process once the manuscript is in type.

The responsibility, apparently, for setting the wayward author's steps in the path the technologists want him to follow is to fall on the publisher, quite

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naturally. He must begin taking an active role, says the newsletter, reporting the sense of the conference, "in retraining authors to erase the abuses of the past. In the years ahead, it was felt that authors will be expected to assume greater responsibility for the accuracy of the initial manuscript."

There were publishers at the meeting who protested, wondering aloud whether any of the members present and voting would actually refuse an author permission to rewrite on the galleys if a better book would result. If there were, they kept discreetly silent, but there is no question such publishers exist. In fact, after the third martini it is not impossible to hear some publishers argue that the whole copyediting-proofreading process is a waste of time and money, that the public really doesn't care about these matters of craftsmanship and never, in fact, even notices their absence.

PERCEPTIVE reviewers sometimes comment on poor design, or careless editing, or other evidences of indifference to yesterday's standards of excellence, but these publishers argue that in the present market most readers are not followers of reviews and that if they ever read them they pay no attention to them. The publishers point to the solid panning the top ten television shows regularly suffer, to the critical mayhem committed on movie box-office smashes, and, in the book businesses, to the regularity with which books deplored by critics get on the best-seller lists.

These publishers, who are sometimes referred to as "paper salesmen" by the staunch old guard, have been bolstered in their viewpoints by the infiltration of management experts into publishing during the last decade or so. These men know nothing about the book business, but they do not regard this as a handicap because they hold the doctrinaire belief that the marketing of books is no different from selling any other commodity. They regard with tolerant pity the old-timers who tell them that, far from it, they have committed themselves to the largest floating crap game in the world. Such experts look upon books as though they were bars of soap, and upon authors as an impractical, generally impecunious lot who are never going to be executives and who ought not to meddle with the much more important job of marketing. To a man, no doubt, they would agree that authors should not be permitted to interfere with the functioning of computer systems.

Old-line publishing houses, with their roots deeply in the past, still regard books as splendid things, to be presented to the reader with loving care and with due respect and regard for the creative mind that made them possible, but sometimes these houses seem to be fighting a rear-guard battle. Writers have long been accustomed to being treated with more or less open contempt by motion-picture people, and only slightly less so by television entrepreneurs, but they have traditionally found their real friends in publishing. The great editor, of the Max Perkins stripe, has nurtured many of them, but he, too, is a vanishing breed. The understanding publisher who respects and fights for their integrity as fiercely as he protects his own is still extant, but the economic pressures on him are great.

THE so-called idea book has been increasingly where the publishing action is; huge and often wholly irrational motion-picture and paperback money has placed a new variety of publisher and author squarely in the saddle. The kind of author who produces this kind of book is never going to argue with his publisher about his right to improve his work on the galleys, not if it means a penny less in the till.

Unfortunately, the same economic problems afflict the publisher of integrity who has authors on his list whom he respects for what they write and how they write it. His composing room costs are just as high as the "paper salesman" publisher, and if automation will keep him alive and in a competitive position, then he must automate. If that means authors must be re-educated to serve the machine rather than have the machine serve the author, then this publisher faces a cruel dilemma indeed.

Where does the author himself stand before this overwhelming march of technology—the man whose brain makes the whole publishing industry possible, and without whom it could not exist? He hopes his agent will protect him from becoming merely another gadget in a computerized world. It is inconceivable to him that, as one of the last of the individualists he is in any real danger. If he follows the rapid changes in computer research as it applies to printing, he hopes that the answer to costly AAs lies not in his "re-education," but in technology itself, which already has produced a machine capable of making corrections directly on film in the phototypesetting process. These and other advances may make the argument over AAs academic before long, and the author can go back happily to polishing his book and making it as good as he possibly can until it passes beyond recall from page proof to bound book.

In the meantime, however, he confronts the machine, as uncertain as anyone else about what is going to happen to him in the bright new communications world of the future.

"Son, dear son, come back to Scarsdale with us!"

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The Wild Western Rides Again

By TOM CURRY, *author of 125 Western novels and innumerable novelettes and short stories.*

A CHESTNUT familiar to Western story fans has it that a frantic sheriff, his huge county aflame with a range war, wired for the Texas Rangers.

When he met the train, a tall officer, wearing the silver star on silver circle, dropped off.

"What!" gasped the sheriff. "Only *one* Ranger?"

"There's only one war, ain't there?"

This is the size of the problem facing the average Western hero. Alone, he must settle at least a war. While James Bond and operatives in the action field enjoy modern conveniences such as automatic weapons, planes, and electronic devices, the Westerner has just his sixgun and horse, but he makes out.

The Western, indigenous to the United States, stubbornly holds its popularity. Many readers graduate to more complicated intellectual fare, but plenty remain loyal and there's always a fresh crop maturing.

It has been exported to England and Australasia while translations sell in most foreign languages. Motion pictures and TV have made fortunes with it.

The structure is rigid. Deviations usually end up in the writer's discard pile, though there are exceptions. The Western is an individual's struggle against overwhelming odds. It appeals to the basic human instinct of an eye for an eye, a slug for a slug. Shoot the villain is a must, but not until he has almost done in the hero.

Our hero must be personally involved. He helps other sympathetic though less competent folks who have been set upon by the villain. A single viewpoint should be held, though short switches may be permitted to enhance menace. To make such a deadly duel logical, some form of wealth is the prize—animal, mineral, or power.

Action and the promise of future catastrophe hook the reader at the beginning. There are countless plot variations, but the Western pursues its narrow trail to the end.

As a byproduct, there is feminine interest, but aficionados prefer to see the hero kiss his horse rather than waste lineage seducing a girl.

The panorama of the West offers a writer a rich lode from which to draw color, characters, and ideas. Giants cross the stage, adventurers of every type. There are gunfighters, law officers, and bandits, cattle kings and cowboys, Indian chiefs, gamblers, miners, scouts, and hunters, Army personnel, ornery egotists, sheepmen and settlers, females naughty or nice.

For ages the continent was held by native tribes and wild beasts. After Columbus, the Spaniards came, hunting treasure. They imported horses, cattle, and firearms. The fur traders, French, British, and Russian, pushed in for beaver and other pelts, while holy men staked their lives to spread the word. Outside of the priests and a few true explorers, the prime motivation for a time was natural wealth.

The Dutch, the Pilgrims, the Puritans, and the Quakers came to colonize. The Revolution was a success, and the Louisiana Purchase added territory to the new nation. The Texas War for Independence was won, the Mountain Men invaded the Rockies after furs. The Santa Fe Trail was traced to deal with the Southwest, the Forty-niners beat the Overland Trail to California. Missionaries and more settlers moved into the Northwest.

Just before the Gold Rush, the Mormons made their magnificent hegira to escape persecution in the United States. They settled in what was a part of Mexico, but a year later, through the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, they found themselves back under American territorial control, along with much more land.

After the Civil War, the Western story came into its own. Mass printing and distribution were applied. The West, opened to settlement and with practically free homesteads, appealed to the American spirit. The fathers of such people must have been courageous to leave civilization and seek a new deal in a savage setting.

Law was thinly spread or nonexistent in the West. A man who committed a robbery or killing would head that way. GTT, Gone to Texas, was a euphemism applied to a fugitive. Some continued a life of crime, others joined the Frontier Army to hide. Those who went straight set up as cowmen, miners, or in trade.

THE horses and cattle imported by the Conquistadores had bred and spread over the great plains without interference save from natural enemies. They ran wild and belonged to anyone with the skill to trap them and brand and tame them for use or sale.

Impoverished Confederates, to gain a little Yankee cash, rounded up longhorns and drove them to railheads in Kansas or to Gulf ports. The cowboy quickly became a fascinating figure. Runaway lads appeared on the ranches, eager to lead such an apparently glamorous life.

There were mines, the California and other gold fields, the Comstock Lode, Leadville and Tombstone. The bison herds were worth money. Every carriage had a buffalo robe, while coats were manufactured from the warm hides.

The bison was life to the Plains Indian. The Sioux and their blood brothers, the Cheyenne, the wild-riding Comanches, and others depended on the animal. The Indian ate the meat and dried it to store for lean periods. Hides served as tepee walls and clothing. Medicines came from the glands, sinews could be used as strong ropes. The savage wasted nothing, killing only what he needed.

But in a few years, white buffalo hunters exterminated the bison. This drove the Indian to reservations where he was at the mercy of venal agents. What the

—*Western Collection ("The American West").*

The Great Plains were a sea of blood.

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white man did to the red man is one of the dirtiest deals in history.

The Indian fought back, but outside of local triumphs such as the Little Big Horn, where Custer's section was wiped out, the savage stood no chance. There was never any united effort by the tribes. Military organization was haphazard, and a brave would go into battle only when he pleased and under a chief he admired. Ancient rivalries caused some to assist the whites as scouts and police.

With this wealth of material, the background of mountains and canyons, rivers and lakes, deserts and the plains, ranches and mines, peopled by colorful adventurers of every stripe, the writer could not lose. Authors such as Ned Buntline and Alfred Henry Lewis were with the Frontiersmen. They elaborated on what they saw and often believed everything they were told.

Sometimes a Western card, with a sharp sense of the ridiculous, would recount a tall yarn with a deadpan face, and it would be printed as factual in Eastern journals.

Marshal Billy Tilghman had one. As a lawman, Tilghman claimed he had been trailing half a dozen lethal bandits across a blazing desert. He believed they were far ahead. Seeing an oasis in the shape of a saloon, he dropped rein and stepped in for a drink.

It was dim inside and his vision had to adjust. Then, lined along the bar, he saw his six outlaws.

At this point, Tilghman would pause. The fascinated listener would demand, "What happened, Billy?" "Well," Tilghman would reply, "it was like stringin' fish!"

Uncle Billy was murdered in 1924 by a drunken prohibition agent he had arrested for a shooting.

The Western was an established story form by the end of the century. *The Virginian*, by Owen Wister, was first published in 1902. According to the author, it was a Western to end all Westerns. He stirred in every conceivable ingredient. And it is rare to find a Western that doesn't graze at least one facet of Wister's novel. (The same thing has been said of Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone* where the mystery is concerned.)

The Virginian didn't finish the Western. Thousands of writers, generation after generation, have made and still make a living grinding out these yarns. I was one. I brought up my family and educated my children chiefly from the proceeds of 125 Western novels and innumerable novelettes and short stories. Many appeared in the defunct pulp magazines, so-called because of the unbleached wood-pulp paper on which they were printed.

The pulps had taken over the field from the lurid dime novel, often forbidden to the young, who read them behind the barn or under the blanket. In the teens and twenties there were dozens of Western magazines, with circulations running to hundreds of thousands each. Street & Smith's *Western Story Magazine* was a weekly, and for a time it printed half a million copies an issue. Tyro authors learned their trade in the pulps, which required such vast amounts of material they could not be too choosy.

—*Library of Congress.*

Frank and Jesse James seated. Cole and Bob Younger standing.

The pulps held on through World War II. Two factors dealt the *coup de grâce*, not only to the pulps but to many slick-paper general magazines that used polished, high-toned Westerns by master craftsmen.

The paperback and TV slaughtered the fiction magazine as surely as any gunfighter ever plugged another through the heart. But the Western survived. More than ever are appearing in paperback form and as hard-cover books.

The earlier paperback publishers enjoyed a golden harvest but they have been muscled in on by a horde hoping to share the profits. The market is flooded, yet fortunes may still be made. The usual first printing of a paperback is 150,000 copies, and more if the author is well known.

There is the "adult" Western. But when analyzed, it is found to contain the vital components, though it may be more carefully drawn and the action is not so blatant. There will be a sympathetic protagonist gun to gun with a nasty antagonist. The reader is persuaded to hate the villain's guts and so is delighted when he gets what he has coming.

The organization Western Writers of America includes notable authors. WWA issues *The Roundup* monthly for membership circulation, and it is one of the best magazines of its kind that I have seen. New Western fiction and nonfiction are reviewed, and there are "Spur" awards and articles of interest to the writer.

Occasionally I detect a wistful note in a *Roundup* piece, wishing that the Western would be rated more widely as literature. For many sneer at the Western. Some book publishers refuse to consider them and some literary agents disdain them.

But the straight Western provides amusement, as do other types of popular fiction. Some writers may be hacks, but if a hack is one who bangs out large quantities of material in a hurry to gratify a mass audience, then Shakespeare and Verdi qualify. It isn't shameful to amuse millions.

There are Western novels that are fact in fiction form, following a loosely knit character line instead of the tight formula. There is not the deadly confrontation of hero and villain, but the impact of life on a man and his reactions. It takes a top writer to bring this off.

In the nonfiction line there are numer-

(*Continued on page* 78)

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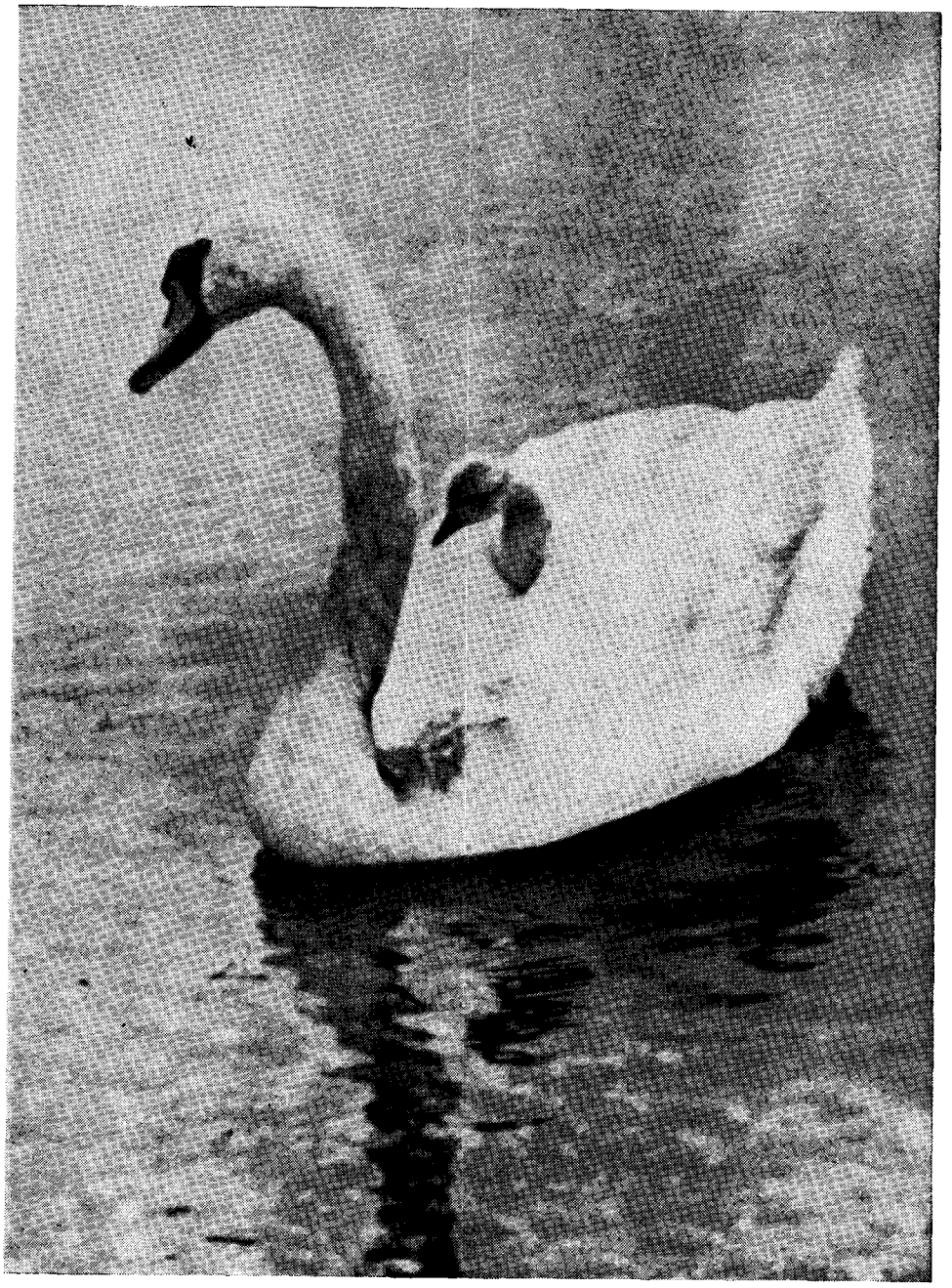
Animal Pictures Make Good Fillers



—*Rudi Herzog.*

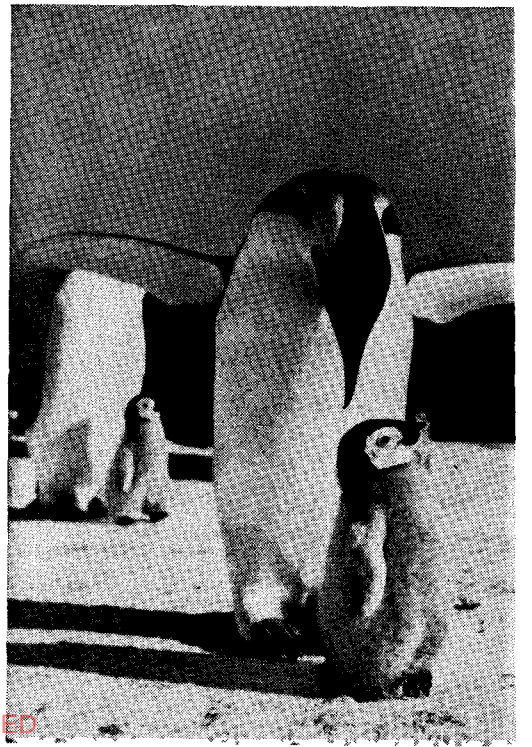
Swanny Riverboat

FROM time to time in a news-picture editor's workday, there comes a pause in the photo coverage of crime, violence, and disaster. Faced with several square inches of white space, he dips into his file and fills in the gap with one of his stock ABC's—Animals, Babies, Cheesecake.

As examples of camera art, these human-interest subjects are not likely to amass photojournalistic awards, but their dash of comic relief or bucolic charm usually proves an instant tenderizer of even the most tough-minded and flint-hearted of readers. What's more, discounting the possible flare-up of some domestic dispute over the subject's resemblance to Cousin Mamie or Uncle Joe, the ABC side of the news is dependably noncontroversial.

Here, to add fillip to anybody's photo-filler file, are a few representative candidates, all borrowed from Hill and Wang's latest addition to its popular *Terra Magica* series—*Baby Animals*, edited by Hanns Reich and translated by Maria Pelikan.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.



—*Lutetia.*

Home from the PTA

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—*Garth Grant-Thomson.*

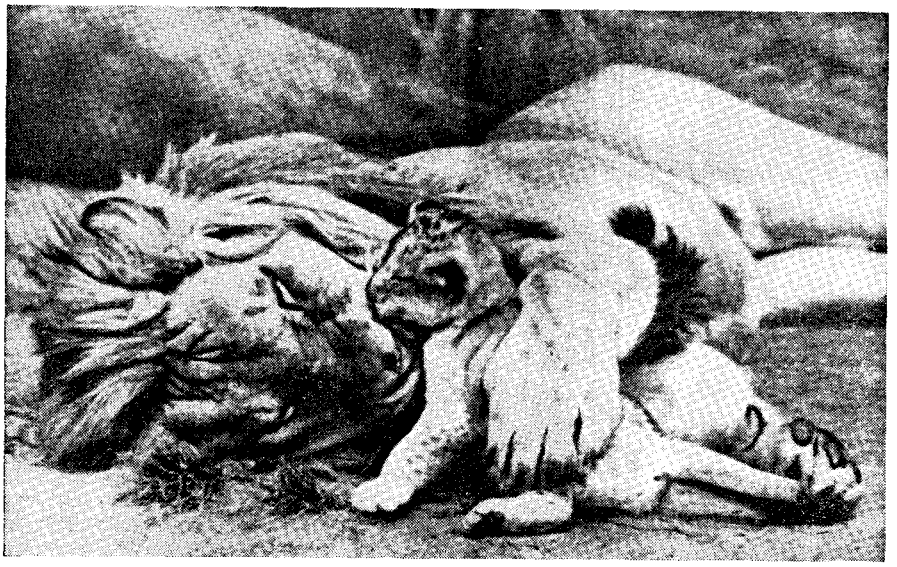
Marsupial Momism

—*Paul Popper.*

Up the Down Staircase

—*UPI.*

Polar-Oid Portrait



—*UPI.*

Lion's Share of Babysitting

Botany Lesson

—*Keystone.*

Guided Tour

—*Peter Thomann.*

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WHO SAYS NEWSPAPERS ARE GOING BROKE?

By FRANK B. GILBRETH

BACK IN 1933, when I started as a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, I made $18 a week. Today starting reporters on the *Trib* make $110.60.

At the end of World War II in Charleston, where I now work, we paid $61 a ton for newsprint. Today we pay $135.

Television wasn't a factor for a year or so after the war. But by 1950 it was siphoning $85,000,000 a year from the national advertising kitty. Last year TV's share of national advertising had grown to an incredible $1,132,000,000.

Those are the sort of statistics that publishers like to cite when they are talking poor-mouth, which I'm afraid is most of the time. But the fact is—and this may come as a surprise to New Yorkers, whose newspapers really *are* in trouble—that the American press today is thriving. This is hard to prove with precise totals, because publishers are as zealous as aging actresses in hiding certain vital statistics. However, Cooke Coen of Newspaper Analysis Service in Chicago says a well-managed paper should make a net profit of at least 15 per cent of revenue. And from the size of most newspapers today, you can tell there's plenty of revenue.

Editor & Publisher, without mentioning names, reported recently that last year one paper with a circulation of only 49,800 made $641,700 and another with a circulation of 246,000 made $2,500,000. Both figures are before taxes. In terms of money invested in physical equipment, those profits aren't at all out of line with other successful industries. But they indicate pretty conclusively that publishers don't need to go around with tin cups.

Another indication of the rosy profit picture is the fact that it is becoming increasingly difficult to buy a newspaper. Here again, when there *are* sales, the figures usually aren't published. But not long ago a paper in Athens, Georgia, with a circulation of only 7,000, went on the auction block, and fetched $1,700,000. There was a time when papers that size could be picked up for $50,000.

The author of this article is assistant publisher of the *News and Courier* and the Charleston *Evening Post* in Charleston, South Carolina, and author of *Cheaper by the Dozen*.

In view of the pessimistic figures I mentioned earlier, how are newspapers managing to make healthy profits? One answer, of course, is economies effected in the elimination of competing papers (although there's still plenty of competition from TV, radio, and news magazines). But the big reason, in my opinion, is that the American press is doing a better job than ever before. News is covered more thoroughly, more accurately, more swiftly, and more impartially. And as the nation's literacy rate and population increase, there are more potential subscribers, despite the inroads of TV.

Although some important dailies have folded since World War II, the number of actual subscribers has increased from 51,000,000 to 60,400,000. And, again despite TV, newspaper advertising revenue has jumped from $2 billion in 1950 to $4 billion last year. Charles T. Lipscomb, president of the newspapers' Bureau of Advertising, predicts the figure will grow to $10 billion by 1975.

Elimination of competing papers perhaps results in too much power being concentrated in too few hands. But a matter of dollars-and-cents logic tells a publisher that if he is unfair or irresponsible, advertisers will turn to radio and TV, and his town will be ripe for an opposition paper.

Consequently, there has developed a new era of responsibility, accompanied by virtual elimination of the personal vindictiveness for which American papers once were noted.

In the days when there were four or five newspapers in a city like Charleston, every sheet had to scramble for attention. Usually this scrambling took the form of sensational news treatment and vitriolic hide-skinning of public figures. Opposing editors were the favorite targets. In South Carolina after the Civil War, opposing editors were careful to walk on opposite sides of the street, and sometimes were accompanied by armed bodyguards. Captain F. Warrington Dawson, the editor of the Charleston *Courier*, from which our morning paper is descended, fought so many duels that when he finally announced he was hanging up his pistols and would henceforth editorialize against dueling, Pope Leo XIII made him Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Typical of the personal journalism of those days was an immortal couplet penned by one Charleston editor, about a scalawag named Hogg. Hogg had managed to inveigle the Carpetbag-stacked General Assembly into passing a resolution allowing him to change his name to Hogue, and the irate editor wrote:

> Hogg my name and Hogg my nature.
> Hogue by act of the Legislature.

Another and somewhat more moderate example of this sort of journalism was a brief editor's note some years later by Ambrose Gonzales in the Columbia, South Carolina *State*, saying he wasn't going to get worked up about the blitherings of a certain detractor, because there was no use wasting lather to shave a jackass.

In those days, such attacks were considered sporting by newspaper readers, because for each newspaper that skinned a politician there was another that extravagantly eulogized him. But nowadays, when there is only one newspaper publisher in most American cities, neither the public nor the publisher himself would tolerate such hijinks. Perhaps the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of blandness, but at any rate simple pocketbook logic has brought a greater degree of fairness to the editorial columns.

I DON'T think there is a great deal of difference any more in the journalistic standards of the big-city papers and of papers the size of ours. (We have a combined daily circulation of 104,000.) The main difference in the jobs of editing involves personal contact. The editor of the smaller paper is personally acquainted with all of the people who figure in his local editorials. Criticize the mayor for littered streets, and it happens every time: You bump into him that afternoon at a luncheon, and your wife bumps into his wife at the supermarket. The anticipation of such inevitable bumpings is strong incentive for both moderation and accuracy, especially if the mayor is a vigorous six-footer with an articulate wife.

The economic advantages of having one publisher for both morning and afternoon newspapers in a city like Charleston—or in any city—are obvious. There's only one building; the machinery is used twenty-four hours a day; ads are set once and appear in both papers; and there are

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only one management, one advertising staff, and one business-office staff.

We have separate city news staffs here, because we want the incentive of competition, to ferret out "bad" news that might otherwise be swept under the rug. For reasons of economy, we have one sports staff and one women's staff to do the job for both papers. After all, there's not much reason for anyone to conceal news in those categories, particularly in a city our size where high school coaches, brides, and garden club chairwomen spend most of their waking hours figuring ways to get news *into* the papers.

Profits have been highest in papers that have been able not only to combine their operations but also to take advantage of technological advances in production. The most dramatic of these advances is an "idiot tape" computer operation—a substitute for the Linotype (or Intertype) operator.

When I broke into the newspaper business, a man had to serve an apprenticeship of six years before he became a typesetter. Then, even if he was a wizard who could "hang the elevator"—which means run the machine at capacity—he could set only 420 lines an hour. Naturally, he couldn't go at this speed very long. And every time he got up from his chair to get a piece of copy, take his type to the proof bank, or go to the washroom, his machine sat idle.

Many newspapers today, either because of union pressure or just plain inertia, still rely altogether on such typesetters. Pay scales range from about $110 to $160 a week.

The trick of running a Linotype (or Intertype) is spacing out a line so that it seems to be evenly filled with type. Unlike a typewritten page, the margin on the right must be as even as the margin on the left. This requires spaces of varying size between the words, and sometimes very thin spaces between the letters of a word itself. And all of that takes time.

As contrasted with the six years to train an operator, any touch-typist can walk in off the street and start setting acceptable "idiot tape" in fifteen minutes. The girl simply types an endless stream of perforated paper streamers similar to the stuff tossed out of Wall Street windows during a parade. Unlike a typist, she doesn't even have to stop for carriage returns or to roll the paper upward. She just types—no hyphenations, no nothing—hence the term "idiot tape."

In about two weeks she is as fast as a good typesetter, and within six months she is twice as fast. In fact, if she is as well coordinated as the exceptional typesetter who can "hang the elevator," she can produce as much as 900 lines an hour after only six months.

Almost as soon as the typist punches her idiot tape, it is fed into a computer that digests it and simultaneously spits out a new stream of tape in which the words are broken into individual lines, all properly spaced and justified. If a word at the end of a line needs to be hyphenated, the computer does it correctly—usually from a "memory bank" composed of several thousand words.

Then the computer tape goes into new high-speed composing machines (Elektron is the Linotype and Monarch the Intertype models) that are designed to set 900 lines on hour.

Another process halfway between the "idiot tape" and the old Linotype-Intertype methods is the teletypesetter, which we use in Charleston. Savvy girls punch justified tape, which means that they do their own spacing and hyphenating. There is then no need for a computer. Our girls do 450 lines an hour—and can go even faster for short periods if we are fighting a deadline.

For more than ten years now, the Associated Press and United Press International have also been sending out their news reports in the form of justified tape ready to go into the type-setting machines. This saves hundreds of dollars a week for a paper lucky enough to be able to use the tape. Mostly, the unions don't like it, and the New York papers have had to reset almost all of the copy—and in some cases all of it.

One dramatic example of the savings is the stock table—the closing averages of the New York stock exchange. Harry Montgomery, deputy general manager of the AP, told me the other day that about 280 papers use the AP take for their stock tables. Our composing room foreman says that, back in the day when we used to set the table ourselves on the Linotype, about seven man-hours were required. Multiply this by 280 newspapers and you have an industry-wide saving of 1,960 hours daily on the stock table alone. And, in addition, there are the scores of papers that use the UPI stock tape. Mr. Montgomery added, incidentally, that of 1,250 AP member papers, about 900 use AP tape in one form or another.

Photo composition, wherein type is photographed instead of actually being set, is also affecting big economies. Most publishers think this will be the way newspapers are produced in the future. Twenty or thirty companies are perfecting this process.

So the basic point is that although costs have risen faster than almost any other industry, newspapers which have kept abreast of mechanical developments and which aren't being clobbered by competition are prosperous. Just the same, they are haunted by the continual growth of TV, which is very real competition, and by the knowledge that costs are going up faster than the emergence of technological developments. Besides, no matter what the technologists come up with newspapers will always have relatively large payrolls; you can't re-

"Two scale model gasoline service stations plus instructions for waging exciting price wars."

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place reporters, ad salesmen, or assistant publishers (one sincerely hopes) with a computer. And newsprint costs are a factor beyond the control of all but a very few large papers that own mills.

Back in the silent movie days, there was a slapstick routine that never failed to convulse one member of the corduroy knickers set—sometimes to the point of hiccups. The movie showed an auditorium, and onstage was a fat man who had just concluded a speech. Preparing for his final bow, he spread his legs carefully, folded his arms behind his back as counterweights, and started very deliberately to bend forward from the waist. At that point, Mary Pickford or some other Little Dickens tiptoed from the wings. As the unsuspecting fat man reached the nadir of his bow, she produced a piece of canvas and...rrr-i-ppp!

Ah, who could forget the incredulous, horrified look as the fat man instinctively grabbed the seat of his pants with both hands—to hide a rip that actually wasn't there at all—and then pussyfooted sidestep off stage? Anyway, not this usually hiccuping embryo journalist.

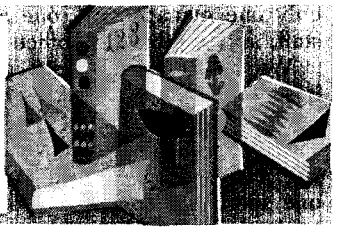
Today the predicament of most newspapers reminds me of that fat man. The press is generally heavy with advertising and is taking bows for the splendid job it has been doing—and, as I say, I sincerely believe the bows are well deserved.

Just the same, our publishers know that the press *is* straining dangerously at the seams—mostly because it needs more technological advances, and sometimes because it hasn't been able to take advantage of the advances already achieved.

Something's got to give, or the press may not be able to continue to make a realistic profit in the face of rising costs. And the most likely place for the breach is in the back shop.

No wonder publishers wince in anguish every time they hear a rip—real or imaginary, and even as far away as that city which is sometimes still referred to in our headlines as Gotham.

Books in Communications



Inside Stories

IT HAS all the intrigue of an international spy story, the heady glitter of high finance, and suspense in every chapter. The latest James Bond? The memoirs of another Soviet spy? No, it's the story of the Curtis Publishing Company *(The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday, The Ladies' Home Journal)*, of its struggles to stay alive, and of the improbable cast of characters who have tried their hands at the job.

Even the most casual reader knows that the Curtis magazines have of late been a beleaguered lot, searching for the right editorial formulas and, what is perhaps an even harder job, for the favor of Madison Avenue and its advertising dollars. But the story of that search has never been stitched together so skilfully as it now is in *The Curtis Caper* (Putnam, $5.95), by Joseph C. Goulden, a thirty-one-year-old staff member of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

Goulden's primary attention is focused on the *Post* which four years ago undertook a startling renovation, abandoning virtually all vestiges of tradition, splashing a strange grab-bag of articles through its pages, and bringing in new managers who earned such pseudonyms as Mack the Knife, Tiger, and Hungry John. Goulden does considerably more than merely chronicle the changes; he takes a sharply critical point of view that makes *The Curtis Caper* lively and peppery reading. "Internally," he writes, "the *Post* was editorial anarchy—a bastard conglomeration of splashy modern art, starkly graphic black-and-white photographs, article titles as jumbled as a child's bowl of alphabet soup."

The story, from that day to the present, is told in a brisk anecdotal style that makes it clear that the fireworks are probably far from over. For anyone who wants to watch the next act with an expert's eye, *The Curtis Caper* is an indispensable guide.

Beyond Gray Flannel: Most books about advertising, for all their talk about creativity and imagination, are a singularly unimaginative breed, and a person who reads a good many of them is sometimes moved to wonder how those brightly beguiling ads grow out of the same minds that write those puzzlingly dull books. No such question arises, praise heaven, in the case of *Common Sense in Advertising* (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), a deftly trenchant and unpretentious study by Charles F. Adams, an adman who labors as executive vice president of MacManus, John & Adams. His company's competitors will scarcely rejoice in his assertion that "whenever a copywriter puts pencil to paper the odds are about one in four that he will do his client more damage than good," but they can hardly fail to applaud the steady common sense that for once gives the advertising trade relevance and point and even dignity. "Remember," he writes, "that it's better to impress a small audience than to offend a large one."

Throughout, Mr. Adams's emphasis is on communication, and none of his suggestions is more puckishly to the point than his nine rules for keeping in touch with the American mind. Among them: "Ride a bus for ten miles in a metropolitan area twice a year. Talk to people on the bus. . . . Go to a wrestling match occasionally and watch both the wrestlers and the people watching the wrestlers. . . . Work in a store for a week of your vacation. . . . Grit your teeth and go see a Jerry Lewis movie."

If I were a young person hoping for a career in advertising I'd buy and read a copy of *Common Sense in Advertising* before my first job interview—although I'm not sure I'd go quite so far as seeing a Jerry Lewis movie.

History at First Hand: For a look at the way things were, as reported in the nation's press from 1690 to the present, you could hardly do better than to read Edwin Emery's *The Story of America* (Simon and Schuster, $19.95), a 311-page volume of nearly full-size facsimiles of newspaper pages and clippings that offer an impressive sampling of the country's significant events—the blizzard of '88, the sinking of the *Maine*, Marconi's first transatlantic wireless message, the Amelia Earhart flight, the death of Roosevelt and the swearing-in of Truman, Kennedy's election and assassination. I can think of few more vivid ways to make recent history come alive, and few more fitting Christmas gifts for a high school or college student waiting to be fascinated by the past.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

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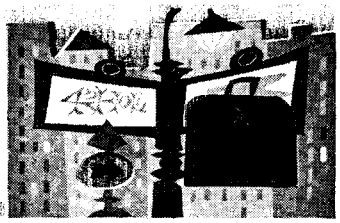
Madison Avenue



The Knock in Advertising

IN A YEAR punctuated by agency mergers, acquisitions, and numerous (and for the most part unnecessary) changes in accounts and personnel, the citation of competitor products in print and broadcast advertising is, nevertheless, what stands out as one of the most significant though hardly laudable trends in the industry. With increasing frequency, more and more advertisers, including some blue-chip firms, are naming their competitors, sometimes slyly and often in an unkindly way.

Name-calling in advertising – 1965 style—has already involved a wide range of product categories: autos, detergents, bleaches, flour, golf balls, catsup, photographic film, razor blades, carpets, fuel oil, gas, and electricity.

Will this practice continue and expand into other product areas during the coming year? Probably yes, because no advertising organization has taken a strong stand against it (although most advertising groups have quietly voiced concern). In addition, there are symptoms underlying the appearance of this type of advertising.

For years, the direct identification of competition in advertising has been rare —though publications have been able to utilize comparisons in advertising because documented facts and figures supplied by a third party such as the Audit Bureau of Circulations, the Publishers Information Bureau of the Magazine Publishers Association, and various research organizations, are accepted.

But during the last decade or so, there has been a proliferation of new and improved products—and, unfortunately, a tendency to develop me-too products and advertising. This follow-the-leader concept has been quite apparent in many industries, particularly cigarettes, automobiles, proprietary drugs, toiletries, and detergents, where it is imperative to maintain a relatively high advertising investment for a probable market share.

With increasing costs in media, particularly in television, advertisers have been cautious with their spending and have tried to be more effective. As a result, a large number of agencies today write copy and create commercials with a readership or viewer rating uppermost in mind. This formula approach has, of course, shackled creativity, a word that is a stranger to many agencies.

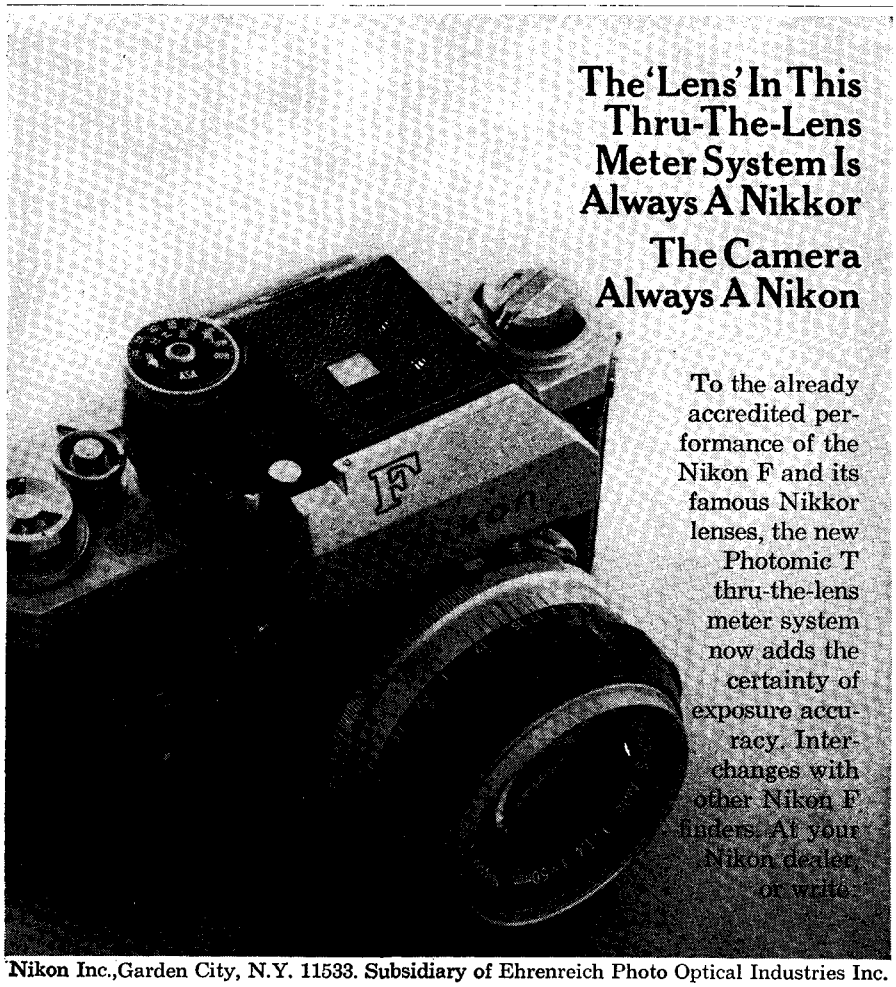
In the midst of the welter of advertising, some agencies have been able to develop fresh, creative, and off-beat approaches. But, in today's highly competitive marketplace, some of these efforts have become extremely competitive. One need only look at Doyle Dane Bernbach, an agency distinguished for its creative output.

THE agency's Volkswagen campaign, for example, has openly ridiculed bigger cars, though they are not identified. When another agency client, Avis, calls itself No. 2, there is no doubt that Hertz is No. 1 in the auto rental business. As a matter of fact, Hertz has been named in some advertisements. Doyle Dane Bernbach's campaign for Calvert's "soft" whisky emphasizes that all other whiskies are "hard." Similar elements appear in other DDB campaigns.

Despite these references, the agency and its clients have not been put on the carpet for name-calling, simply because this advertising has been created in good taste, with humor, and respect for the competition. While Doyle Dane Bernbach has been the most admired for its creativity, the agency also has been the most imitated, subconsciously or consciously. And, in this imitation, scores of agencies have not been able to duplicate Doyle Dane Bernbach's deftness and light approach. The agency has built a reputation for these subtle competitive references.

A TV campaign for Renault on the West Coast recently made a point-by-point comparison with the Volkswagen. The commercials were later banned by the National Association of Broadcasters. Following this action, the Renault agency, Tilds & Cantz, a Los Angeles firm, complained to the NAB, citing other examples of competitive advertising by Gillette and American Motors that are still allowed on TV.

Gillette's TV commercial shows a hand discarding Wilkinson, Schick, and Personna blade dispensers in favor of a Gillette dispenser. The National Better Business Bureau cited this commercial last month, though not directly by name, when it publicly criticized the growing practice of attacking competitor products. It is, the NBBB said, not necessary that the target of attacks be named openly. "When a TV commercial depicts


The 'Lens' In This Thru-The-Lens Meter System Is Always A Nikkor
The Camera Always A Nikon
To the already accredited performance of the Nikon F and its famous Nikkor lenses, the new Photomic T thru-the-lens meter system now adds the certainty of exposure accuracy. Interchanges with other Nikon F finders. At your Nikon dealer, or write
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the containers of the four leading stainless steel blades, what shaver is left in doubt as to the identity of the three boxes that are brushed away?"

The bureau's condemnation triggered an immediate response from Gillette's management. The company pointed out that its stainless steel blades outsell all other competitive brands combined. In the commercial, Gillette said, it attempted to demonstrate how men choose its blade over all others. Gillette denied that the references to its competitors by brand name constituted disparagement.

Gillette makes a strong case. On the other hand, most marketers agree that the company has failed to adhere to one basic principle of selling. That is, don't mention the competition when your rivals are not as well known (or advertised) as your company or product.

In most instances, advertisers who name their competitors are underdogs trying to draw strength from the prestige of their better-known or bigger rivals. This is particularly true of American Motors, which launched its fall or new-model year advertising campaign by characterizing its dealer as "your friendly Giant-Killer."

The auto maker took this approach one step—a big one—further in its new campaign by comparing some of the features of its Ramblers directly with other car makes by name. As far as the firm was concerned, this advertising was intended to position its products with the competition. So far the Rambler commercials have cleared the censorship barrier of the three major TV networks as nondisparaging.

THE networks, however, were not able to agree unanimously on other commercials. The Gillette commercial, for example, was passed by censors at ABC and NBC but was rejected by CBS.

It is in this area of censorship that media and the industry's major or most important organizations will have to pool their efforts to curtail knocking of competitive products. The list of objectors is growing weekly. Besides the National Better Business Bureau, the Advertising Federation of America, and the National Association of Broadcasters have issued warnings on derogatory advertisements.

Nevertheless, the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Association of National Advertisers, the two ranking groups in the industry, have yet to come to grips with the problem. The 4A last month formed a special committee to investigate name-calling in advertising and will probably present a White Paper on the subject for its members at a later date. (The 4A members include nearly all of the nation's biggest agencies in billing.) The topic will probably also come up for discussion at the interchange committee meeting of the 4A and ANA in December.

Whatever course of action is taken, it seems unlikely that a ban will be asked for or enforced by members of the 4A and the ANA, although a number of advertising leaders already have gone on record with protests. Fairfax Cone, chairman of the executive committee of Foote, Cone & Belding, believes the industry has taken "a step backward into the dark reaches of advertising" with name-calling practices. "It's bad manners and I can't believe the public will stand for it."

Norman H. Strouse, chairman and chief executive officer of the J. Walter Thompson Company, the world's largest agency, observed: "I don't see anything to be gained by attacking your competitor."

What Donald Tennant, executive vice president of creative services for the Leo Burnett Company, had to say probably echoes the feelings of most admen. "I'm opposed to name-calling in private life, so why should I do it in advertising?"

—GEORGE LAZARUS.

Westerns

Continued from page 71

ous biographies, accounts of adventure, and beautifully illustrated collections. A percentage are not only fascinating but indeed scholarly works, substantiated by research on the creator's part.

As to biographies, passions may rise. You can still start an "I'll-punch-you-in-the-nose" argument about General Custer and other Western celebrities.

For a man is a mixture of good and evil. The writer, by accentuating one or the other, can draw his subject as a hero or a villain. And the debunkers always come along to deflate those who had been considered unimpeachable.

Frontiersmen who survived flying lead and Nature's deadly attacks no doubt elaborated and blew up their exploits, as older folks are apt to do. A writer who listened to one of them might go overboard. And a foul outlaw can be made to appear a decent man, persecuted by fate and blood-money hunters.

TV is reprehensible as to this. Series make mama-loving Robin Hoods out of murderous devils such as Jesse and Frank James, and obnoxious gunmen of usually decent officers. Since we have mentioned the James boys, it may be said that, along with their accomplices, they did *not* rob only Yankee banks and railroads because they were Southern sympathizers getting even for loss of the War. The records show that most of their victims were Southern neighbors.

The James boys, the Youngers, and many others learned their tactics from William Clarke Quantrill, the most bloodthirsty monster in recent American history.

Quantrill hated the North, where he was wanted for major crimes. When the War began, he tried to wangle a guerrilla commission out of Jefferson Davis, who issued an order for his arrest. He was repudiated by both North and South.

Quantrill hid in the Missouri and Arkansas brakes behind Confederate lines, from which he would sally forth to loot, torture, and kill. At times his band numbered hundreds of raiders. One horrendous attack was on Lawrence, Kansas, which had convicted Quantrill of horse thievery. He sacked and burned the town and shot many helpless citizens. Most able-bodied fighting men were away with the armies.

Jesse James was an apple-cheeked lad of sixteen when he started with Quantrill, who would dress Jesse in female clothing to lure unlucky Union soldiers into traps. At War's end, a special task force hunted down and shot Quantrill.

While Quantrill may not strictly belong to the Western scene, he had a profound effect on it. His killers split up and ran, spreading like a virus over the range. An ex-Quantrill rider was a dreaded figure in Western settlements.

I once wrote a piece of humor, "Western Story — From the Villain's Viewpoint." The hero was handsome, debonair, a crack shot with rifle or pistol. Naturally the golden-haired, empty-headed girl preferred him to the pock-marked villain, who came from a broken home and suffered an inferiority complex along with a peptic ulcer. Luck had eluded the villain, who was making a last stab, hoping to clean up on a little deal by mulcting the heroine out of her ranch. He was frustrated by the hero, who drilled the villain through the ulcer.

So it's all in the point of view. Evil is more alluring than virtue. I always enjoyed the creating of a fiendish villain more than the setting up of a standard stalwart hero.

Publication of Westerns is increasing. In the past twenty years, along with fiction, a flood of factual stuff has come out.

Millions enjoy the books, pamphlets, and TV series. The Western amuses one generation after another, and apparently is as unslayable as its typical hero.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 5, 7, 10, 2, 4, 8, 6, 1, 9, 3.

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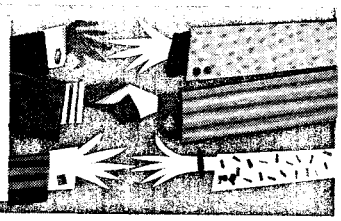
Public Relations



Escape from the Grapevine

LIKE A CITY without a newspaper or a radio or television station, a corporation without effective internal communication is filled with rumors, half-truths, and misinformation. Just as the urban dweller must be informed of the actions of his government, so must the employee understand what the company he is working for is doing, and why.

It is an old story in well-run corporations that an effective internal communications program is essential for profitable operation. Corporation policies, if badly understood, can be frustrated. Benefits to employees, changes of programs, new plant locations, promotion of top managers, differences in emphasis in types of products manufactured must all be explained properly if the corporation's personnel are to do the job they are being paid for.

It is certain that one of the most important factors affecting public acceptance or rejection of a corporation is the attitude of its employees. That is one of the basic reasons no corporate public relations program can be successful without the fullest knowledge of company policies by the work force. It is essential for employees to believe that the policies are in their own best interest, that they work for a good company whose practices are fair and to whom the public interest is paramount.

Many companies unwisely settle for a house organ that appears irregularly and is keyed to interest the top brass rather than employees. But one of the corporations with a soundly based and notably effective program of internal communications is Westinghouse Electric, with its 116,000 employees in sixty-seven plants throughout the country.

As it should, Westinghouse's internal communications program begins with a statement of company policy. According to the official corporate-policy manual, "It is the direct responsibility of every member of management, at every level, to communicate effectively with the employees under his supervision and to find out [their] thinking and reactions. . . . It is also his responsibility to maintain open communications with his line superior and his fellow supervisors."

To carry out this policy, in 1947 Westinghouse converted a magazine house organ into a weekly newspaper with supplements for local plant news. For various reasons, mostly economic, it was cut back to semi-monthly, then monthly, but at the beginning of 1966 Westinghouse's *News* will again be published every two weeks. The *News* is mailed to the homes of all the employees. Local sections of the *News* are edited, published, and mailed from Pittsburgh, the corporation's headquarters. By this centralized set-up substantial savings are made, although the fundamental job of headquarters is to serve and help the line organizations.

But that is only the beginning. One of the most interesting facts about the employee communications program is that the work is organized so that at the beginning of the year each of the plant communications coordinators is sent an outline of the projects for that year. Usually it means one project a month. The divisions do not have to carry out the projects outlined; they can use their own. Most of them, however, gear their local communications around the headquarters project. In this way there is consistency in theme, coverage in depth, and greater clarity in what is being said.

Some idea of these projects can be seen from the subjects for this year. They included a product cost-improvement program; an annual report to employees so that they can know the state of the business; information on pay and benefits; new products; employee contributions to the company's success; and other themes designed to help keep employees abreast of what is happening in the company and why it takes a particular course of action.

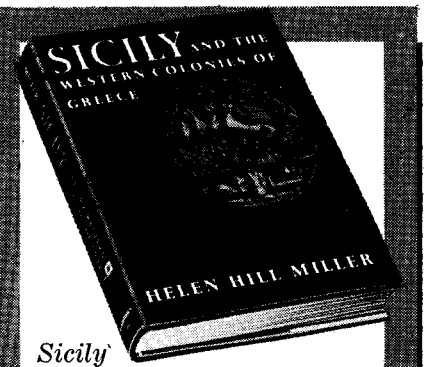
An idea of what is being done under the monthly projects plan, where there is time for advance planning, can be gained from two examples. As part of the cost-improvement program, a six-minute recorded message from D. C. Burnham, president of Westinghouse, was sent to the homes of all employees. It is an inexpensive, lightweight plastic disc, usable on any record player. Here the keynote was sounded on the corporation's effort to cut product costs. The "feedback" on this was so good that the same techniques may be used next year. All research showed that the employees liked what they heard, or at least didn't admit it if they didn't.

Or consider Westinghouse's project to tell the story of its fringe benefits to employees so that they could better understand their value. To do this the idea of a "bankbook" was worked out. It was in fact a personalized statement prepared for and mailed to the homes of each of the 116,000 employees, showing what benefits he received above and beyond his pay. This in itself involved a tremendous amount of work, and the itemized form in which it was done enabled each worker to see at a glance what he or she obtained in benefits.

But all this is not a one-way street. The employee communications section is active in continuous surveys of employee attitudes, both management and non-management. In this way Westinghouse's top management knows whether it is being heard, understood, or ignored.

None of this is easy. It takes hard work, a good deal of thought, and a solid attempt to see that there is true communication. Above all, it avoids the danger of letting management talk to itself instead of to employees. But one of the best lessons of the Westinghouse program is that there is continuous reassessment of what is being done and a steady effort to increase the flow of information throughout the organization. It has, furthermore, the flexibility that is at the core of a successful program.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



Sicily through a traveler's eye

The author of *Greek Horizons* now explores the Greek cities in Sicily and southern Italy, where temples and theatres still stand. She brilliantly revivifies Sicilian history, arts and legend. Enormously helpful to the visitor . . . a gift of splendor and delight for every lover of classical art and literature. *Superb photographs, many in full color.* $7.95

SICILY AND THE WESTERN COLONIES OF GREECE

by Helen Hill Miller

SCRIBNERS

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Portrait of an Artist

Stitch, by Richard Stern (Harper & Row. 405 pp. $4.95), deals with a confrontation in Venice between two American expatriates and an aging, world-renowned sculptor. Daniel Stern is the author of "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die."

By DANIEL STERN

SOMETHING odd is happening in the evaluation of contemporary writing. It's getting so you can't review a serious novel without taking up the whole question of Man in the Universe. It's a ridiculous notion, but I'm afraid in a subtle sense it applies. There is a patronizing tone that has crept into literature since the advent of the age of the common man. The anti-hero is at least a heroic attempt to demolish the débris of convention; the nonhero poses much more serious problems.

The characters in Richard Stern's new novel, *Stitch*, are mediocrities with little to recommend them to any reader's attention—all except the intentionally "fabulous" protagonist. He is a major character, yet he fails to compel belief. The others merely fail to compel interest.

The place is Venice, the time is the present. The people are Edward, an ex-public relations man and "amateur scholar"; Nina, an unpublished poet in self-exile, and the world-renowned Stitch, a great sculptor whose creations grace a special island given him by the Italian government. Stitch's work is clearly meant to represent the artistic achievements and failures of the twentieth century. The figure he most recalls is Ezra Pound.

The encounter between Edward, Nina, and Stitch constitutes the main action. Edward is leading a pointless expatriate life; Nina is laboring on a book for an American university press. Their affair is, or is made to seem, a trivial one. This effect is reinforced by the author's tone and selection of characteristics for Nina and Edward. Stern does have a clever and observant eye; but it is as if (to paraphrase Peter de Vries on Katherine Anne Porter) in seeing through people he misses seeing what is inside them.

The portrait of the aging sculptor is heavy with portentous interior monologue. He is presented as a sort of repository for the crisis-culture of the Western world. The result, instead of being moving or even intellectually stimulating, is pedantic and self-conscious.

Richard Stern—a cold eye on little people.

Had Stitch reached the size his author intended for him, one could have overlooked the cold eye focused on the little people who occupy the rest of the novel. But, failing this, to engage our minds and feelings on behalf of a man of whom we read: "The world's Edwards, men of minimal accomplishments and fair intelligence, were always mercurial . . ." is an impossible job. This sentence appears, it is true, in the thoughts of Edward's biased wife. But the reader, or at least this reader, has long since come to share that evaluation.

It must be said in Mr. Stern's defense that he writes well and builds scenes skillfully. Thus his stance toward his characters is clearly one of choice, not the result of limited ability. Of course no one may dictate his stance to a writer. It may be heroically affirmative; it may be utterly contemptuous; it may be one or more of a thousand attitudes. But it is equivocal and patronizing at a terrible risk.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1166

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1166 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1165

A man may be a fool and not know it—but not if he is married.
—H. L. MENCKEN.

Children's Books

Continued from page 45

sands would perish, and European knights would become kings in Jerusalem."

The author points out, "History may never repeat itself, but certain patterns seem eternal, and the struggle for that sun-parched scrap of earth known as the Holy Land is still going on, in the atomic age as in the days of mounted knights." But today we have a Pope who crusades for peace. Suitable pictures. Ages 12-16.

I Have a Dream. *By Emma Gelders Sterne. Illustrated by Tracy Sugarman. Knopf.* 219 *pp.* $3.95. In her foreword the author says, "The title of this book, *I Have a Dream*, is taken from Dr. Martin Luther King's historic speech in Washington on August 28, 1963. For many years I have been torn between the desire to continue writing for young people and an intense preoccupation with the events surrounding the efforts of the Negro people to step into their rightful place as American citizens. To put down the story of this struggle in terms which I hope will appeal to the boys and girls standing on the threshold of the struggle is, for me, a dream come true. . . . The full story will some day supplant these fragmentary biographical sketches. . . . The story is not yet complete, nor will it be until skin color becomes so unimportant on the American scene—and the world scene—that the book itself is outdated and forgotten."

The book is useful at the present time in spite of the author's frankness, because it brings into sharper focus ten Negro leaders, ending with the March to Washington—a miracle of our time. The excellent bibliography suggests other books by and about Negro leaders. Ages 10 or 12-14.

The Fall of the Aztecs. *Illustrations by the Conquered. Text by the Conquerors. Edited by Shirley Glubok. Illustrations selected and adapted by Leslie Tillett. Designed by Leslie Tillett. St. Martin's.* 114 *pp.* $4.95. We have already had a Heritage Book about the Aztecs, but this one uses an original narrative (edited) and is interesting in its treatment. The narrative is by Bernal Diaz, the pictures are adaptations of Indian pictographs, and the captions are taken from the Spanish narrative. This seems a little confusing, but pictures and text were telling the same story, and some of the Aztec paintings were made on the spot. "Many small liberties were taken with the originals"; thus as a record they are not so valuable, but they do tell a dramatic story, and the book should be useful for reading and discussion by young people, if not scholars. Young adults.

NOTE: For those wishing to give science books as gifts, I recommend the reviews in *Natural History*. A reprint of these is free to teachers and librarians who write under their official letterhead and include a stamped envelope; others should include 20¢. Write to Reviews, *Natural History*, Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St., New York, N.Y. 10024.
—A. D.

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Yeats

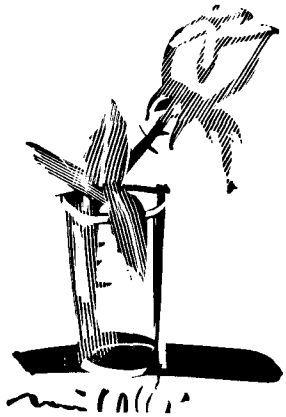
Continued from page 39

often foolish from a rational point of view, but was an attempt on Yeats's part to provide a symbolic yet quasi-methodical structure for the poetry itself). Further, Mr. Henn expertly examines Yeats's style and traces the influence of painting on his poetry.

Two new books that deal with special aspects of Yeats are Corinna Salvadori's *Yeats and Castiglione: Poet and Courtier,* and Alex Zwerdling's *Yeats and the Heroic Ideal.* Miss Salvadori's investigation of the influence of Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier* on Yeats is properly cautious, merely pointing out possibilities. She tells us a good deal about Castiglione, whom Yeats seems to have read in two different translations, and about the poet's interest in ceremony (a concern which Conor Cruise O'Brien finds to be authoritarian). Miss Salvadori uncovers a neat parallel between the Coole Park estate of Yeats's friend Lady Gregory and the cultural atmosphere of a Renaissance palace, and she also shows a connection between Castiglione's almost untranslatable word *sprezzatura* (meaning a kind of grace) and some Yeatsian concepts (he usually rendered *sprezzatura* as recklessness). All this leads us toward *Yeats and the Heroic Ideal,* in which Alex Zwerdling considers Yeats's ideal of the hero as the man who elevates humanity. Mr. Zwerdling ranges across the poet's writings to discuss his projection of Irish, aristocratic, public, and visionary heroes, the last representing "what we might call consecrated humanism." That could seem ironic to anyone who accepts literally Mr. O'Brien's attempts to make Yeats seem indelibly Fascistic, but we must remember that Yeats, like Whitman, contained multitudes.

The multitudes are somewhat compressed in Peter Ure's little book, *Yeats,* in the Writers and Critics series. Mr. Ure, the author of two volumes on Yeats which give him greater scope than a handbook allows, nevertheless manages to present a good and sensible introduction within his limited space. What he has to say is sound, but unfortunately a key work such as *A Vision* needs more than brief treatment to make it comprehensible (T. R. Henn's *The Lonely Tower* gives it fairly full coverage, with several pages of diagrams). Like Mr. Ure's book, Balachandra Rajan's *W. B. Yeats: A Critical Introduction* is part of a series, the Hutchinson University Library; but it is about twice as long. Mr. Rajan can afford to give thirteen pages for *A Vision,* though he closes them by warning the reader that, however valuable that book may be for interpretation, Yeats's poems must establish their own life apart from the system *A Vision* outlines. Mr. Rajan is sensible and clear throughout, and he is especially good at probing for the meanings of single poems.

Perhaps the present reviewer, who acted as advance reader for the publishers of Curtis Bradford's *Yeats at Work,* can't properly offer a public judgment on it; but maybe it isn't wrong for him to mention that the book contains a detailed investigation of Yeats texts at various stages. And if the poet himself, dining with Donne and Landor, can look in our direction for a moment, he may see that even if anniversaries can hardly delight the dead, these book-producing commemorations are important for those yet on earth who can enjoy the writings in which a poet has found one aspect of his immortality.



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Travel

Continued from page 55

Peru. After Magellan discovered the China coast and the Philippines, Acapulco became a prime destination along the China trade route. Goods from the Orient were off-loaded at Acapulco, then shipped overland to Vera Cruz for the continuing sea voyage to Spain. The arrival of the China Ship, which was actually a galleon from the Philippines, was the signal for a far-famed Acapulco fair, usually held before Christmas. After Mexico won its independence from Spain the sea traffic slowed and even the mule path that had been hacked clear to Mexico was reclaimed again by the jungle. Acapulco slept in the hot sun until 1927, when the road was opened clear to the capital. Still it hardly stirred. The first resort hotel did not come until 1938. The superhighway is only ten years old, having opened just three years before Las Brisas.

Since the reawakening, Acapulco has lived, even thrived, on tourism, which brings it some $50,000,000 a year in direct spending. In that role it rather resembles Venice, which it once rivaled for trade. The railroad would give it a means of dispatching the raw rubber, wood pulp, and Japanese cars that are off-loaded for shipment to the capital and an opportunity to load its exports—oil, tires, leather, rum, resin, plastics, and chemicals. It would give the city a better economic balance, help it offset the seasonal summer slump in tourists who seek out the cool climes rather than the steamy ones.

Acapulco's traditional routes with the Far East will also be enhanced by the building of new jet strips. The big jets are beginning now to land directly at Acapulco. Braniff has received permission from the Mexican government to open service from Dallas and San Antonio, bypassing Mexico City completely. A fanciful route, opened by Qantas, brings the Australian planes in from the antipodes by way of Fiji and Tahiti, sending them on to Nassau and Bermuda after the Acapulco stop, an all-resort route from Australia to London.

There is still no direct service from Acapulco to Los Angeles, where I was headed, and I had no alternative but to have one last plunge in my private pool on the mountainside at Las Brisas, then ride off in a pink jeep to the airport and catch the no-reservation shuttle that Aeronaves operates to the capital. I caught Western at Mexico City and, barely four hours out of that flowered pool high above the bay where the China ship once sailed, there I was at Los Angeles Airport tangling with Customs. There are times when it is a pain to come home. —HORACE SUTTON.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1653

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Characterization by Sir Winston of his wife's powerful determination (3 wds.)	174 48 35 1 66 81 170 120 58 91
B. An easy job, esp. if connected with shady dealings (2 wds.; *Dict. of Amer. Slang*).	159 34 133 123 16 111 49 4 83 63
C. Geographically, pertaining to Great Britain; medically, to the central lobe of the cerebral hemisphere.	33 158 104 99 110 62 78
D. Subject of Queen Elizabeth II.	117 102 157 125 167 7 143 95 70
E. German-born California pioneer who became a Mexican citizen, yet was given a generous pension by the state of California in his old age.	188 116 21 114 43 156
F. In the manner of one of the nocturnal birds of prey.	28 142 109 6 151 179 168 97
G. Of other character, quality, nature (3 wds.)	59 41 162 191 112 126 64 10 130 26 154
H. Cleopatra's maid who dies of a sting from the same asp (*Antony and Cleopatra*).	47 67 152 177 181 122 18 96
I. Collection of sacred songs, esp. for congregational singing.	14 12 163 145 155 82 129
J. Re-examined judicially.	42 103 134 90 164 17 79 86
K. Doctor Johnson thought schemes for political change of this sort "very laughable things."	139 53 32 37 197 118 144 89 200 19 184
L. Admonition to a child so that he would "never be chid" (Maria Edgeworth; 3 wds. followed by *after you*).	140 94 25 36 72 22 190 44 46 76 166
M. Crookedness; deviousness.	45 160 150 13 131 180 39 50 60 75
N. Render (something) similar (to something else); or modern barbarism for to imitate (2 wds.)	199 54 171 27 101 56 128 15
O. Slang, completely, with full determination (2 wds.)	69 187 127 173 77 65
P. An emblematical epithet for the Virgin Mary (4 wds.)	121 141 149 165 176 196 40 189 135 9 183 113
Q. Wriggly to behold, but sounding like the stronghold of Hereward the Wake, 11th cent.	148 119 193 169
R. Chemical decomposition by action of radiant energy, esp. light.	24 147 87 93 98 5 137 115 73 51
S. Ramifications; twists and turns (3 wds.)	146 85 195 11 172 57 185 161 8 106
T. Froward; scolding.	31 132 198 92 61 105 55 182
U. Duplex.	20 178 2 175 192 138 30
V. Largest orchid known, with spikes 6 feet long, blossoms 6 inches wide.	100 84 52 107 124 3 186 38 80 88
W. At home (Fr.; 2 wds.)	23 153 74 108 136 71 29 194 68

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 A	2 U	3 V	4 B	5 R	6 F	7 D	8 S	9 P		10 G	11 S	12 I		13 M	14 I	15 N
16 B		17 J	18 H	19 K	20 U		21 E	22 L	23 W		24 R	25 L	26 G	27 N		28 F	29 W
30 U		31 T	32 K	33 C	34 B	35 A	36 L		37 K	38 V	39 M	40 P	41 G	42 J	43 E	44 L	
45 M	46 L		47 H	48 A	49 B	50 M	51 R	52 V	53 K	54 N	55 T		56 N		57 S	58 A	59 G
60 M		61 T	62 C	63 B	64 G		65 O	66 A		67 H	68 W	69 O	70 D		71 W	72 L	
73 R	74 W		75 M	76 L	77 O	78 C	79 J		80 V		81 A	82 I	83 B	84 V	85 S	86 J	
87 R	88 V		89 K	90 J	91 A	92 T		93 R	94 L	95 D	96 H		97 F	98 R	99 C	100 V	101 N
	102 D	103 J	104 C	105 T	106 S	107 V		108 W	109 F	110 C		111 B	112 G	113 P	114 E		115 R
116 E	117 D	118 K	119 Q	120 A	121 P	122 H	123 B	124 V		125 D	126 G	127 O	128 N		129 I	130 G	131 M
	132 T	133 B	134 J	135 P		136 W	137 R		138 U	139 K	140 L	141 P		142 F	143 D	144 K	145 I
	146 S		147 R	148 Q	149 P	150 M		151 F	152 H	153 W	154 G	155 I		156 E	157 D	158 C	159 B
	160 M	161 S	162 G		163 I	164 J	165 P	166 L	167 D	168 F	169 Q		170 A		171 N	172 S	173 O
174 A		175 U	176 P	177 H		178 U	179 F	180 M	181 H		182 T	183 P		184 K	185 S	186 V	187 O
188 E		189 P	190 L		191 G	192 U	193 Q	194 W	195 S		196 P	197 K	198 T		199 N	200 K	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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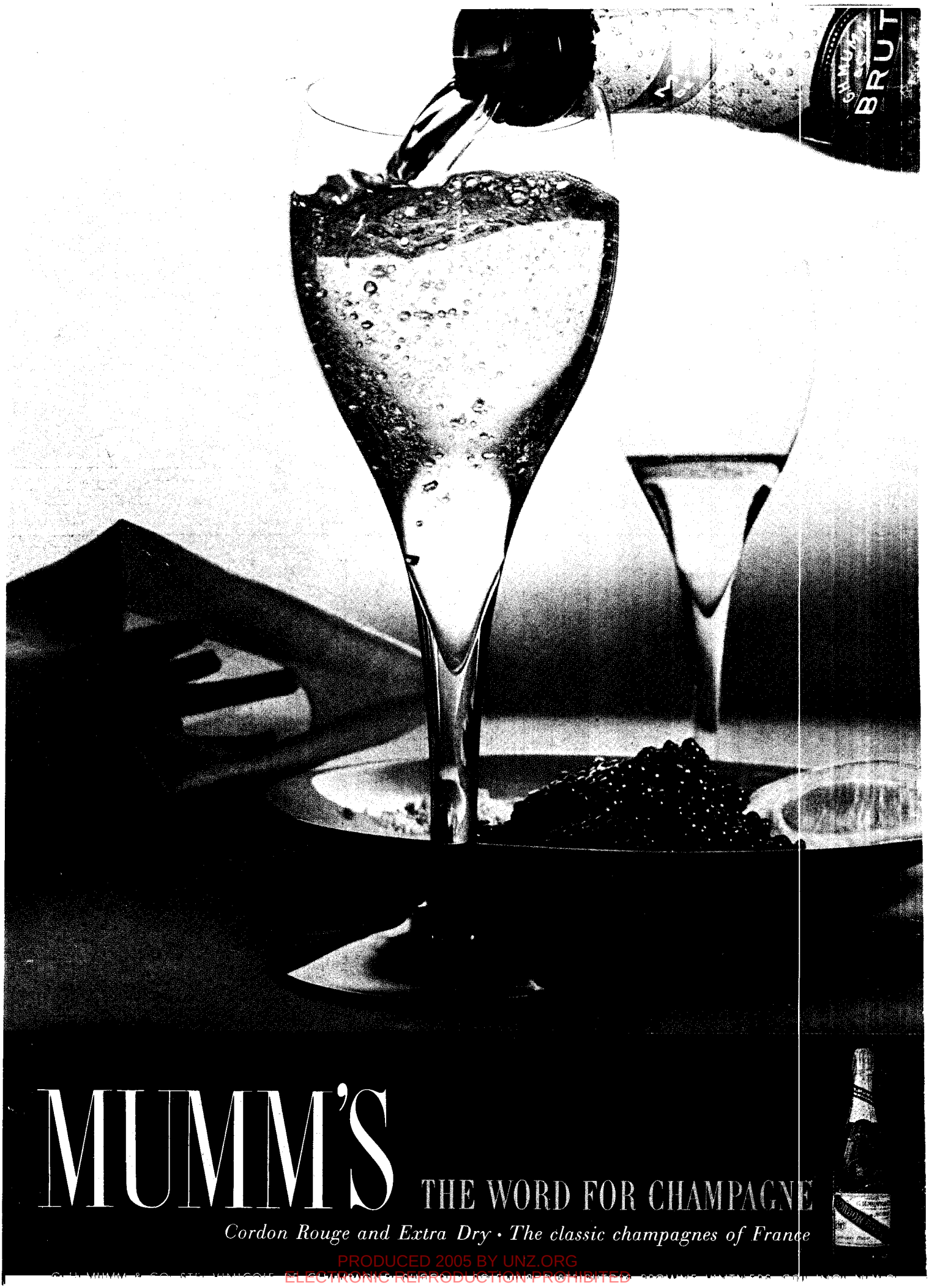

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